# BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 5 No. 1

JULY

1932

With Autographed
Presentation Portrait of
JANET GAYNOR

1/-

F. BRETT YOUNG
MOLLIE PANTER DOWNES
HANNEN SWAFFER

"QUEER TALES
OF LONG AGO"
by F. MATANIA, R.I.

DOROTHY BLACK F. E. VERNEY AMY ST. LOE STRACHEY F. TUOHY
ACHMED ABDULLAH C. PATRICK THOMPSON GORDON BECKLES

## *Grape-fruit, pineapple, banana and grape salad*

INGREDIENTS—*Grape-fruit pulp, cubes of pineapple, grapes and bananas, in equal quantities. Heinz Salad Cream.*

INSTRUCTIONS—Prepare fruit, taking great care to remove all skin and pips. Mix thoroughly with Heinz Salad Cream and place in glasses or grape-fruit cups. Salad should be served as a sweet and may be decorated with few whole grapes or spray of crystallized leaves.

# Enjoy your salad days!

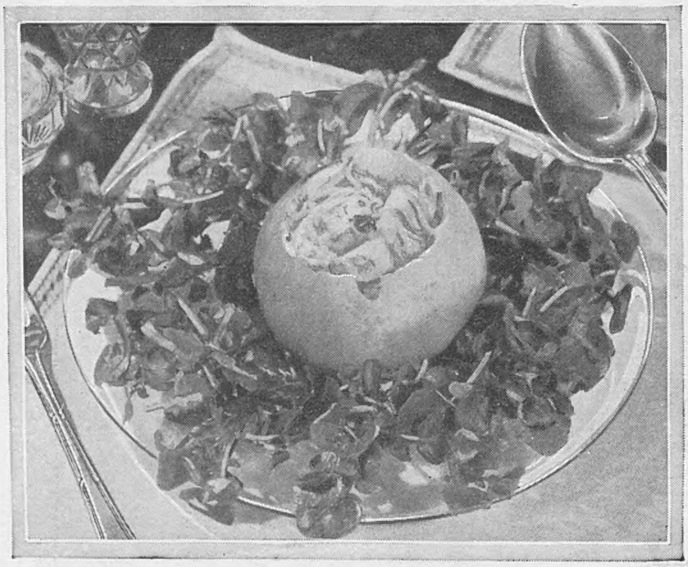
## —and these *modern salads* are as healthful as they are delicious

The old adage about "an apple a day" contained more than a grain of truth. Yet if one apple could do so much good, how much better are the fascinating new "individual" salads one is finding on every up-to-date hostess's table to-day!

How intriguing and delicious they are, with their unexpected contrasts and harmonies of fruits and vegetables—and what a note of "chic" they add to the luncheon or dinner table.

But, like all salads, quite half their success rests with the dressing—and with these new health salads there is one dressing which adds that master-touch of perfection—HEINZ SALAD CREAM. It is the one cream with just the right "tang" for fruit. You can buy it at any grocers at 6d., 10d. and 1/1½d. a bottle.

*Send postcard to H. J. Heinz Co. Ltd. (Dept. H$^{G}$), Harlesden, N.W.10, for a FREE copy of our new* 1932 *Booklet of delicious Salad Recipes.*



HEINZ
SALAD
CREAM

## *Grape-fruit, lettuce and walnut salad*

INGREDIENTS—*Grape-fruit, lettuce, shelled walnuts and Heinz Salad Cream.*

INSTRUCTIONS—Peel grape-fruit like an orange. Remove pips and "quarter," keeping each section as a whole. Arrange pieces of grape-fruit like the petals of a daisy on the washed and dried lettuce. Put a few shelled walnuts in centre to carry out idea of a flower. Serve with Heinz Salad Cream.

## *Apple hors d'oeuvre*

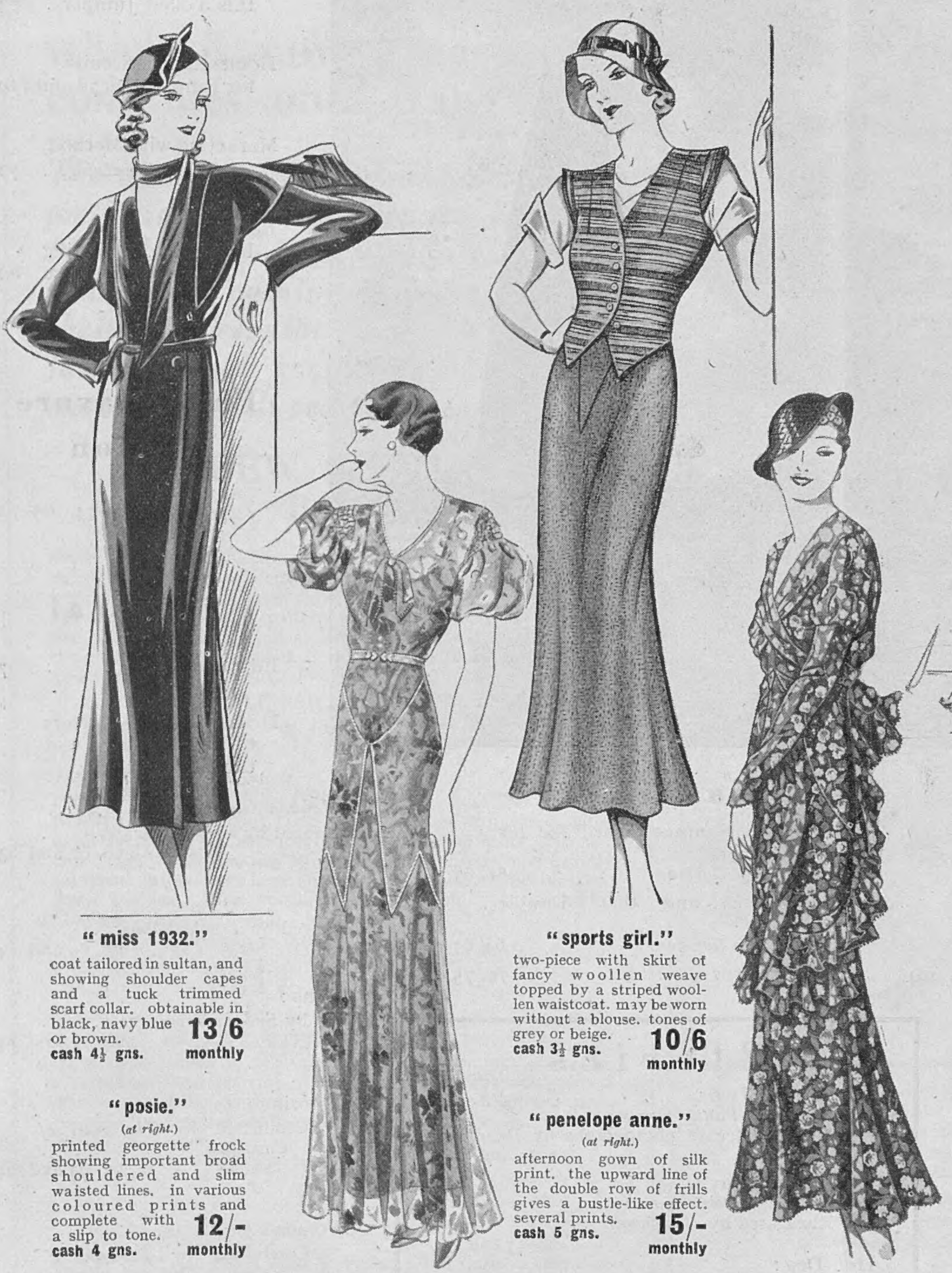
INGREDIENTS—*Red apples, white grapes, salted almonds, watercress, Heinz Salad Cream.*

INSTRUCTIONS—Polish apples and skin and seed grapes. Cut a piece off the top of each apple and scoop out as much of the pulp as possible. Remove core and pips, chop apple pulp and mix with salted almonds and grapes, a few of the washed and dried watercress leaves and Heinz Salad Cream. Fill the apples with the mixture. Arrange watercress on each salad plate and place a filled apple on top.

# corot's new summer models

# by instalments

*clothes from bond street . . . charming in their smartness and exclusiveness . . . are brought within the reach of every woman by corot's world-famous instalment plan which entails no extra charge whatsoever. you may call personally at the showrooms or order by post with the utmost confidence that your requirements will receive careful attention to ensure your complete satisfaction.*



**"miss 1932."**

coat tailored in sultan, and showing shoulder capes and a tuck trimmed scarf collar. obtainable in black, navy blue or brown.
**13/6 monthly**
**cash 4½ gns.**

**"posie."**
*(at right.)*

printed georgette frock showing important broad shouldered and slim waisted lines. in various coloured prints and complete with a slip to tone.
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**"sports girl."**

two-piece with skirt of fancy woollen weave topped by a striped woollen waistcoat. may be worn without a blouse. tones of grey or beige.
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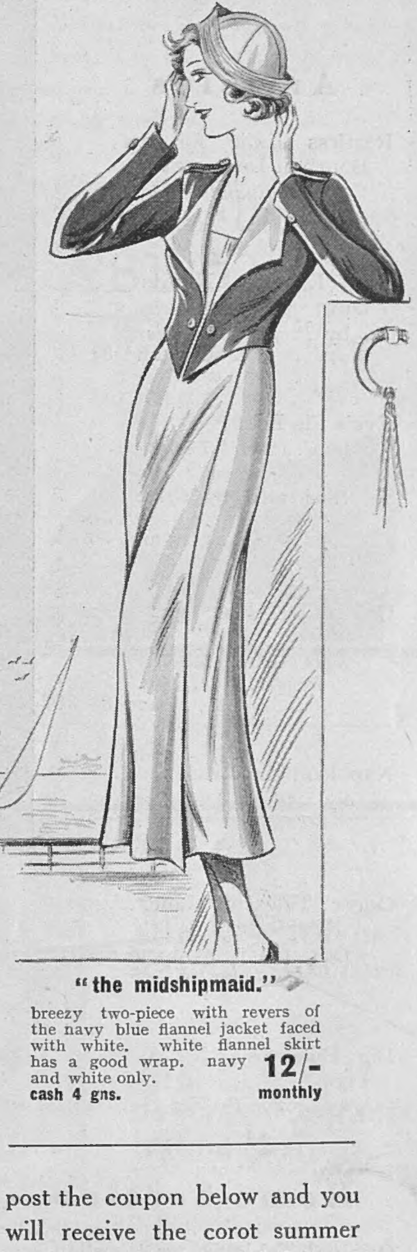
**cash 3½ gns.**

**"penelope anne."**
*(at right.)*

afternoon gown of silk print. the upward line of the double row of frills gives a bustle-like effect. several prints.
**15/- monthly**
**cash 5 gns.**



**"the midshipmaid."**

breezy two-piece with revers of the navy blue flannel jacket faced with white. white flannel skirt has a good wrap. navy and white only.
**12/- monthly**
**cash 4 gns.**

post the coupon below and you will receive the corot summer fashion guide and full particulars of this convenient instalment system.

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# HARVEY NICHOLS' SALE

**which is now proceeding continues until July 23rd**

***The most important of all Sales to the well-dressed woman, since Harvey Nichols have only two Sales in the year, and nothing is included but their own regular stock. Exclusive fashions and exquisite fabrics are sweepingly reduced to bargain prices***

## A FEW SPECIAL SILK BARGAINS

PRINTED CHIFFONS AND MOUSSELINES. About 8,000 yards in exceptionally fine designs and colours. A wonderful group of finest quality chiffons, ninons, georgettes and mousselines. The patterns include the very smart small two-colour effects, as well as large and small flower and leaf designs, exquisitely printed in well-chosen colour blendings. 38-44 ins. wide. *Original Prices, 7/11, 9/11, 12/9, 15/9, 18/9.*

SALE PRICES, per yard

3/11½, 5/11 and 8/11

PRINTED CREPES-DE-CHINE, SATINS AND MAROCAINS. About 4,000 yards. Silks of exquisite quality, in all the newest and smartest designs, including spots, diagonal and "candy" stripes, tiny sprigs and tweed effects, and beautiful flower prints, both large and small. Many are hand-blocked. Some exclusive Paris novelties are included. 38 ins. wide. *Original Prices, 8/11–18/9.*

SALE PRICES, per yard

5/11 and 8/11

BROCHÉ AND PRINTED VELVETS. Paris Velvets of exceptional beauty in the very finest qualities, and in exclusive printed and façonné effects. Among them are printed Panne and Ring Velvets, and Embossed Ninon Velvets both in plain shades and multi-colours. 36-38 ins. wide. *Original Prices, 15/9–35/9.*

SALE PRICE, per yard

8/11

RICH METAL BROCADES. About 3,500 yards in exclusive designs. Beautiful brocades in lamé on satin, gauze, ninon, georgette and velvet grounds. These lovely fabrics are supple, light and practically uncrushable. Exquisite silver and gold designs, also multi-colour prints in gorgeous colourings. 36-44 ins. wide. *Original Prices, 15/9–59/6.*

SALE PRICES, per yard

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REMNANTS HALF PRICE THURSDAY

*Harvey Nichols & Co., Ltd., Knightsbridge, S.W.1*

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# ABBOTT and Eve

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*Mayflowa Models*

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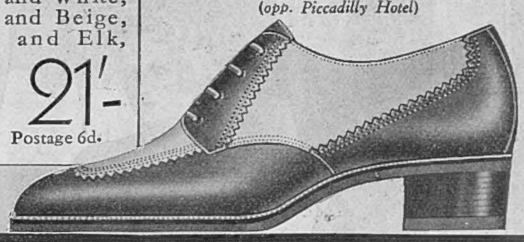
No. 0896. The "Spectator" Semi-Sports Model. (*Dainite Rubber Soles*) Stocked in the following combinations:- Brown and White, Green and Beige, Brown and Elk, Black and White.

21/-

Postage 6d.



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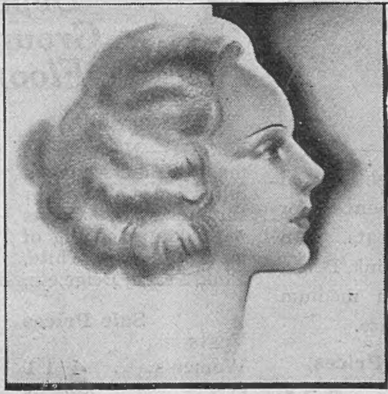

The added Charm Icilma bestows—

The delicate fragrance Icilma brings—

You cannot find a more delightful Vanishing Cream than Icilma, or one that so effectively protects and beautifies the complexion. No matter how bitter the wind, how stinging the rain, the skin that is cared for by Icilma can come to no harm.

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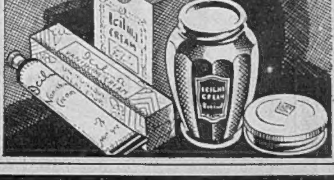
# Icilma VANISHING CREAM

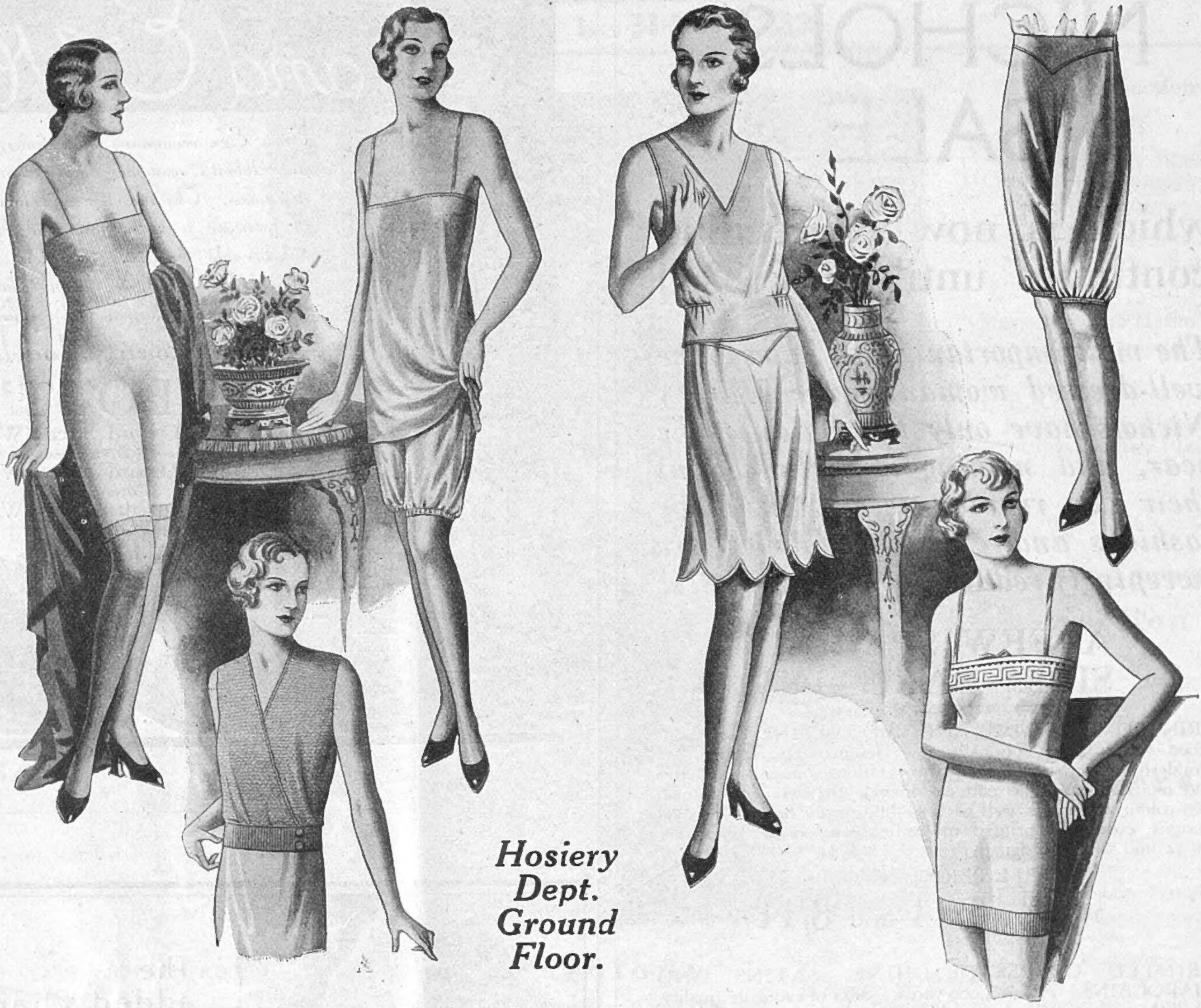
*Vanishing Cream* 6d, 9d, 1/3

*Cold Cream 6d and 1/3*

*Flesh-Tinted Cream* 1/- and 1/9



*Nowhere can you obtain better value in Quality Underwear—WOOLLANDS*



*Hosiery Dept. Ground Floor.*

**K. 360.**—Slim-fit **Combinations,** made of medium weight Indian Gauze. In White or Pink.

**Sale Price**

**17/11**

**K. 362.** — Very light weight knitted Wool **Spencer** for under coats. In White, Pink, Beige, etc. In medium and outsize.

| **Sale Prices** | |
|---|---|
| No sleeves | **8/11** |
| Long sleeves | **9/11** |

**K. 361.**—New Set, made of fine Artificial Silk, suitable for summer wear. Vests with dainty edging of lace. Colours: White, Pink, Peach, Beige, etc.

| **Sale Prices** | |
|---|---|
| **Vests—** | |
| Women's .. | **4/11** |
| O.S. .. .. | **6/6** |
| **Knickers—** | |
| Women's .. | **5/11** |
| O.S. .. .. | **7/11** |

**K. 363.**—Practical **Spencer Slip** in Artificial Milanese. White, Pink or Champagne.

| **Sale Prices** | |
|---|---|
| Women's .. | **5/11** |
| O.S. .. .. | **7/11** |

Wide Leg **Knickers** in Artificial Milanese. In White, Pink, Beige or Black.

| **Sale Prices** | |
|---|---|
| Women's .. | **10/11** |
| O.S. .. | **11/9** |

**K. 364.**—Smartly-fitting **Knickers,** with shaped yoke in front.

| **Sale Prices:** | Women's. | O.S. |
|---|---|---|
| Artificial Silk .. | **4/11** | **5/11** |
| Artificial Milanese | **9/11** | **11/9** |
| Pure Milanese Silk | **19/11** | **23/9** |
| Superior quality .. | **34/9** | **34/9** |

**K. 365.**—Ladies' Opera Top **Vests,** for spring and summer wear. Women's and O.S.

| **Sale Prices** | |
|---|---|
| Fine Indian Gauze .. .. | **11/9** |
| Superior quality .. .. | **15/9** |
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*REMNANTS HALF PRICE THURSDAY*

**Woolland Bros., Ltd. (The Centre of Fashion), Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1** Telephone: Sloane 4545

MORNY Bath Luxuries make the perfect bath, transforming it from the commonplace into a delightful experience.

Created for those who have the instinct to appreciate exclusive ENGLISH products.

"CHAMINADE," "JUNE ROSES," "MYSTÉRIEUSE," "GARDENIA-MORNY" and many other delightful Morny fragrances.

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|---|---|
| *Bath Dusting Powders from* | 2/- |
| *Bath Salts Bottles* ,, | 3/- |
| *Bath Salts Tablets* ,, | 1/9 |
| *Talcum Powders* ,, | 1/6 |
| *Mammoth Tablets of Bath Soap* | 1/8 |

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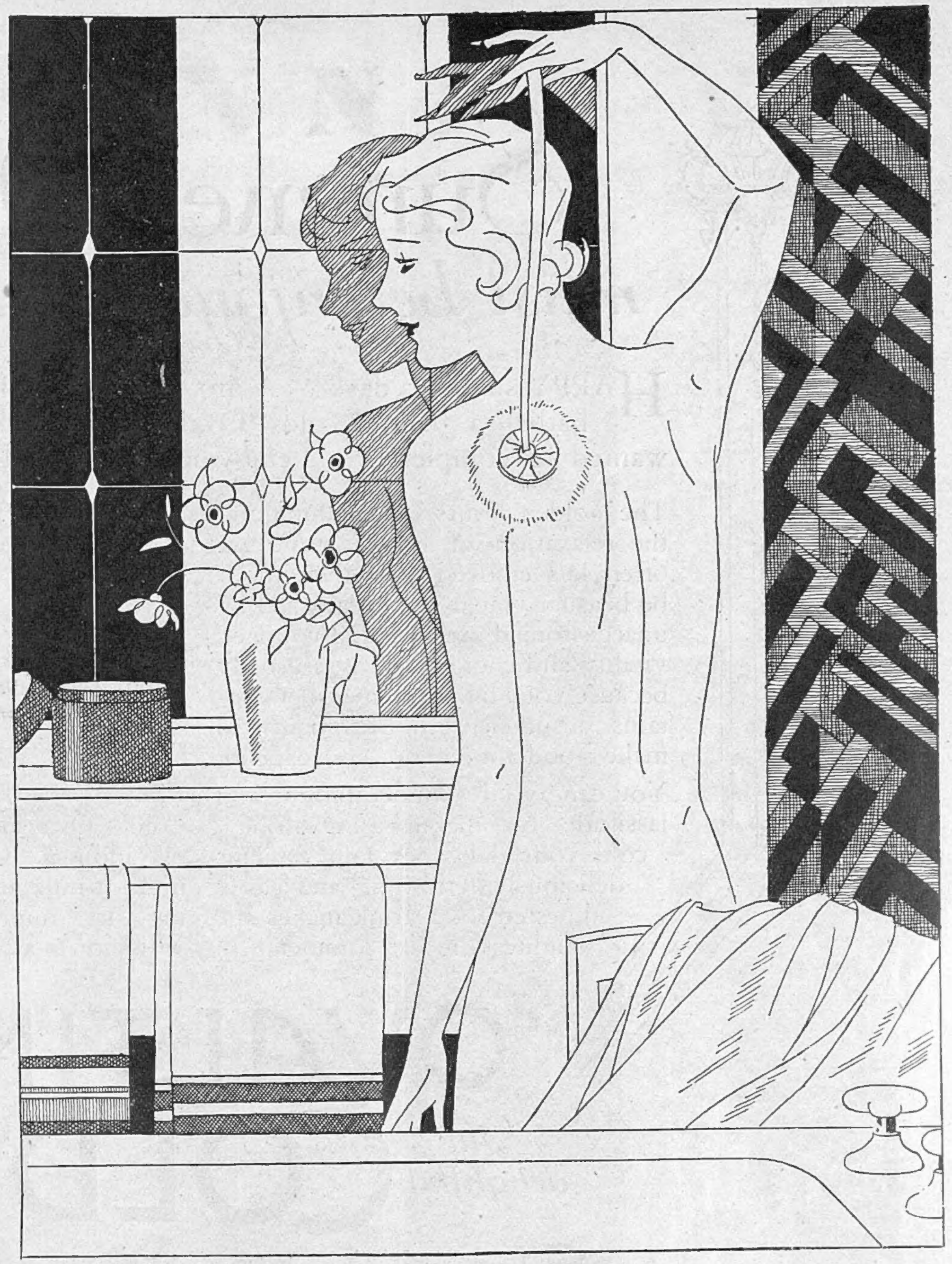

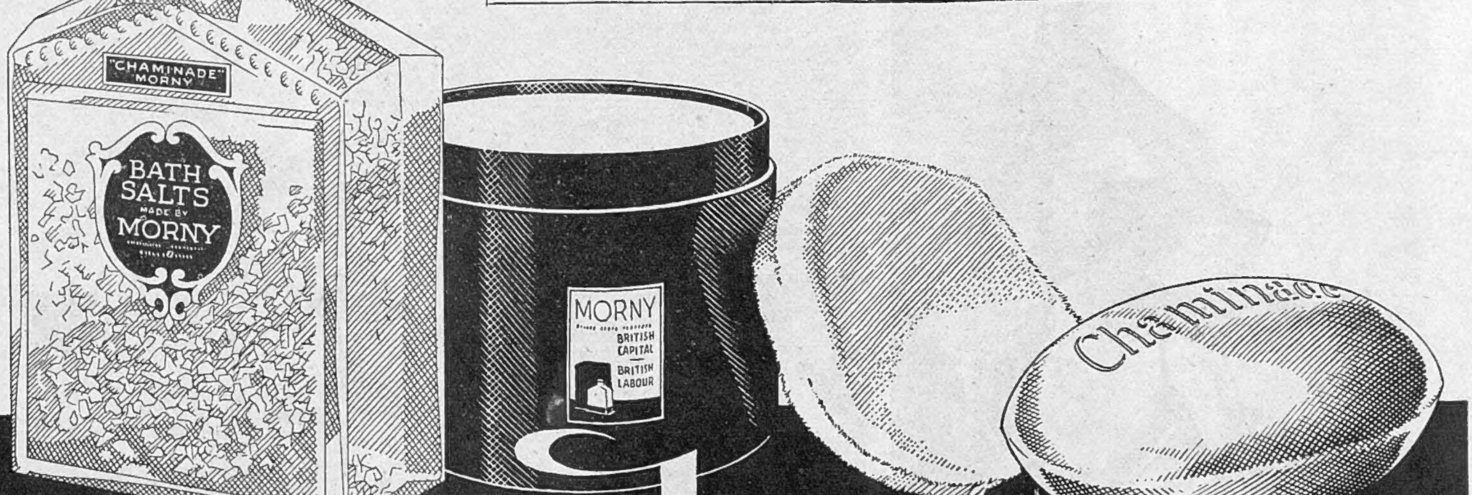
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# Summer Days
## *must be enjoyed to the full*

HAPPY summer days! A dip in the cool, fresh water—a sunbathe—a glass of cold "Ovaltine"—could anything more be wanted to complete your enjoyment?

The golden hours of sunshine and the relaxation of holiday time are often less enjoyed than they might be because you are easily fatigued by unaccustomed exercise, and you lack vitality and energy. This is usually because your light summer diet contains insufficient nourishment to make good the energy you expend.

You can avoid summer fatigue and lassitude by making "Ovaltine" cold your daily beverage. This deliciously refreshing and easily digested food drink makes the lightest meal complete in nutritive value. Every food element is present in a concentrated form.

"Ovaltine" is prepared from fresh liquid milk, malt extract and new-laid eggs. It contains no added sugar and must not be compared with combinations of food substances containing a high percentage of sugar.

Cold "Ovaltine" is easily prepared by adding "Ovaltine" to cold milk or milk and water and mixing for a minute with an egg whisk or in a shaker.

# 'OVALTINE'
## *The delightful* COLD *Summer Drink*

*Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 & 3/3*

OVALTINE
T. BURY

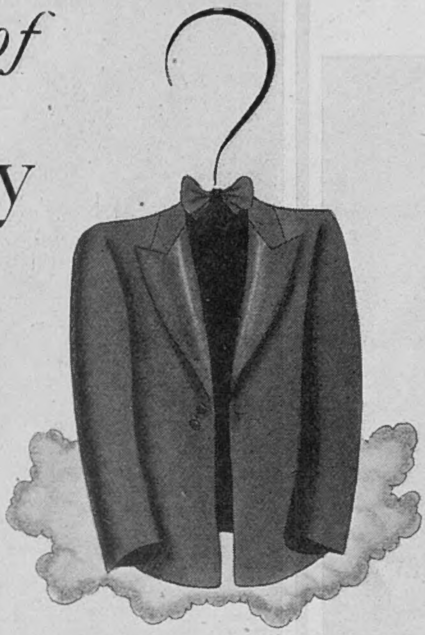
P. 742

BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 5: No. 1 July, 1932

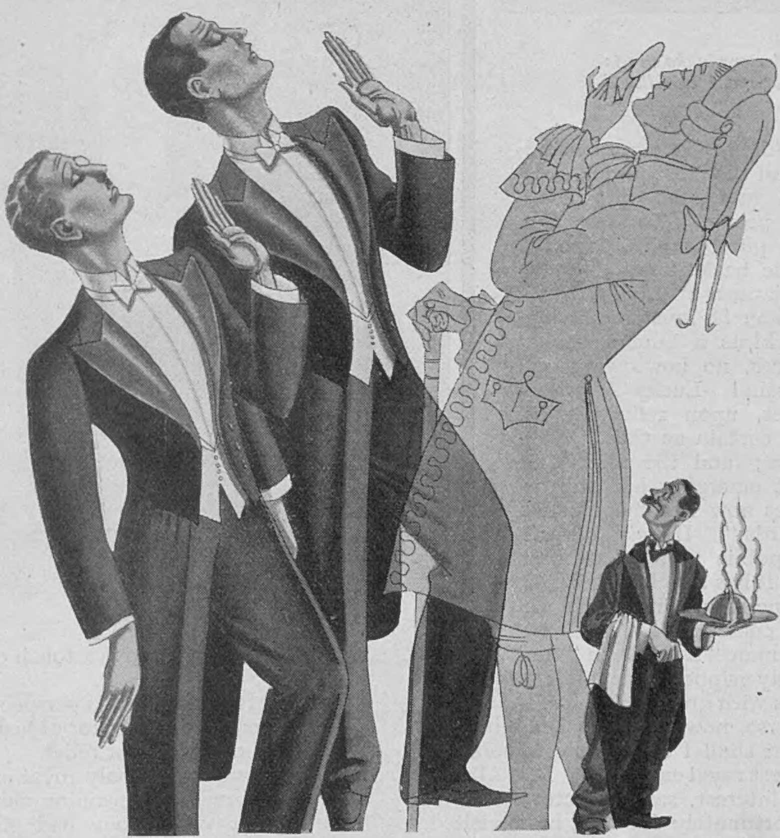
## Editorial

# The Virtue of Formality



PITY the poor dinner-jacket. It is said to be doomed. It has been frowned upon by the arbiters of fashion for all but exclusively male gatherings, and even here its position is doubtful. No longer is it to be seen (and, in fact, it is not seen) in restaurants except of the baser sort. It must not vaunt its cosy tail-lessness in the theatre. At a party it is taboo.

There are those who will mourn its passing not merely on the grounds of comfort. Ousted because it is not sufficiently formal in an age when dress is not the only thing which, after a period of muddle, is settling down within ordered lines, the dinner jacket has yet been regarded as the height of formality by many worthy folk. With pride and a grave assumption of ease has it been donned by certain patrons of seaside hotels and of liners bound on a pleasure cruise. For forty-eight weeks out of the fifty-two they sit down in their homes o' nights in suits of serge or tweed. These will not be cheated of their crowded month of glorious life, for they will in future be found in tails and white ties instead. Yet there is more than this in the re-appearance on all sides of the white-tie of the blameless social life. A return to greater precision in dress is symbolic not of snobbery, which means nothing, but of a scheme of existence which insists on tidiness as an essential part of it. We have passed through a rather untidy era. Since 1914 it has been an untidy world. Perhaps the mess is not quite cleared up yet. But we can be of good cheer. Happier times have been heralded in the past by smaller indications than the changing of fashions in dress. And not for nothing was the eighteenth century, when men's dress was at its dizzy height of formality, called the Age of Reason. Yet if in this Age of Democracy some grumbles arise over the banishment of that easy compromise, the dinner-jacket, there is always the reply that all males after dark will henceforth resemble waiters. That surely should be the last word in popular favour.



***Last month every copy of "Britannia & Eve" contained an Autographed Presentation Portrait of Marlene Dietrich. With this issue we give our readers a signed portrait of Janet Gaynor. Subsequent issues will contain similar autographed portraits of equally famous Film Stars***

# RESTLESS EXILE *for*

*THE moment of ecstasy. A scene in the streets of Madrid when the Republic was established*

*"HE is visited, and always has been, by a chronic restlessness." A snapshot of Alfonso taken at Rotterdam*

*QUEEN at the Gare*

DETHRONED King Alfonso is experiencing at once the hardest and the most pleasurable exile among modern monarchs who have fallen foul of their people. To see the debonair figure in familiar photograph, tripping down the steps of hotels whose background may be Stamboul or Stockholm, Budapest or Luxor, is to say to oneself: "What a time he must be having now—at last! Seeing the world as a human being, as an ordinary mortal! No fuss, no kowtowing, no trappings, no fear of the assassin! Lucky Alfonso! He was well out of it!" Yet, upon reflection, it may not be quite so simple and certain as that. Don Alfonso's is a very special case; and the more one enquires into it the clearer it emerges that life is definitely not all a bed of roses now for the ejected sovereign of "All the Spaniards." If our subject be usually all smiles when on public view, that may be because such is his nature, as it has also long become a habit. It is possible that one would not have to search far behind that smile to come upon a different Alfonso, upon a middle-aged man "*à la dérive*" and without a country, upon a man frequently gripped with care, now looking deeply back into the gone years with great sadness of heart, and who knows a measure of remorse, now anxiously scanning the coming calendar with a "What shall I do?" note uppermost. For that is the kernel of this latest royal exiledom. Don Alfonso has as yet no hobby or real interest, saving factor for royal exiles, and perhaps more unfortunately for him, he is visited, and always has been, by a chronic restlessness. He can stay still nowhere. I believe the longest time he has stayed in any one place so far, in his opening year of exile, has been nine days—and that was right at the start, at Fontainebleau. I give this under correction. It may not be so. It really doesn't matter in the least whether it is or not. The phenomenon which confronts us does not alter—that of an uprooted majesty, skipping from pillar to post without, apparently, plan or general idea for the morrow. There has never before been any kingly exile like his; in part, no doubt, because of changed travel facilities and because of the changed world about us, but essentially because of the man himself, enfevered, one cast loose from the sheet anchor of an autocratic study which must actually have worked calming influence. And (we must not forget it) a Bourbon with a touch of Demos tingling in his veins.

IN a matter such as this perspective is always a good thing: a glance down the corridor of history makes the subject of today stand out in bolder relief.

The Stewarts, our only royal exiles, with one exception took heavily to religion, spending their lives in the service of the Church, for which they had given up so much. James II retired to semi-royal state at St. Germain, at the expense of Louis XIV. His son, "the Chevalier de St. George," settled in Rome, and spent much of his time going backwards and forwards to the Church of the Apostoli, almost next door. Prince Charlie's bright morning, too soon clouded over, led to last years of dissipation. The Cardinal of York, last of the ill-starred race, shivered through the Roman winter in his Palace at Albano, being too poor to buy coal, until George IV came to the rescue with a handsome annuity, which he followed

# a Bourbon D*emocrat*

One *April* morning *Don* Alfonso, exiled *and* de-throned, landed *at* Marseilles—*with a* Suitcase. That *suitcase* is *the* hall-mark *of his* restlessness; a legacy, *too*, of those glittering *non-stop* Seville days *of* sport *and* travel *before* the Revolution

### By F*erdinand* Tuohy

***VICTORIA EUGÉNIE arriving D'Orsay, Paris, from Madrid***

up by paying Canova for the noble monument in St. Peter's and inscribed to the memory of "Henry the Ninth of England." The Cardinal, on his deathbed, bequeathed all his legitimate rights and relics—including the Coronation Ring—to his generous cousin.

Both the French Bourbons accepted British hospitality. Charles X retired to Holyrood. "The Citizen King," Louis Philippe, died at Clermont. Henry V lived in dignified seclusion at Frohsdorf, his lovely seat near Vienna.

Coming down to our own day, it is seldom that the royal exile does not develop some means of passing away the time. The late Duke of Orleans, who spent most of his life in England, was a keen big-game hunter. He died at Palermo in 1926, just after returning from Central Africa. Ferdinand of Bulgaria collects butterflies, occasionally visiting the tropics in search of specimens. But he is deeply attached to his Coburg retreat, and, being well endowed with funds, probably hardly misses Sofia. He established a record not long since by visiting King Boris in the Bulgarian capital, this being the first time an exiled monarch has ever returned to the city where he once ruled. Dom Manuel, doyen of royal exiles, is a collector of antiques and objets d'art. He has now lived at Twickenham for 22 years. His travels are slight. You will see him at Cannes, where he used to play strenuous tennis, but now does so no longer, and he always spends three weeks in the year at Vichy. For the rest, he and his consort seldom leave England. It is said that Manuel has several times been asked to return to Portugal, from which land he is reputed to receive a regular fixed income. But the ex-king has vowed never to look on his native land again. The memory of that awful ride with his father and brother and of his own subsequent precipitate flight remain too vivid.

A VERY worldly exile, who died the other day, was Don Jamie of Bourbon, Carlist Pretender. Jamie proved his French blood by living almost completely in Paris, becoming a thorough Parisian. He was interested in all current events, from the world of art to the Stock Exchange. No one quite knows the truth about his alleged allegiance to Alfonso in the last weeks of his life.

*A ROADSIDE court. Queen Victoria Eugénie saying good-bye to the royalists, who accompanied her from Madrid, at a crossroad at Escorial*

A REMARKABLE exile is the Duc de Guise, otherwise Jean III of France. This Frenchman's passion is studying war. He has retired to a château outside Brussels and lives devoted to his maps and books. He used to run a big estate at Larache in Morocco, and it was a grievous blow to him when, on automatically becoming Pretender, he had to give the place up, it being on French soil. His wife, "la Reine," and daughters are allowed to visit France as often as they please, and spend much of their time there, but the heir, the young Comte de Paris, comes under like ban to the father. The ex-Empress Zita's exile has been the most pathetic, though she has been helped by the business of looking after a large family. After years of want and wandering, she has at last found peace in a moated and turreted Flemish castle. Alfonso helped her for years. Queen Ena recently visited her. Two women with something to tell each other! Shahs, Caliphs, Sultans, nearly always sink into lethargy amid the fleshpots of the Riviera. Varying events with Switzerland, where Amanullah some time back came under suspicion for offering diamonds for sale. He has pockets full of them but little cash, and, sadly for him, the diamonds are all clouded. An exception to Oriental *far niente* is the former Khedive, big business man of Smyrna and the Levant.

And then there is the man of Doorn. Wilhelm II had an even greater restlessness than has Don Alfonso. During the war his nervousness was such that he spent much of his time dashing across Germany in his special train from Eastern to Western Front. Though old enough to be Don Alfonso's father, nevertheless we might have beheld William hopping round the earth, too, had he just been expelled from Germany. The fact, of course, is that he is not so much in exile as in confinement. He can't hop. He has had to repress his jumpiness into wood-chopping and religion. He now chops no longer, and has seemingly gone nap on religion, majesty, and the past. He circulates seldom, save to visit friends near Utrecht or to motor close up to the Rhine, across which he gazes long at that Fatherland which he has not trodden for nearly fourteen years. But enough has been sketched of others and the past for my purpose.

NOT much more than a year ago what was Don Alfonso's life? Napoleon once declared that "the lot of a dethroned king who was born a king and nothing more must be dreadful. The pomp of the throne, the panoply surrounding him and accompanying him step by step throughout his life become a necessary condition of his existence." The "nothing more" from the artilleryman turned Emperor is good. Don Alfonso certainly is something more, if lacking in characteristics which might have stood him in good stead to-day. I answer my own above question by a memory. At Easter time of 1927 I was down at Seville when the Prince of Wales and Prince George were guests. An amusing interpolation here. The Prince had promised the King this visit, but had stipulated: "No parades! A holiday for me!" Primo was then martially in power, and said that, really, the Prince should be in uniform for the great Feria days. Telegrams to London, and regrets from the same city. At Seville, Primo, in uniform and medals, met the royal train. Out stepped Alfonso, in khaki. And then out stepped the Prince in soft hat and lounge suit. The story went that Primo was annoyed. But to proceed.

The glitter, the cavalcade, of those Seville days was what Alfonso adored. Murder might lurk in the air; he forgot about it. To put it tersely, he was full of beans. In constant kingly function by day, splendour amid gaiety was the keynote by night, preferably out at the Duke of Alba's villa.

As monarch, Alfonso XIII was able to give fullest rein to his feverish restlessness of body and mind. The army was his toy. He found physical release in reviewing it and re-reviewing it in every corner of his realm. Or, if of another mood, he could sit in his study and decree and sign and summon and hold forth to his heart's content, killing every minute of every hour. And so the short day wore on. Perhaps often on his present travel spasms the fallen Majesty's mind goes back to the view of the distant Guadarammas which he used to have from that study, and how stirring that view can be when the snow comes. All Spain is in it. Now this whole palace "belongs to the people" as a museum, even to the numbering of two thrones So immense is the place that 'tis said no one has ever been completely from cellar to ceiling.

WHEN in playful mood, what could not Alfonso do? A ring on the telephone, and his cronies would flock to polo. Or, mayhap, a day or two's hunting up in the well-beloved fastnesses of the Gredos? So light-hearted could the king be on such occasions that 'twas common for him to leap from the saddle and cook his lunch, an impromptu omelette, on some rock or crag. Great days! Great nights, too. Parties, bubbly, beauty, brilliance, all at the royal command.

*"THERE is momentary seriousness when an aunt dies and a funeral has to be attended. But very soon it is on with the merry round once more." Alfonso in an ordinary first-class carriage, travelling as the Duke of Toledo, arrives at Vienna to attend the funeral of his aunt, the Archduchess Isabella of Habsburg*

The masses tittered, carried tales? Pooh, what did that count? There were, of course, quiet family evenings, too, usually with bridge, and the assembling of the whole family for lunch every Sunday, the one occasion. When His Majesty would be bored at official evenings he also relied on bridge. At a soirée on the *Reina Christina,* in the Guadalquiver, when I had the privilege of tackling his excellent champagne, King Alfonso did not appear. Bored; playing bridge in the lounge.

Rounding out the picture, there came foreign travel as a further release; but not much of it; too dangerous. London, chiefly, once a year. Nor did stiffest Court Etiquette like one bit His Majesty's once going to Deauville—indeed, he was invited to desist, and had to. (How Alfonso must chuckle at that, anyway, now that he may go to twenty Deauvilles.)

And then there was the annual yachting at Santander, which usually led to a visit to a throat specialist at Bordeaux, which, in turn, may have led to a visit incognito to a certain capital further up the line. The panorama passes—

*AS monarch, Alfonso XIII was able to give fullest rein to his feverish restlessness of body and mind. A portrait taken in 1915*

ONE April morning Don Alfonso was put ashore with a suitcase at Marseilles, and figuratively, he has not let go of that article of luggage since. The green hat, the brown raglan, the crooked stick over the arm, are becoming known right across Europe, even as the dark, slender features, the jet black moustache, the Bourbon underlip, the "si, si, si," of his animated talk. Here is a man who has lost everything, whose family is becoming increasingly strewn and separated, who is tantamount to being under sentence of death should he ever retread an inch of his native soil—and none so low, nay, the lowest mountain smuggler, could take him. What do we see? We behold him jauntily seeing the sights of Europe and further afield. We see him in theatre boxes with celebrities. Brisking up at St. Moritz (a daughter lay ill there). Enjoying the Fjords and the amenities of a cruise thither in one of the "best" ships. (He is elected Sports President and wins the treasure hunt aboard.) Or off he shoots to stay with the last of the Metternichs at Marienbad. And that causes him to say to his bosom pal, the Duke of Miranda, "Now that we've got so far, let's go and see the Central Empires" (pure surmise on my part; the point is, onwards the couple go). In Vienna there is momentary seriousness when an aunt dies and a funeral has to be attended. But very soon it is on with the merry round once more to Budapest and to Prague. Punctuated always by periodic returns to Fontainebleau. But never for long. Off it is again, this time to Stamboul and to the glory that was Greece. And that leads to Palestine. Where Don Alfonso rubbernecks it with the rest, and so on to Egypt and the Valley of the Nile. The restless one wants to see Algeria on the way back to France, but is warned, "Too dangerous. Better keep clear of the Mediterranean lands as much as possible." Which is more than justified, since twice already the non-abdicating king has been punched while landing at Marseilles. *Punched!* Well may Don Alfonso laugh, he who has seen the Garde Républicaine bombed to death hard by his landau in the rue de Rohan, he who has helped a blood-stained bride from her carriage on a wedding day! *Punched* indeed! Nevertheless it is a risky business, this constant *va-et-vient* unguarded, unattended save for the friend who has stood by him and for a brace of valets. One day something different from a punch might conceivably transpire, so envenomedly has the Republican Government set out to poison the minds of all Spaniards against their late monarch. Other Gourguloffs lurk these times, although the dethroned king is lucky in that he is able to sprint here and there at will and no one knowing. At ports, when he is known to be aboard ship, is the real danger. I rather imagine a warning came in Italy, for no sooner had Don Alfonso arrived in Rome than he was flying on to Malta, there to stay with the Mountbattens; and the next we hear of him is showing Aix-en-Provence to young Juan, and so up to the grievous clinic cot of the last Prince of Asturias, at Lausanne.

Have I given all the hoppings, the travels? I doubt it. The U.S.S.R. and Germany are probably the only major countries left unvisited at this writing. Presumably the Intourist Bureau might jib, while, as for the Reich, not a shadow of doubt but that Don Alfonso is holding off it in order not to wound French susceptibilities, since, after all, France is his base, the welcoming host whose hospitality, moreover, he must not abuse by issuing manifestoes or by doing propaganda in any form. That manifesto jointly with the Carlists saying that he was ready any day to do all for Spain and to return, was not only a bad break but a stupid intervention of which one had not thought Don Alfonso capable. Unless I be quite ungifted with intuition, there's not a dog's chance of a return from Elba as things stand at present or are likely to for years to come. Any change in Spain should bring red revolution, with France fanning on the *sans-culotte,* lightweight mentally though he be.

THE restless one literally started his travels with that suitcase, since a year ago, when he applied for some of his wardrobe from Madrid, they sent him pink hunting jackets and riding breeches! In the interim a majestic array of kit has been assembled, for the two bachelor voyagers now circulate with as many as a dozen pieces of luggage. The royal trunks and cases are still marked "S.M.A. XIII," their owner claiming yet to be king. On the other hand, the royal car, upon which the nervous one darts up from the Riviera to Fontainebleau in eighteen hours, no longer bears a crown, but a mascot in the shape of a signaller semaphoring the letter A.

When not using the road, the Dukes of Toledo and of Miranda travel in a first-class compartment, often drawing no more attention than dukes do these times from train or other personnel. Arrived at destination, a suite has been reserved at what has come to be known as a "palace" in the hotel world. The restaurant is used for preference, for this last Bourbon ruler has ever liked the feel of his fellows and music and light and laughter and the proximity of charm. And then the Dukes set out to see the town, even as you or I. The thing is that one Duke must have his mind perpetually occupied. In hotels and restaurants and by the tourist and travel officials with whom he has dealings Don Alfonso is treated deferentially. When his identity becomes known to fellow sightseers, most stare, some smile. For, despite his bonhomie, something that subdues, a suggestion of tragedy, emanates from this marched-away monarch since put under virtual death sentence.

Of all his rushes round Europe, I am told the journey he likes best is via Calais to London, to lunch with King George and Queen Mary. That gives back something of the old prestige and serves to dispel some of the criticism, and not only in newspapers, of which Don Alfonso has been the subject during the past year. So far, two or three such invitations have come.

In passing, one may as well scotch a pretty little canard, according to which each time he passes a fresh frontier the globe-trotter announces, "I am Don Alfonso of Spain, without a passport or a country." Dramatic enough, but not corresponding to the facts. The dethroned King journeys as the Duke of Toledo, and he has to secure diplomatic permission and special papers each time he visits a foreign land.

How the subdued little "home," in a fourth-floor suite of the Fontainebleau hotel, deep in the forest, and famous for its heads of boar and stags, is disintegrating may be gauged from the family chartings as I write this article. Don Alfonso is at Lausanne with his stricken eldest born. Where he'll be tomorrow, heaven knows. His restrained and dignified consort is near Brussels visiting her son Gonzalez. Juan is back at Dartmouth. The hapless Don Jaime

(*Continued on page* 106)

# Cottage for Two

*It rhymed with Blue-oo-oo in the songs they sang together—part of their jazz life, part of themselves*

## By Mollie Panter Downes

*Illustrated with photographs*
*by* Peter North

*SHE stood at the head of the bed, suitcase in one hand and the note in the other, looking at Happy.*

SHARON HART woke to the usual accompaniment of a bad headache, and decided suddenly, in the grim light of half-past six in the morning, that to-day was the day. She was through. She was going to leave Happy.

By turning her head she could see him from where she lay. He was asleep in the second of the twin beds that she had covered so carefully with yellow Italian brocatelle to match the curtains that framed a glimpse of chimney-pots and pale dawn sky. He was deeply asleep, looking haggard and ill, but less than his thirty-five years, in spite of the lines that scored his thin, finely cut face. As she watched, he stirred restlessly and tasted his lips once or twice, as though they were dry. She smiled a little. She wanted to say, "I've stood this for eight years, Happy, and I can't stand it a day longer. I'm through. I'm going away."

But he would not have heard, he was sleeping too deeply; so she sat up in bed, pale and haggard, propping her slim elbows on the slim mound of her knees and pressing finger-tips to her temples where the dull throb was shooting to and fro.

There was the clink of a pail on the cobble-stones outside, and presently a soft whistle and a hissing sound of water as the chauffeur started to wash down the Honourable Mrs. Mossop's Rolls-Royce. Presently — Sharon sighed a little—the noises would increase, although luckily nothing less than a charge of dynamite would wake Happy. That was the worst part of living in a mews, yet, on the whole, it was amusing. "Amusing" was the word that the Harts' friends used for it. "My dear, what an amusing place! So original!" they would scream as they twisted their high heels on the cobble-stones and picked their way over serpentine hose-pipes in their search for the emerald green front door and window boxes of the Harts' cottage.

It was strangely appropriate that they should live in a cottage, for they were always singing about them, she and Happy. Cottages popped up at regular intervals in their songs. "A cottage for two, And you, We'll never feel blue-hoo-hoo, In our cute little cottage for two"—that sort of thing. The rhymes dripped out of Happy's brain as fast as Sharon could find haunting tunes for them. But the cottages in the songs were always wreathed in roses, set down somewhere near a cow with a wistful "Moo!" and overlooking a view-hoo-hoo with the blue-hoo-hoo-est of skies. So far as Sharon remembered, there had never been mention of a cottage five minutes away from Belgrave Square, squeezed in between a row of garages that housed great, silent Rolls and Hispanos and the chauffeurs' far from silent families.

SHE loved the cottage. It was noisy: it was small and ridiculously expensive. But she liked the look of the mews at night, when the lamplight glinted on the cobbles; the boxes of pink geraniums at the chauffeurs' windows; the absurd way that the Rolls and Hispanos had of looking like a row of nervous young thoroughbreds, sticking slender noses out of their loose boxes. She and Happy had never been able to afford a car. That had been another of the "some day" schemes . . . .

She thought, "I believe I'd like a cup of tea," and stretched out an arm for the purple silk wrapper that had been thrown over the bed rail, threw back the covers and groped with one bare foot for the shabby little purple mules that lay kicked in opposite directions. The effort of getting up jagged at her head rather badly, and she grimaced at herself in the glass. Narrow white face, red hair, lips still etched in scarlet in spite of a hasty dab of cold cream at two o'clock this morning. Horrible—last night's lip rouge in the cold, grey light of the morning after! Well, she thought, looking at the hunched outline of Happy's shoulders under the bedclothes—well, my dear, I've had enough of it this time. Eight years too much! And now I'm through.

The maid did not get there till eight o'clock, for they were always late risers, and the little kitchen with its red and white ruffles was empty. Sharon waited, thinking carefully of nothing in particular, until the kettle boiled; made tea, and carried the little tray into the living-room that took up most of the ground floor. The blinds and the windows were all shut, and the close, yellow air reeked of cigarettes, of Bertie Stein's cigars, of the heavy narcissus perfume that always breathed from Edythe Pelly's clothes and the parting of her sleek blond hair. Sharon sent the blinds sighing upwards, flung open the windows and stood looking round her with a queer little smile.

The room looked sordid and slatternly in this pure morning light. Dead ashes and stubs of cigarettes lay in the grate; half a *foie gras* sandwich on the mantelpiece; glasses everywhere. Glasses on the piano, on the floor, in the fireplace. Some one—she thought it was Bertie—had upset a whisky and soda over the pale beige carpet.

She cleared a stack of music off the sofa, brushed away some sandwich crumbs, and sat down. She drank her tea thoughtfully, still looking round with that queer little smile. It had been very attractive once, this room. Its proportions were so right—long and low—and she had thought it out so carefully. There were to be a lot of soft beige and silvery tones, with one dark, glossy note of her beautiful grand piano. And for colour, everything was to work up to the little Venetian desk, painted in faded gold and turquoise, that she had discovered in a dusty old antique shop near the Brompton Oratory. She had placed it just there, between the beige brocade curtains, and it had looked lovely until one of Bertie Stein's cigars blazoned a long brown trail across its painted garlands.

Well, the room still didn't look so bad at night when the curtains were drawn and the lamps were lit. Then it sank into kindly shadows, and one didn't notice the light brown circles of wet glasses on all the tables, nor the holes in the carpet where cigarettes had been ground underfoot in the excitement of Happy's new "sure fire" number. One didn't notice that the chair covers were eight years old and wanted renewing, nor that the whole place was stale with the reek of cigarettes and whisky. One didn't notice the grey threads in Happy's light hair, nor the hollows in Sharon's neck and shoulders as she sat at the piano trying over a number for the fiftieth time. Sharon was twenty-nine and should have been beautiful. Sometimes she managed to look beautiful in the softly shaded lamplight that was so kind to them all—to her and Happy, and the chair covers that wanted renewing, and the discoloured patch of Bertie Stein's whisky and soda.

She lit a cigarette thoughtfully, and found that it tasted bad, but the second puff was better, and she curled up on the sofa, staring at her eight years with Happy that were to end to-day.

THOSE eight years seemed to her to have been an eternal repetition of the party last night. All their little set had been there—Bertie and Edythe Pelly and Jimmy Cox. Later, Cora Strange had swept in, beautiful in three-hundred pounds' worth of supple Russian ermine, fresh from the opening of a new show for which she had done the dresses.

*HIS blue eyes were smiling down at the slim young creature whose hand was resting on his arm. Sharon heard her say, "Buy me a 'Tatler,' Toto."*

She seemed to have brought half the audience with her, and Sharon, leaving the room buzzing with shrill voices and laughter, had to rush into the little kitchen and dig out a tin of *foie gras* and some more ice. When she got back, Happy, who was standing by the fire with his arm round Cora's firm waist, stretched out his free hand excitedly towards her.

" Sharon, darling, I want you to play over *Half Way To Heaven.* This is one of the new numbers that we're doing for Edythe, Cora; tell me what you think of it, angel. Edythe ! Stop flirting with Sam and come and sing your little piece, my sweet."

Edythe had uncurled herself from a cushion and curled herself round the end of the piano, and she had sung in that tired, husky voice of hers. Then someone else had sung. Then Happy had insisted that Sharon should run through all the numbers of the new revue on which they were working, and he had whispered one or two of them with the complete absence of voice and superfluity of charm that might have made him famous if he hadn't been a writer of blue-hoo-hoo lyrics.

Sharon, glancing up at him as she played, thought how good looking and how desperately ill he looked, standing there with a glass in his hand and two fever spots of excitement on his cheeks, and her heart ached a little, then steeled itself anew. Happy, who had been through the War and had several bits of iron left as mementos in various portions of his slight body, had been told by the doctors to cut out drink and take things slowly unless he wanted trouble. . .

This was his way of taking things slowly. For eight years this had been his way, and perforce it had been hers, too. And now she was ending it, not because she had fallen in love with another man, although she was going to another man—not because of Happy, for she still loved Happy—but because of her own self respect.

She was so sick of it all. She was sick of the insincerity and the shallowness of the women who called her " darling " and looked her over with cold eyes because she was Happy's wife. Women fell in love with Happy. He knew it and kissed them casually on the lips ; called them " My sweet " with that absent charm of his, and looked restlessly round the room, asking " Where's Sharon ? " That, too, was insincere, and therefore hateful.

And she was sick—so wearily sick of the string of easy friends who flowed in and out of the cottage in the mews because they found it a pleasant place and the Harts an " amusing " or " attractive " or " decorative " couple—Happy, a live wire of vitality, and Sharon at her piano, thin and red haired and graceful. That was the kind of friendship anyone could have if their liquor was good enough. She wanted real friendship. She wanted freedom and rest and beauty. These things she would never find with Happy.

Now and then her weariness flared up into anger at the sight of him straggling downstairs, haggard and unshaven, somewhere around midday.

" Happy, why don't you cut this kind of racket out ? It's killing you, and it's making me look a hag. What do you get out of it, I ask you ? "

He had grinned :

" A Godawful head. Where did you put the Bromo Seltzer ? "

" If you don't care about killing yourself, I do." The nastiness of this eternal nagging, the weary sense of its futility. " What do any of the crowd mean to us ? Let them all go to blazes ! "

" Never mind, darling. Some day we'll take a cottage in the country and grow pigs and get fat. Incidentally, you'll expire from sheer boredom in a week."

" Some day ! My God, the things we're going to do ' some day.' Buy new chair covers, have the bathroom repainted, go for a long holiday in the country . . . Do you know, Happy, I've almost forgotten what the real country looks like."

" Poor sweet, it's a shame. I tell you what, Sharon, we'll do that. Directly we've finished the two numbers for *Cut That Out* we'll shut up the cottage and go down to Devonshire for a few weeks. What do you say to that ? "

But Jimmy Cox, enormous and genial, had come along with his big Rolls and

*JIMMY COX listened and grunted : " You've*
*I'd like to sing it at the opening of the Café*

swept them down to Cannes instead, and one or two women had fallen in love with Happy, and Sharon had come back with a little extra huskiness added to her husky cigarette voice.

Well, all that was over now. Already it belonged to the past. To-day she was going to do what she had so often threatened to do. She was going to walk out of the cottage in the mews and shut the emerald green front door behind her for good. When Happy woke up he would find her gone.

THE maid would arrive in a few minutes; so she went upstairs and into the bathroom that needed painting. A shower took the stale sawdust feeling out of her body. She went back into the bedroom and leisurely—there was no need to hurry—chose her dress for the day. What was suitable for this sort of occasion, she asked herself with a wry little smile. There was the Molyneux suit with the caracul that Happy had given her in a fit of wild extravagance after the success of *Cut That Out*—an oddly appropriate title, surely, for what she was doing to-day. She took it out of the cupboard, and made up her face without interest, gazing with disfavour at a new and irritable line which had lately scored itself between the eyebrows. Now, the slim little suit and a close-fitting little black velvet cap pulled down over her sleek red hair. Now, the task of filling a suitcase swiftly and silently with her belongings, such as they were.

*got a winner, Sharon. Splendide next week."*

The only thing that remained was to write the traditional note to Happy, and this she did in an untraditional way, scribbling it in pencil on an old bridge block which happened to be handy.

"Happy, my darling," she wrote, "I'm going away. I'm going to Richard. You can do what you like about it. I often warned you, didn't I, that I'd do something drastic if you didn't pull up a bit? Take care of yourself, my sweet."

She folded the sheet in half, printed his name on it, and looked round for somewhere to put it. But she knew that Happy, when he woke about four hours later, would be blind and deaf and dumb until he had struggled downstairs and come to the surface with the first drink of the day. So she planned to leave the note on the living-room mantelpiece as she went out. Anyway, he would probably notice that the dressing-table was cleared of her things, and certainly he would notice the silence when he called "Sharon!"

The silence—there was something dreadful in that thought. She stood at the head of the bed, suitcase in one hand, and the note in the other, looking at Happy. He had changed his position and was lying now with his head buried among the pillows, arms flung out helplessly so that one hand trailed over the edge. She said aloud "Happy!" He did not move. Her eyes filled with tears, and she went quickly out.

Elsie was stirring about the kitchen, singing loudly that some unknown personage was her Love Parade. It was no great matter to slip quietly through the narrow slit of a hall, into the living-room to leave a note (thank heavens Elsie had cleared away that *foie gras* sandwich), and to open and close the front door noiselessly. The morning air was fresh and sweet. She started to walk quickly up the mews. She was free.

The first thing to do was to dispose of her suitcase. She was not going to present herself at Richard's flat, luggage in hand, and say, "Please, I've come!" The obvious thing to do was to leave it in the cloakroom at Victoria Station, so she hailed a prowling taxi and gave him the address.

And now for the first time, as she sat in the taxi, and later exchanged her suitcase for a cloakroom ticket, and then wandered, feeling a little lost and irresolute, into the sunshine—for the first time she began to think of Richard Martineau, the Other Man. It was impossible to think of him as the Other Man—her lips twitched with amusement—and it might conceivably alarm him very much to find himself in that rôle. But he would be glad that she had left Happy. He had always wanted her to leave Happy.

Richard had been in love with her, in a patient and resigned way—and lately in a rather more impatient and less resigned way—for years. That didn't make him love Happy. And temperamentally they were at complete loggerheads. Richard thought Happy was worthless. Happy thought Richard was a dry old stick. Neither of them was completely right and neither was completely wrong.

SHARON walking away from Victoria Station and vaguely in the direction of the Green Park, thought tenderly of Richard. He was so nice. There was no other word for Richard. In appearance he was like a stage diplomat—urbane and grizzled and forty-five. He didn't fit into the atmosphere of the cottage in the mews. Bertie Stein, with his clever Jew nose and his inevitable cigar, Cora Strange's loud voice and startling Red Indian make-up, Edythe and her famous blue eyes that she rolled at Happy—yes, even Happy himself—these people had the effect of making Richard look like a piece of good, solid Chippendale among a lot of flimsy fakes.

He was out of place in the cottage, but he came often. He would sit there, watching Sharon. Sometimes he came over to the piano and said: "Sharon, you look tired. Go to bed, child."

Once, when they were alone together, he had said suddenly:

"Why don't you chuck it up and leave him? This is killing you, Sharon."

"Darling!" she had mocked him over her shoulder—she was sitting at the piano, aimlessly improvising something, "What a darling you are, Richard! Where should I go, my precious? Ladies who leave their husbands have got to have somewhere to go, or else they get taken up by the police, poor dears."

"Come with me, Sharon. Sharon! For God's sake can't you stop playing that infernal piano?"

But she had laughed and shaken her head and gone on playing. Voh-de-oh-doh, cottage for two-hoo-hoo, I gotta blue-hoo-hoos. Happy! Where's Happy? Listen, Happy, this is going to be good. . . .

Well, she was going to Richard. She wished that it wasn't necessary, but ladies who left their husbands couldn't live on air. There was precious little else in her banking account at the moment. So she would go to Richard and ask him to take her away for a bit—somewhere quiet, where she could rest, and let her mind crawl up to the surface again. Beyond that she could not think. Just to rest; to wake up in the morning without a

(*Continued on page* 104)

# Far-Eastern Nights-Out

## By P. Jerome Willis

EVEN modern costumes fail to hide Chinese women's lure

SITTING on the verandah of Raffles Hotel, Singapore, one night last year, I resolved to tour the night life of the China Coast, Japan and the Philippines and find out if it was true that cabaret life there is a religion for the jaded nerves of those away from home.

I found it an attractive quest, though sometimes a bit tiring, and met all sorts of queer people who had drifted out there somehow or other and got caught up in the atmosphere so much that they stayed.

Poor old Singapore was once known as the "Cesspool of the East," but to-day strict police patrol and firm laws have tempered it down considerably.

Night descends there like a cool blanket, shutting out the heat and worries of the day; hotel lights flicker along the seafront and the king of jazz ascends his throne until the first streaks of dawn cross the sky.

Most of the hotel dance floors open out on to the seafront, with only a fringe of palms as a wall, through which can be seen all sorts of queer craft, drifting idly in the moon-dappled bay. This is the west-end of Singapore, where night life is tinctured with a London atmosphere.

Singapore's real night life is round the corner, where dirty little narrow streets lead away from the sea and harbour all sorts of types from criminal to Buddhist monk.

Asiatics throng the streets night and day. At nights quarrels invariably result in a stabbing affray. Armed Sikh policemen patrol the district after sundown and shooting affairs, though rarer of late years, still occur.

But this is where Singapore's night life burns brightly and where East and West meet in one mad "whoopee." It was here myself and a friend drifted one night in search of something different and we certainly found it.

THEY called the place the "New World," and its cascades of glaring lights lit up the nearby narrow streets and showed up their squalor.

They charged us five cents (about a halfpenny) to go in and the first sight that caught our eyes was a large bandstand on which two Malay girls twisted their lithe bodies to a savage rhythm played by a squatting musician.

Further along there was a Chinese play in progress on an open-air stage and amidst a crashing of cymbals, weirdly painted and dressed figures paraded and chattered. The crowd of onlookers included almost every race in the Orient; dainty and kimonoed Japanese, long-robed Chinese, turbaned Indians and swarthy Malays in sarong and badju. Some couples had even brought their children with them.

One huge arena was given to cocoanut shies, rifle-shooting and in the centre they were playing a ball game, peculiarly Chinese, though perhaps founded on soccer.

We eventually drifted on to the dance hall, and here we ran into a bunch of trouble. The hired partners were mostly Filipinos, whose beauty of face and figure is unrivalled in the Orient. Among them was a girl called Carmenetta, very much in demand—a dainty little figure, with coal black eyes and a laughing mouth.

We sat and watched the dancing for a few minutes and noticed that she scarcely had a chance to sit down before she was seized and whirled away. She had only just returned to her seat when a tango struck up and a polite-looking Englishman came forward and handed her his ticket.

He had barely put his hand round her waist when he received a thump in the back and, turning, found himself looking into the livid face of a young Filipino, who claimed that he had engaged the dance beforehand.

The Filipino made an ominous movement, but the English-

JAPANESE girls are still pretty, dainty and Oriental

CHINESE merchant going up to town to make "whoopee"

A CHINAMAN in a cubicle smoking opium

*A* ***CHINESE** singing girl in a night club looks the last word in sophistication*

***THE** purple glow of a Japanese sign in Shinyuku—the West End of Tokyo, invites you to enter*

***IN** a Japanese café. The young men wear lounge suits, but the women, kimonos*

*A* ***JAPANESE** girl tries to look the " Hot Momma "*

man was too quick for him, and a straight left on the point of the jaw laid him flat.

Immediately there was an uproar. Filipinos seemed to come from everywhere, and they were joined by the Chinese, who together made a massed attack on the Europeans. There was only one thing for it: we had to form a square and fight our way to the door.

Happily, only fists were used, but the row was assuming pretty ugly proportions, when the Sikh police arrived and shepherded us to our cars.

That is the way things happen out in the Orient; they flare up quickly and die down just as suddenly. The Chinese themselves are a peace-loving people and usually keep very much to themselves. I never really saw anything of their night life until I got to Hongkong.

I WAS sitting in the Hongkong hotel one night, feeling rather bored with life in general, when an acquaintance hailed me.

" Well, how does Hongkong suit you ? " he asked, and I said I found it slow, dead slow. He suggested that we should spend the night in Chinatown, where things begin to brighten up about the time Europeans are going to bed.

Europeans in Hongkong live a rather quiet life, compared with those in the other ports along the China coast.

I met him about eleven o'clock in the hotel lobby and noticed he was accompanied by a studious-looking Chinese dressed in European clothes. He was introduced as Mr. Kee, and I learned that he was to act as our guide in a quest wherein Europeans are rarely included.

Out of the quiet cathedral-like gloom of the European quarter, he led us into the gaudy brilliance of Chinatown, where the streets teemed with people and the crash of cymbals and queer music floated out of upper windows.

All the hotels were brightly illuminated, and the whispered wrangling of fan-tan players could be heard on every side.

Out of a main street we climbed a number of steps, where antique-dealers and fortune dealers worked by candle-light in shadowed recesses. We turned down a narrow lane and Mr. Kee knocked at a door. A grill was slid across and a few words in Chinese spoken. The door opened.

Up a ricketty staircase we climbed, and I noticed a heavy earthy smell. On the second floor

(*Continued on page* 83)

# "She—He—*and the* Telephone": A Comedy

*Do be careful! I'm not alone*

*I'm not angry—only hurt*

*Of course I do, you silly boy!*

*Nonsense! . . . But say it again!*

# *in* One Act; "Book" *by* Arthur Wimperis

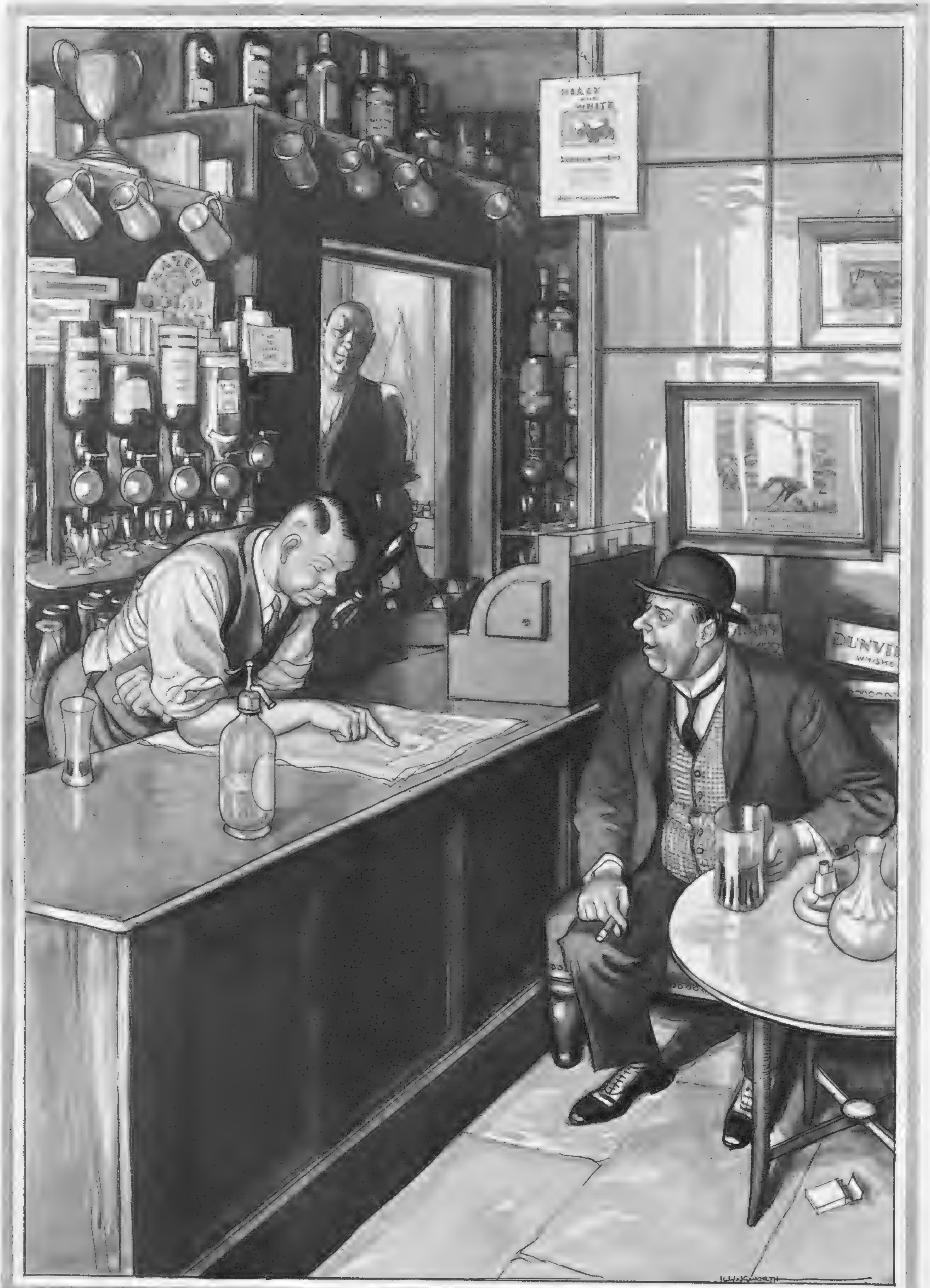
Pictures by SASHA

*Paris? I should love it!*

*Did my husband hear?*

*How did she get the evidence?*

*Weak? I mean your tea, of course*


DUNVIL
WHISKE
ILLINGWORTH

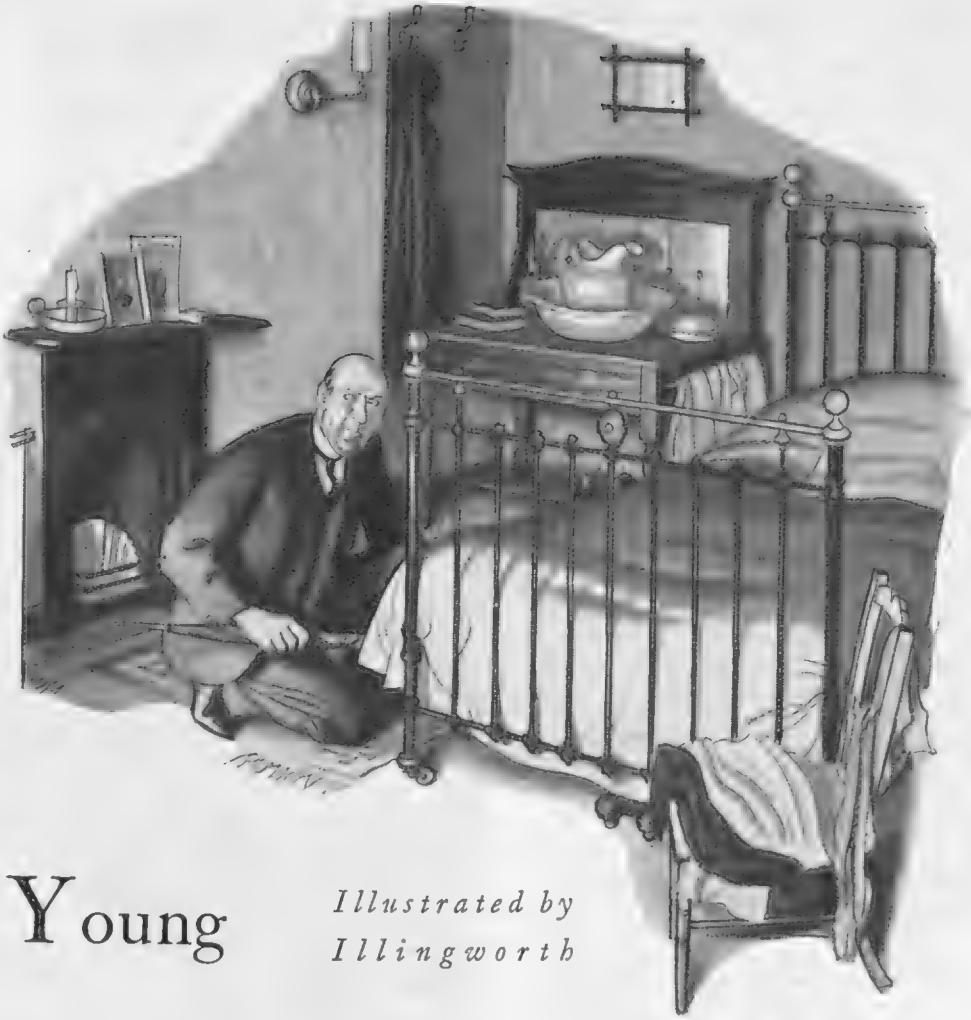
*THE barman, a sportsman like himself, read the "stop press" column out loud. "Two o'clock, Epsom Spring Handicap. First—Ruddigore." "What price, Walter?" Mr. Sullivan demanded tremulously.*

# The Perfect Day

*An Amusing Adventure of a Gamp and a Gamble*

### By Francis Brett-Young

*Illustrated by Illingworth*



*BENEATH the bed his hand soon recognised the ivory umbrella handle. He extracted it by the trunk, and slipped it carefully down his right trouser leg*

MR. G. G. SULLIVAN was down on his luck. Not that there was anything out of the way in that. Indeed, as Mrs. Sullivan frequently and quite unnecessarily told him he had been born unlucky—the day of his birth had been only one degree less unlucky than that of their marriage. That very morning she had been heard persistently and loudly asking herself, the Almighty, and such of the neighbours as could spare her the time and the sympathy, why she had ever married him.

That question was quite unnecessary too. She knew quite well, without any direction from heaven, why she had married Gilbert. She had married him, first of all, because they were both Irish; because they were male and female of the same species—herself a lady's maid and he a butler. She had married him, again, because he had "a way with him; because he was—in those days—a fine figure of a man, well-covered, spruce, so like a gentleman that nervous guests had been known to bow to him at a party. She had married him also because it was just about time to get married; she was lonely; a former mistress had left her a house, and Mr. Sullivan, as he told her, had two thousand pounds in the bank and thought of retiring from service.

Which was true, more or less. Rather less. . . . For the sum of his savings, at the time he proposed to her, was nearer seven hundred, and his retirement abrupt and involuntary, being a sequel to his having been found sleeping like a child in the wine-cellar on Derby Day, with two empty bottles, which had contained vintage port, in the pockets of his coat-tails. It was part of his bad luck that on this occasion, which was only the second of the kind—his master had backed the same horse as Mr. Sullivan, and somewhat more heavily. His mood was unsympathetic, and he showed his annoyance by giving Mr. Sullivan notice in the cellar, there and then.

When the gentry forget themselves and behave in this common and perfunctory manner, the least that superior servants can do is to show their spirit. "If Mr. Sullivan goes, my lady," Sarah told her mistress, "I shall go too." And her ladyship clutched at the opportunity; she disliked having her hair dressed in an aura of Guinness's stout and lavender-water. The maid and the butler retired, in good order, on the same day, invoked the blessing of the church on their union, and set up a lodging-house.

THE house which Sarah Sullivan's defunct mistress had left her and its new proprietors were equally well-adapted for the letting of lodgings. Sarah was an excellent cook, and Mr. Sullivan a king among men-servants. He knew, as he always said, a gent when he saw one; he knew "his place" and, as long as it suited him, kept to it. It was, he implied, a privilege to be waited on by him. Standing with his napkin on his arm he would modestly tell how he had "served" King Edward VII, Lord Lonsdale, Theodore Roosevelt and Lloyd George. On one occasion he had shaken hands with his idol, Horatio Bottomley. He was, in short, a sportsman and a man of the world; and if little mistakes occurred in the bill, no real gentleman could complain.

For a time, the Sullivan's lodging-house went swimmingly. It came to wreck, in the end, on the treacherous reef of the proprietors' system. This system, to which Sarah constantly and bitterly referred, had no connection whatever with her husband's health, which was as good as could be expected from a systematic drinker—indeed, Sarah, in moments of relaxation, liked a drop herself. It was connected with Mr. Sullivan's passion for backing horses, and consisted in backing the second favourite for every race on the card. Like all other systems it was infallible. To make it a complete success, all that was necessary was unlimited capital. Unfortunately for Sarah, their capital was not unlimited, and never would be until the system proved itself successful. Mr. Sullivan, however, nailed his system to the mast, and the lodging-house went under, in less than a year, with colours flying.

When the house was sold, to pay off the mortgage, the Sullivan family went into lodgings themselves—into lodgings, alas, far less elegant than those which they had kept. The system was now kept going by a series of temporary billets, so transient that Mr. Sullivan had not even time to lose them. When the season was over he got a permanent part-time job as carver in the employees' dining-room of a big store, where he was able to explain to the shop assistants all about King Edward VII, Lord Lonsdale, Lloyd George and Theodore Roosevelt, and elucidate the one infallible system by which a man with unlimited capital could make money on the turf. He was even prepared to undertake commissions and arrange bets for them with Mr. Harris, the barber who conducted a private bookmaker's business just round the corner. All went well until the proprietor of the store, who was not a gentleman, came to hear of Mr. Sullivan's sporting activities. There was a difference of opinion on the subject of the Rights of Man. Mr. Sullivan left, with dignity.

What Sarah objected to far more than his leaving was the fact that it kept him hanging about the house. He sat there all day, in the hours when the pubs were not open, with a *Sporting Almanack*, a series of racing papers, and a sheaf of dirty betting slips on which he scribbled the names of horses.

“ You and your horses ! ” she would cry. “ I wish old Noah had left horses out of the ark. I wish horses had never been born, nor you either ! If you'd try spotting jobs instead of your blooming winners.”

Mr. Sullivan knew better than to protest. She had the whip hand, and he knew it. It was idle for him to explain that, given unlimited capital, a level stake of five shillings both ways, would have shown a profit of twenty pounds on the last month's racing, if only it had been laid according to his system.

“ Twenty pounds be blowed ! You go out and get twenty shillings,” was all she said.

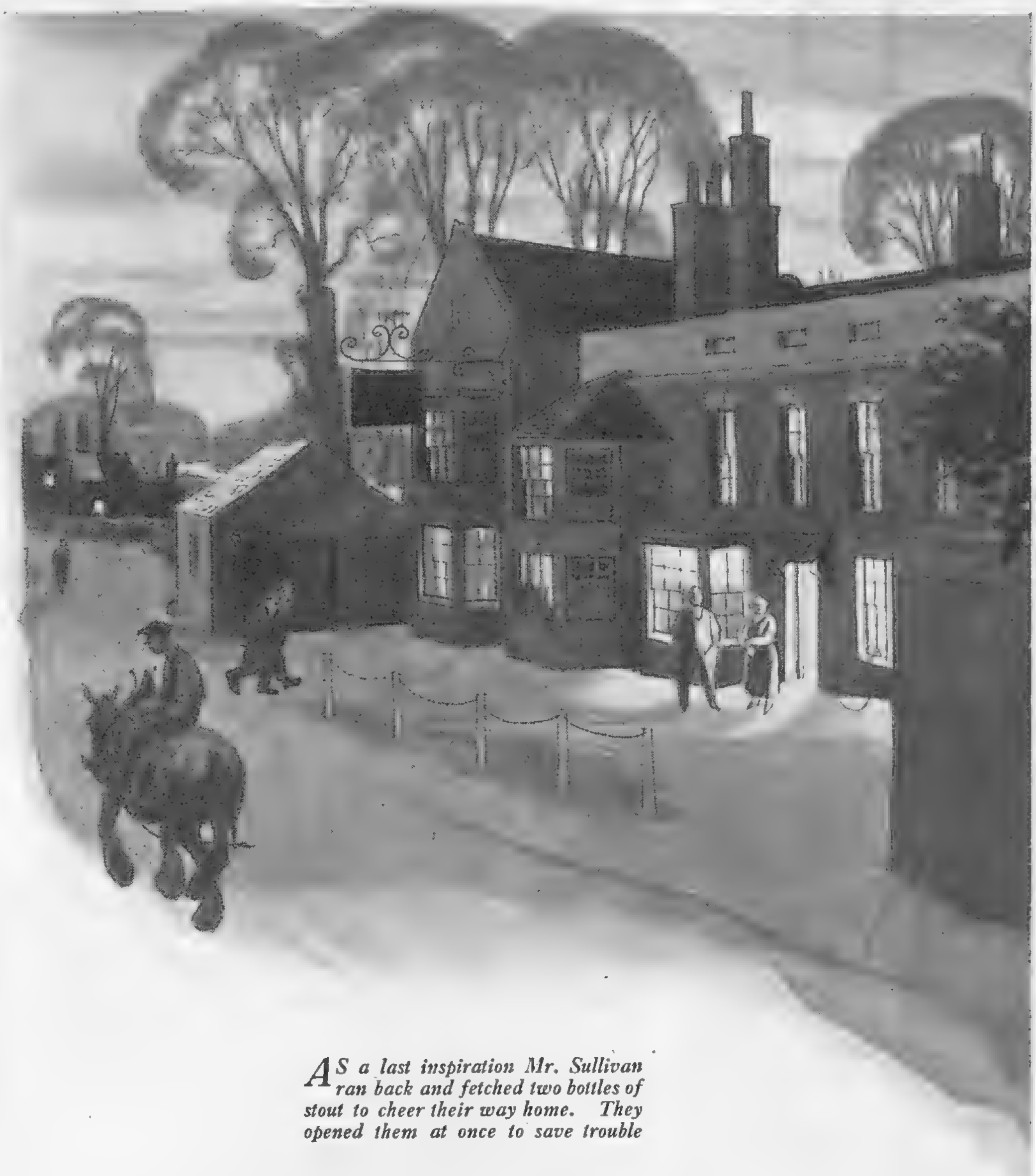
Occasionally, in these days, he would get odd jobs as a waiter, borrowing enough money from the friendly barber to redeem his dress-suit, which, along with the bulk of their wardrobe and movable property, had by now found its way to the pawnshop down the street. It was no use asking Sarah for money nowadays. She kept an adamantine hand on the remains of her savings. She wouldn't even give him the price of a tankard of beer. . . .

THAT morning, it seemed, his fortunes had reached rock bottom, he hadn't found a job for a fortnight ; there wasn't in his pocket as much as a penny to buy a *Racing Special*, much less a drink. Sarah had sat on his glasses, so that he couldn't read the *Sporting Almanack*. It was raining, steadily, relentlessly, and he had pawned his overcoat. To accentuate the irony of Fate, this was the day of the Epsom Spring Handicap, for which, all systems apart, he knew of a certainty—a rank outsider called Ruddigore. He was so sure of this that he would—literally—have put his shirt on it ; but, apart from the one he was wearing, all his shirts were in pawn. And now, to crown all, Sarah had got out of bed on the wrong side, and improved the occasion by telling him, in detail, all his delinquencies during the last five years. Not even the memory of King Edward VII, Lord Lonsdale, Lloyd George and Theodore Roosevelt—not even the recollection of Mr. Bottomley's podgy handclasp could restore the sense of personal dignity which Sarah's tongue stripped from him.

There was only one way of asserting it ; to leave her, scolding.

“ I've had enough of this,” he said. “ I'm going out.”

“ Are you indeed ? ” she said scornfully. “ It's raining cats and dogs. I hope you'll enjoy it.”



*As a last inspiration Mr. Sullivan ran back and fetched two bottles of stout to cheer their way home. They opened them at once to save trouble*

“ Well, cats and dogs is better than staying here listening to your jabber,” he said. “ I might as well be drunk as the way I am.”

“ You might as well be dead and drowned too for all I care,” said Sarah savagely.

“ There's many a true word spoken in jest,” he darkly reminded her. But the threat had been used too often. She only answered with a cackle of laughter.

Mr. Sullivan went out. It was not only wet, but hellishly cold. He turned up his collar and slouched off over the shining cobbles, the water squelching in his boots. At the barber's, he reflected, he might get the loan of a *Racing Special*. No—damn her !—she'd broken his glasses and he couldn't read it. Perhaps the barber, as an old friend, would lend him a bob, as he had done once before, to put on Ruddigore. Small chance of that !

Ruddigore. . . . Ruddigore. . . . How the name of that horse would stick in his memory ! There was something significant in its very persistence ! Battling his way through the rain he found himself face to face with an advertisement hoarding from which a big poster, red-lettered, threw its announcement at his eyes. The lettering was so bold that even he, short-sighted as he was, could read the biggest characters. Through the mist of rain, they almost shouted at him. RUDDIGORE, he read ; then beneath : GILBERT . . . SULLIVAN.

His own name, in print, beneath the name of the horse that was bound to win !

He stood and stared at it incredulously. Down his spine ran a trickle of rain. He was dreaming, he thought, unless he were going mad ! But there it was, be he mad or sane : RUDDIGORE . . . GILBERT SULLIVAN.

Mr. Sullivan was not acquainted with the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan. Moreover, being an Irishman, was superstitious. All sportsmen, even if they are not Irish, are superstitious. There, on the poster of that operatic touring company, he saw, in red and white, a mystical and complete confirmation of his racing instinct. Ruddigore was going to win. Ruddigore was destined by Fate to carry her partner, Gilbert and Sullivan, to fortune. In spite of the dripping rain, his mind took fire.

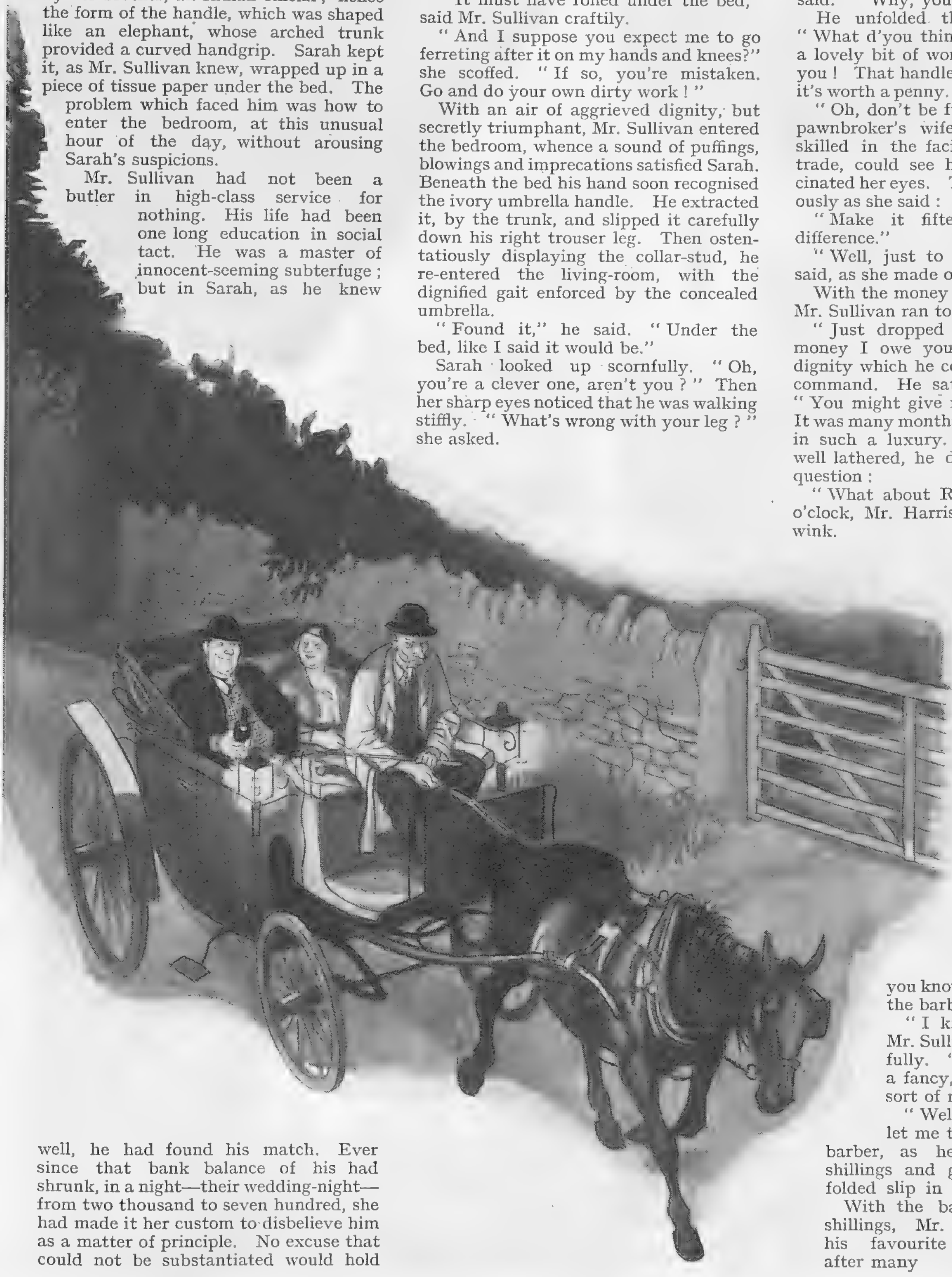
“ Talk about borrowing a bob from the barber ! ” he told himself. Why, it's like going in the face of Providence not to have a quid on ! It's throwing away the chance of a blooming lifetime. A man who wouldn't pawn his pants to back a thing like that is no sportsman ! ”

Yet what could he do ? The only place to which he could turn was their bare lodging, from which every convertible stick and rag had already been stripped, in the sinister possession of that virago, Sarah. “ I'd pawn the damn bed, ” he thought, “ if I could get it out of the house without her seeing.” But Sarah, as he knew well enough, lacked the sporting instinct; Sarah had reached a stage at which she took no chances.

And then, of a sudden, he remembered Sarah's umbrella. . . .

Mr. Sullivan's eyes brightened craftily. That umbrella, the most cherished of all her sentimental possessions, had been left to her in the will of the old lady who had bequeathed her the house in which she had kept lodgings. Mr. Sullivan had often cast a covetous glance at it, yet always shuddered at the risk of touching it. It was, in fact, the apple of Sarah's eye: a hideously ornate affair, with a handle of richly carven ivory. It had been given to Sarah's late mistress by her brother, an Indian official; hence the form of the handle, which was shaped like an elephant, whose arched trunk provided a curved handgrip. Sarah kept it, as Mr. Sullivan knew, wrapped up in a piece of tissue paper under the bed. The problem which faced him was how to enter the bedroom, at this unusual hour of the day, without arousing Sarah's suspicions.

Mr. Sullivan had not been a butler in high-class service for nothing. His life had been one long education in social tact. He was a master of innocent-seeming subterfuge; but in Sarah, as he knew well, he had found his match. Ever since that bank balance of his had shrunk, in a night—their wedding-night—from two thousand to seven hundred, she had made it her custom to disbelieve him as a matter of principle. No excuse that could not be substantiated would hold water with her. It was not until he reached the doorstep that inspiration came to him. He paused there, carefully extracted his back collar-stud from his shirt, slipped it into his waistcoat pocket, and entered the house. The storm within it had not yet subsided; the appearance of Mr. Sullivan lashed it into fury.



"So you've turned up again, like a bad penny!" she said. "Soaked to the bone, I suppose! And now you'll be wanting me to dry your clothes."

"Have you seen my back-stud anywhere?" said Mr. Sullivan, disregarding her outburst.

"No, I haven't," she said. "And what's more, I'm not going to look for it."

"It must have rolled under the bed," said Mr. Sullivan craftily.

"And I suppose you expect me to go ferreting after it on my hands and knees?" she scoffed. "If so, you're mistaken. Go and do your own dirty work!"

With an air of aggrieved dignity, but secretly triumphant, Mr. Sullivan entered the bedroom, whence a sound of puffings, blowings and imprecations satisfied Sarah. Beneath the bed his hand soon recognised the ivory umbrella handle. He extracted it, by the trunk, and slipped it carefully down his right trouser leg. Then ostentatiously displaying the collar-stud, he re-entered the living-room, with the dignified gait enforced by the concealed umbrella.

"Found it," he said. "Under the bed, like I said it would be."

Sarah looked up scornfully. "Oh, you're a clever one, aren't you?" Then her sharp eyes noticed that he was walking stiffly. "What's wrong with your leg?" she asked.

"It's the rheumatism," said Mr. Sullivan hurriedly.

"The rheumatism! Why don't you call it the beer and have done with it?"

With the air of not deigning to answer this insult he escaped, moving his stiff leg crabwise down the stairs. His heart was tremulous with triumph, not only at the craftiness of his stratagem, but also because, for once, he had got the better of Sarah. Once in the street, he removed the umbrella from his trouser-leg and carried it, concealed beneath his coat to the pawnbroker's.

The pawnbroker's wife shook hands with him, like an old friend.

"Good morning, Mr. Sullivan," she said. "Why, you're quite a stranger!"

He unfolded the umbrella proudly. "What d'you think of that? Isn't that a lovely bit of work? Pure ivory, mind you! That handle's worth ten pounds if it's worth a penny. I want a quid on it."

"Oh, don't be funny now!" said the pawnbroker's wife. But Mr. Sullivan, skilled in the facial expressions of her trade, could see how the elephant fascinated her eyes. They brightened covetously as she said: "Ten shillings?"

"Make it fifteen. We'll split the difference."

"Well, just to oblige a friend," she said, as she made out the ticket.

With the money burning in his pocket, Mr. Sullivan ran to the barber's.

"Just dropped in to pay you that money I owe you," he said, with the dignity which he could still, on occasion, command. He sat down in the chair. "You might give me a shave," he said. It was many months since he had indulged in such a luxury. When his chin was well lathered, he dropped out a casual question:

"What about Ruddigore for the two o'clock, Mr. Harris?" he said, with a wink.

"Ruddigore? Not a chance in the wide!" sniffed the barber contemptuously. "The *Pinafore* blood won't stay six furlongs. Not a ghost!"

"What price can you get?" Mr. Sullivan asked, even more casually.

The barber consulted his paper. She's quoted at fifty. I'll give you forty to one."

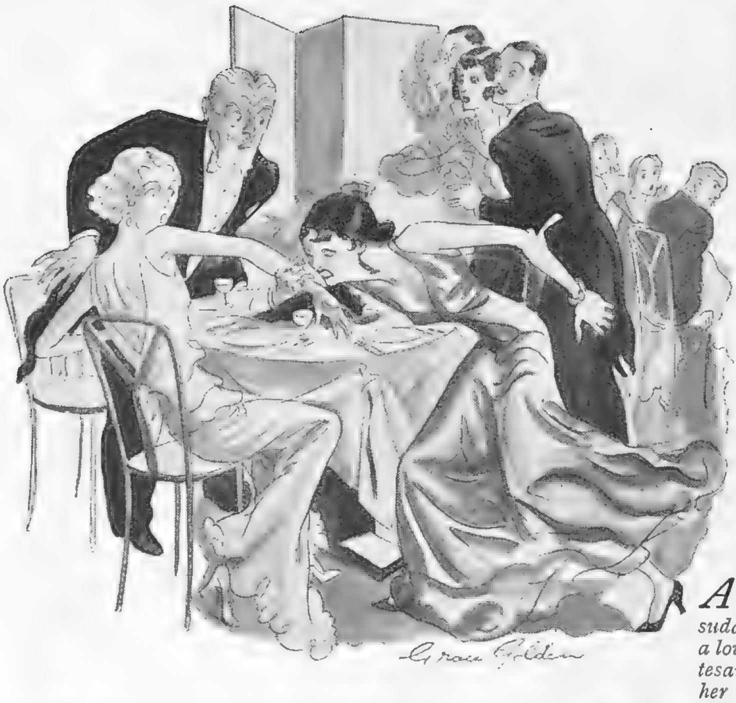
"I'll take it," said Mr. Sullivan. "Twenty pounds to ten shillings."

"Look here, do you know something?" asked the barber suspiciously.

"I know nothing at all," Mr. Sullivan answered, truthfully. "But when I have a a fancy, I back it. I'm that sort of man."

"Well, fancy costs money, let me tell you," laughed the barber, as he pocketed the ten shillings and gave Mr. Sullivan a folded slip in return.

With the balance of his fifteen shillings, Mr. Sullivan retired to his favourite pub. Once more, after many (*Continued on page* 96)



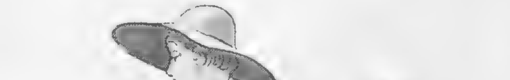
*A DISCARDED opera dancer suddenly springs at a lovely young courtesan who has stolen her Grand Duke, and fastens her teeth in her rival's wrist*

# Eve's Fig Leaf

## *Some astonishing and amusing Sidelights on This Fashion Business*

PARIS, in the hot noontide of summer, is empty. No gigolo tango-ing at teatime at the Pavilion d'Armenonville, no pantherine cocottes supping with coffee magnates' sons in the Bull-on-the-Roof. Young English matrons of the smart sporting set, with hard profiles and left arms jewelled to the bicep, have stopped coming up from Le Touquet to dine at Victor's; Michael Arlen and Raymund de Trafford are no longer to be found in the Ritz bar. One hears of Mistinguette at Deauville exhibiting her matchless legs, Chevalier at la Baule displaying his incomparable torso. The city is empty. And yet, in the midst of this unseasonable dead city, mannequins and the alchemists of fashion are having their big hour.

Strange that, in the *rue de* la Paix, the *rue de* Rivoli and the *rue* Royale, there should be these *défilés*, with all Paris gone to the sea, and the queens of the high and the half worlds busy, not clothing themselves, but stripping to the limits permitted by a tolerant police. The explanation is that there are very special *défilés*, for very special people. If you are one of the brotherhood you get a beautiful card, signed, bearing the warning: . . . *rigoureusement personelle et sera exigée à l'entrée.* You go, in person. In the luxurious salons the mannequins, muscular, sleek, patient, promenade like jaguars in a cage. Everything is of a mode in advance of the latest known beyond these walls. Some of the girls wear *les tailleurs.* Superlatively smart. Others, in *robes des nuits.* Ravishing. Then there are girls in *les robes d'allure sportive.* I think I like those best.



*AND thus she emerged for lunch at the table reserved on the rim of the pool. Simple, chic and naughty*

But who looks on at this Babylonian parade of groomed, massaged and scented femininity, arrayed in clothes subtly designed by experts to awaken in the most *blasé* male new realisation of the romance and allure of a known, a familiar, woman? Paunchy men, cold-eyed business women—people thinking not of a single woman, spoiled, adorable and irresistible, but of womankind. These are the private pre-season shows for the big buyers, the mass producers of fashion. They buy a model, feed it into the machines, and out shoot ten thousand replicas which pour out over the world.

Chanel—who started twenty years ago with her maid and one seamstress and now employs 3,000 hands in her salons—gave the game away when she brought her mannequins to the Duke of Westminster's town house last spring and announced that, although London is not likely to displace Paris as the centre of feminine fashion, no other country can compete with England in producing Parisian models on a large scale. Fashion, in fact, has ceased to be of significance only to a small circle of plutocrats, successful actresses, highly-paid courtesans, and that section of the aristocracy still able to buy frocks and not yet reduced to showing them. It has lost its exclusiveness and become Everywoman's affair.

Future historians may appraise the exact psychological, sociological and sexual significance of the fashion revolution. It eludes me. But the economic aspect makes me think. Vast fortunes were made when short skirts went out of fashion; and I am authoritatively informed that when long skirts are shortened—an event we are promised for next year—it will cost Mr. Everyman some £30,000,000 to save Mrs. Everywoman the indignity of appearing in public in an out-of-date fig-leaf.

Just when fashion was wrenched from the hands of a small Paris clique and the rich set, and made available to all femininity, one cannot say. But I surmise that the process began with the war-time discovery of the power of propaganda over the

### By
### C. Patrick Thompson

human mind. Now, fashionables who retire in pyjama trousers reaching to the heel, after it has been revealed that no trouser leg can be considered smart which does not reveal the ankle, are infallibly deprived of sleep. Likewise the stenographer or shopgirl who goes bathing in last year's suit, instead of one whose peculiar side slits and absence of back betrays the new season's model, is assured of trouble with her inferiority complex. Until comparatively recently the average young woman would as soon have thought of buying a can-can skirt as a beach pyjama or sun-bathing suit; while an evening frock was about as much in place in the wardrobe of a factory or shop-girl as a top-hat on a mechanic's head. Yet to-day the idea is firmly implanted in the mind of young womanhood that these items are essentials of life; and they are hers for a song. Marvellous!

The completeness of the revolution must have startled some of the fashionables. When Lady Furness and her American Vanderbilt sister began to wear bowler hats, for instance, one doubts whether they had any idea of the lightning speed with which the new hat, complete with synthetic ostrich feather, would be made available to Lizzie of Liverpool and Sadie of Broadway. Two millions were sold in England in a month; in America, eleven millions. Nor could the smart set have dreamed, as it switched in disgust to the severe little black Spanish hat, that in next to no time such hats would be offered at five shillings a time in stores from 'Frisco to Cape Town and from Bolton to Colombo. Not perhaps with the authentic hallmark of the renowned fashion house where they buy a felt shape for eighteen-pence, twist it about, cut a bit off, sew in their tab, clap it at an unexpected angle on the head of the next woman in, and make out a bill for four guineas. But, still . . .

*SHANGHAI Lily pays for her clothes about as frequently as a professional golfer pays for a ball or club*

*A COTTON magnate's son comes up to shoot with friends and met her, black-haired, bored, magnolia-skinned, unusual on the golf course*

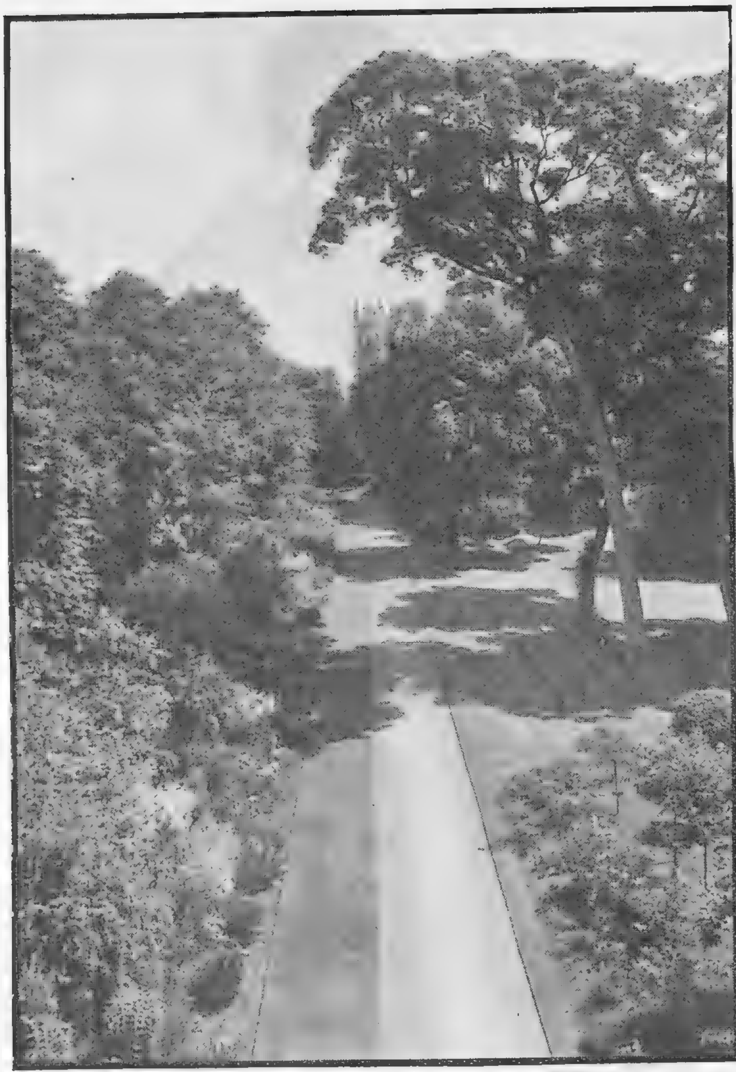
WHENCE come these new fashions, which appear so abruptly, surprisingly, like tidal waves out of a smooth sea? It is said that Lady Cynthia Mosley, wife of Sir Oswald Mosley, launched the beach pyjama on the Lido. An error. Those pink frilled pyjamas which looked so daring in the pages of the *Tatler* at the time, were already an old story at Juan-les-Pins. It is said that Lady Louis Mountbatten, whose skirts had always been a trifle shorter than the short-skirt era strictly demanded, decided to drop frankness and become mysterious, and that it was she, the smartest woman in England and one of the most neatly put together, who brought in the new and provocative age of long skirts. But that tale has the air of a legend. There are other claimants.

Scientists who have grown dense whiskers in pursuit of the profounder mysteries of chemistry have been responsible for new fashions which have swept the world of women like a new religion. A new dye, a new kind of stuff—and, lo! women must change their existing fig-leaves for the new thing, or look dowdy and dated. More often than not momentous changes may be traced to events in that half-world where sex is at once an art, a craft and a profession.

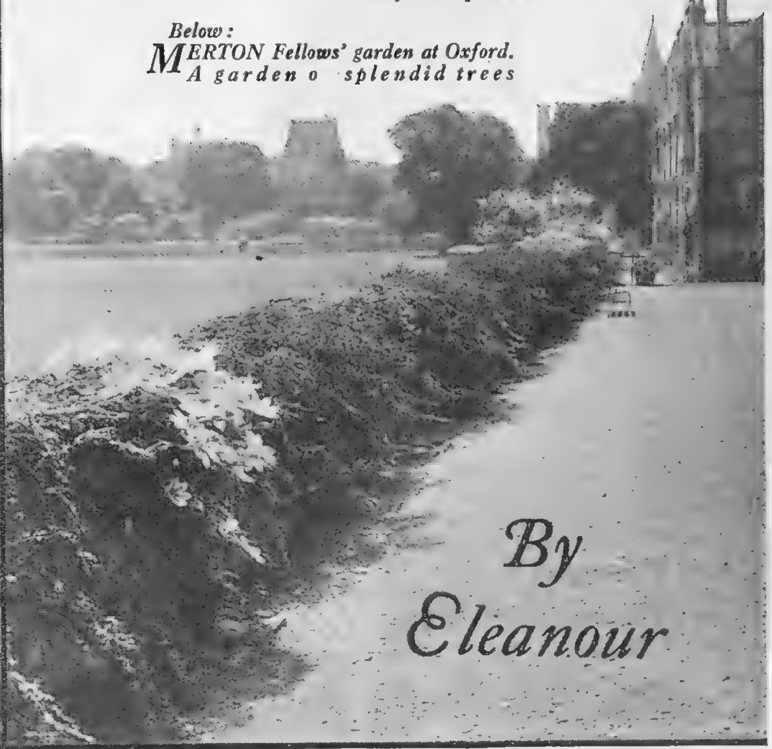
A celebrated Parisian cocotte

(*Continued on page* 86)

# Oxford's



Left:
*MERTON College garden, showing one of the borders. Magdalen Tower is seen at the end of the path*



Below:
*MERTON Fellows' garden at Oxford. A garden of splendid trees*

By
Eleanour

OXFORD has always been a city of gardens, and it is pleasant to think how many college gardens are on the sites of monastic gardens and of private enclosures belonging to men of note in Oxford in mediæval days, but of whom we know little more than their names. The beauty of the earliest monastic gardens we can see only in imagination, their orchards and herb plots, their fishponds and vineyards, the sacristans' gardens (where the flowers for church decoration and garlands for the priests were grown), the abbots' or priors' private gardens and, last but not least, their peaceful cloisters.

In Merton Fellows' garden we look back into the misty past. Five hundred years ago this was doubtless a typical mediæval pleasance, or more likely several small "gardens enclosed." The beds would have been surrounded with trellis work, or raised and supported by wooden boards; there would have been arbours of sorts, and probably a beautiful fountain. Merton garden to-day is a garden of splendid trees, a garden of lovely views across the meadows, and it seems full of ghosts, chiefly royal ghosts, the saddest of all perhaps being the shade of the unhappy Katherine of Aragon, who visited Oxford in 1518 to pray at S. Frideswide's shrine. One likes to think of the long sojourn here of Queen Henrietta Maria (King Charles lodged at Christ Church) and of the summer evenings when the King and Queen, attended by their courtiers, walked in state in Merton gardens.

*MAGDALEN College. A view of the herbaceous border backed by the elms of Addison's Walk*

Loggan, in his *Oxonia illustrata*, shows a glimpse of part of Merton garden as it was in the later seventeenth century, the most conspicuous feature in the Warden's garden being the Lady Clayton's summer-house. Lady Clayton was apparently even more unpopular than her husband, Sir Thomas Clayton, whom Archbishop Juxon forced the college to accept as Warden. Anthony à Wood, who was a contemporary, says that in this summer-house "her ladyship and her gossips may take their pleasure and any eavesdropper of the family may hearken what any of the Fellows should accidentally talk of in the passage to their own garden." It was during Warden Clayton's time that Merton had so many royal guests—the Duke of York (afterwards James II), his Duchess and the Princess Anne, to mention but a few.

Trees have always been the glory of Merton garden. The beautiful lime tree avenue was in existence in 1760, when they had grown so large that six trees were taken out from each side. Merton Grove in olden days was the chief pleasure resort of Oxford, and so thronged with fair ladies that in 1720 it was closed to the public.

LITTLE is known of the early history of Balliol garden. By the statutes of 1507 herbs and vegetables were to be grown, and apparently a small plot of ground was allotted with each private chamber. As a good deal of the property of Balliol in the thirteenth century consisted of tenement houses, their gardens probably formed the different allotments. The old Master's garden of Balliol is now covered with buildings, but in Loggan it is shown as a small formal plot, with fruit trees trained against the enclosing walls. The chief feature

# College Gardens

## The *Lovely* Romantic Pleasaunces *of the* City of *Dreaming* Spires *and* Lost Causes

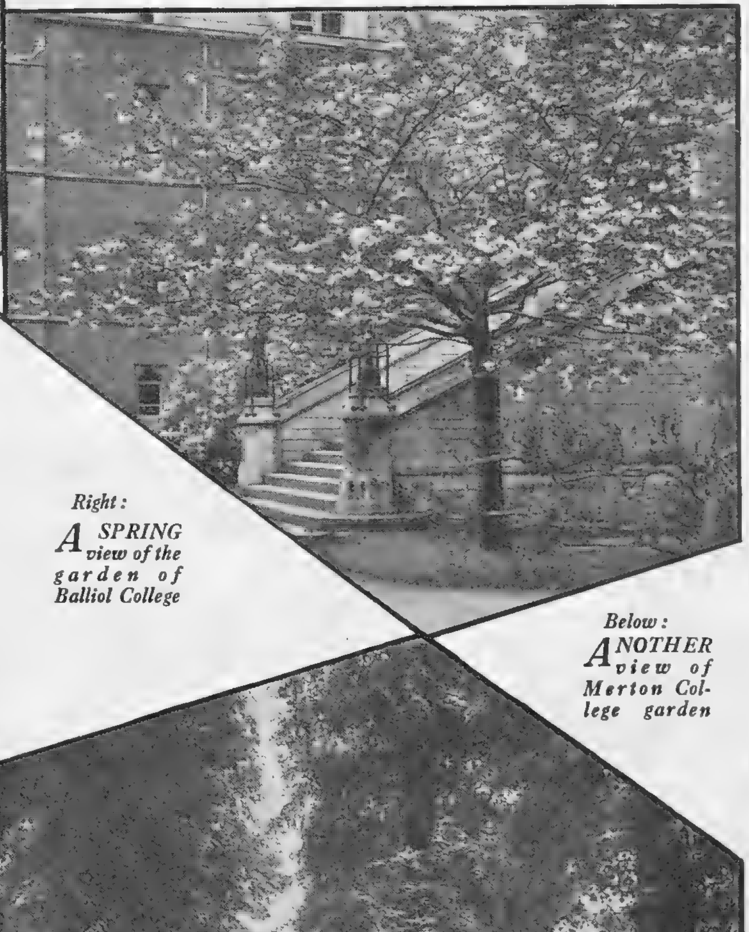
### *Sinclair Rohde*

of Balliol garden to-day are the chestnut trees. How amazed the Lady Devorguilla (the foundress of Balliol) would be could she see the beauty of these countless candelabra of flowers in bloom, for horse-chestnuts, which are natives of Thibet, were unknown in this country till the sixteenth century. Still greater perhaps would be her delight in the tulips, which every year light up the sombre dignity of the Fellows' garden in Eights week.

Of the early gardens belonging to University College we know nothing. One of the most attractive views to-day is that of the beautiful wall built in the classical style in the Radcliffe quad. It is best seen from the doorway on the High Street. In the Fellows' garden there is a tulip tree (nearly as large as the one at Wadham), a lovely spectacle from the High Street in autumn, when the leaves are green-gold. In the Master's garden the most conspicuous feature is the beautiful 300-year-old mulberry tree. Near it is a carefully protected little slip grown from "Milton's mulberry" in the garden of Christ Church, Cambridge. This garden is a veritable bird sanctuary, and the wood pigeons come regularly every morning to be fed.

The beauty of New College garden appeals to all, especially Americans, who appreciate to the full the restful loveliness of this ancient haunt of peace. Its dominating features are the magnificent old city wall, in as perfect condition as it was 800 years ago, with its bastions and the walk round its summit, the flower border beneath gorgeous with peonies, lupins, anchusas, Canterbury bells, poppies and flags, the chestnut trees, and the great mound planted with trees. The famous mound was begun in 1529-30, many labourers being employed in constructing it. It was on this mound that the loyalists of the college during the Civil Wars celebrated Prince Charles's birthday on May 29th, 1647. In those days what is now the lawn was divided between four elaborate beds—one laid out in the royal arms, another in the founder's arms, another as a sundial, "all curiously cut in box," and the fourth as a knot, each bed being surrounded with topiary work. The most stirring times at New College were those of the Civil War when (as in the Great War) the cloisters became a military store. The gallant old Royalist Warden, Dr. Pinke, supervised the drilling of the volunteers in the front quadrangle from one of the windows in his lodgings. Dr. Pinke was a great gardener, and William Coles, in his *Art of Simpling* (1656), says that when he was at New College Warden Pinke, then nearly 80, used to dig for an hour early every morning.

The most attractive time in Exeter (*Continued on page* 88)



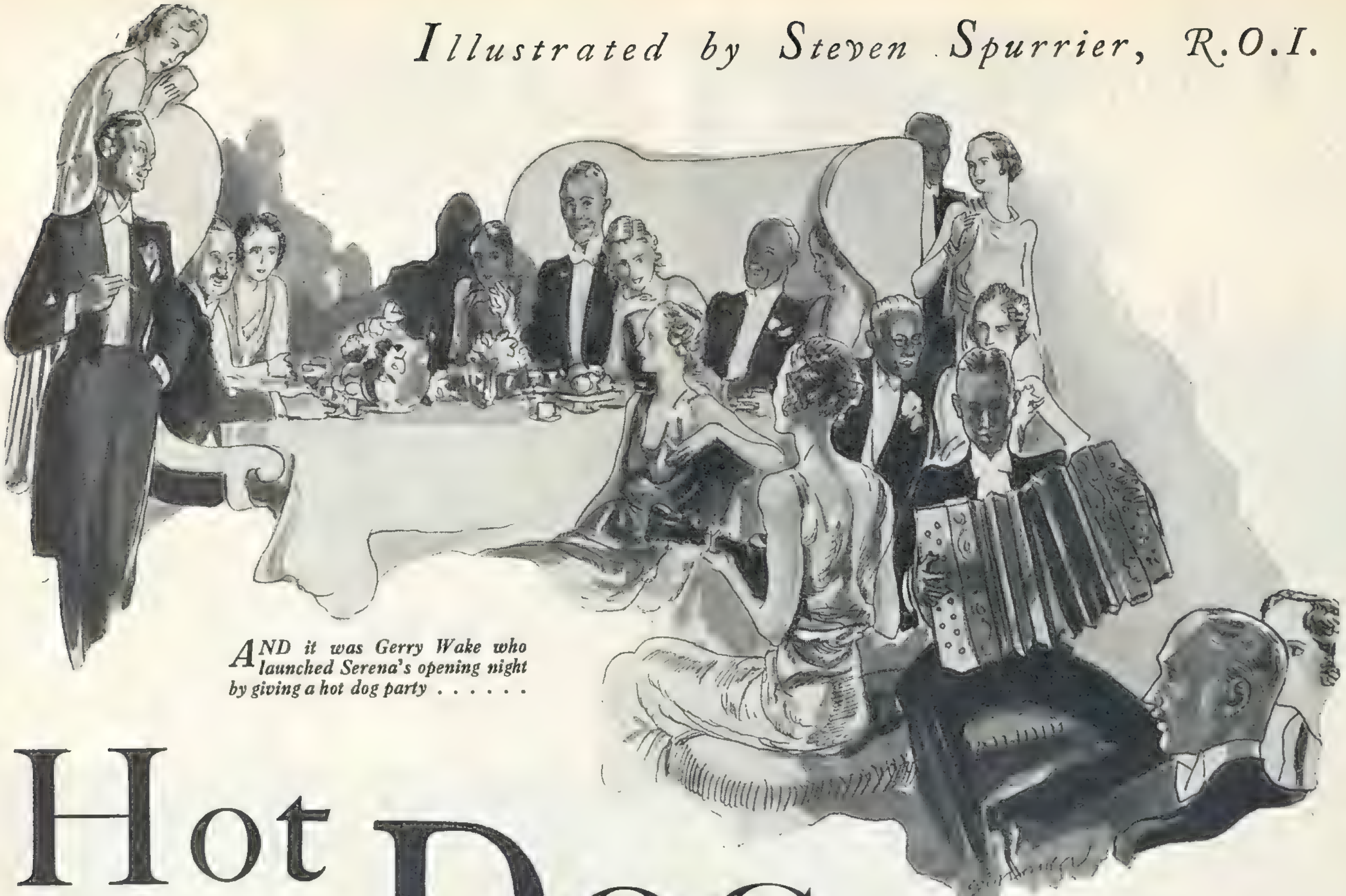
***Right:***

***A SPRING view of the garden of Balliol College***

***Below:***

***ANOTHER view of Merton College garden***

*Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.*



*AND it was Gerry Wake who launched Serena's opening night by giving a hot dog party . . . . . .*

# Hot Dog

## In *which* a dashing Member *of the* Brigade *of* Guards *demonstrates* to Miss America *that* Deception *is* sometimes *the* better part *of* Valour

### By F. E. Verney

WITHIN the precincts of St. James's is a little street called Petty France that is well known to Americans who do not die in Paris. On fine mornings when the stock markets look good and the family wants to convert travel cheques into heirlooms, Pa and Ma walk down there to buy Queen Anne furniture and the silver of the early Georges.

It was for this reason amongst others that Serena Merriman selected that nondescript byway as the ideal situation for her Hot Dog café. Being an American herself, she knew a hot dog when she saw one, and appreciated its sentimental appeal to compatriots far from home highways where those golden brown rolls of mystery mingle their appetising perfume with that of gasoline. The idea was partly Serena's and partly that of her English cousin Gerry. As becomes a guardsman who has to maintain honour and glory at his own expense, Gerry knew a thing or two about trading in what is called the West End of London.

"So what you've got to do, young Serena," he advised, "is to start a business where you can sit in the parlour and listen to the tinkle of the cash register. How much money have you got?"

"Fifteen hundred dollars—when I've paid my account at Grosvenor House. Then I have a whole wad of debts. I've been frightfully expensive to myself."

"Forget them until you have something to pay 'em with," said Gerry.

So Serena spent her dollars in advance rent and fitting out the shop with oak benches and tables, a sanded floor, and all the other appurtenances of an old English chop house, including a little home for herself in the two rooms above.

And it was Gerry Wake who launched Serena's opening night by giving a Hot Dog party to a Royal prince and such officers of His Majesty's Brigade of Guards as were not on leave, not to mention the Brighter Members of the Younger Set. In fact, the Hot Dog première was so full of those upon whom the snob gossips thrive, that from then on, Serena's cash register tinkled like a busy typewriter every midnight to dawn.

SERENA soon found, however, that she had to sell a lot of hot dogs to pay off two thousand pounds of debts. For a young American lady with an apartment in Park Lane and relatives at Court, fashionable tradesmen had been obsequiously eager to run up accounts, and encouragingly indifferent to settlement. But the moment they realised that the beautiful Miss Merriman was running her café to support herself, and not as a new sensation, their goodwill touched zero.

One of these was Mr. Soames, whose jeweller's store was a few doors from the Hot Dog café. Impervious to Serena's frank statement that she could not pay his account but would surely do so in time, he finished up by having a writ served on her.

Disliking the look of this document, Serena thrust it into a drawer and went for a walk in St. James's Park. A column of Guards marching behind pipes and drums down Birdcage Walk reminded her of Gerry, who probably knew as much about writs as he did about everything else. He was still away hunting, she supposed, making everybody's hair stand on end as usual.

Then she saw Gerry himself, six slim feet of scarlet and gold, topped by a foot of gleaming black bearskin, striding at the head of his King's Company. She paused at the barracks where the usual crowd of glazed-eyed nursemaids, never-sweats, and some of her own countrymen stood absorbing the inspiring spectacle of a battalion of Guards wheeling into the parade ground with magnificently ruthless precision. She wondered how her cousin managed to retain his original personality in such a machine, and decided with satisfaction that his American blood was the answer.

She had reached Queen Anne's Gate on the way home when Gerry overtook her in his Bentley.

" Hop up, young Serena," he invited, " and tell me how the hot doggery is doing—that is, if you don't mind being seen with a soldier in his glory rags."

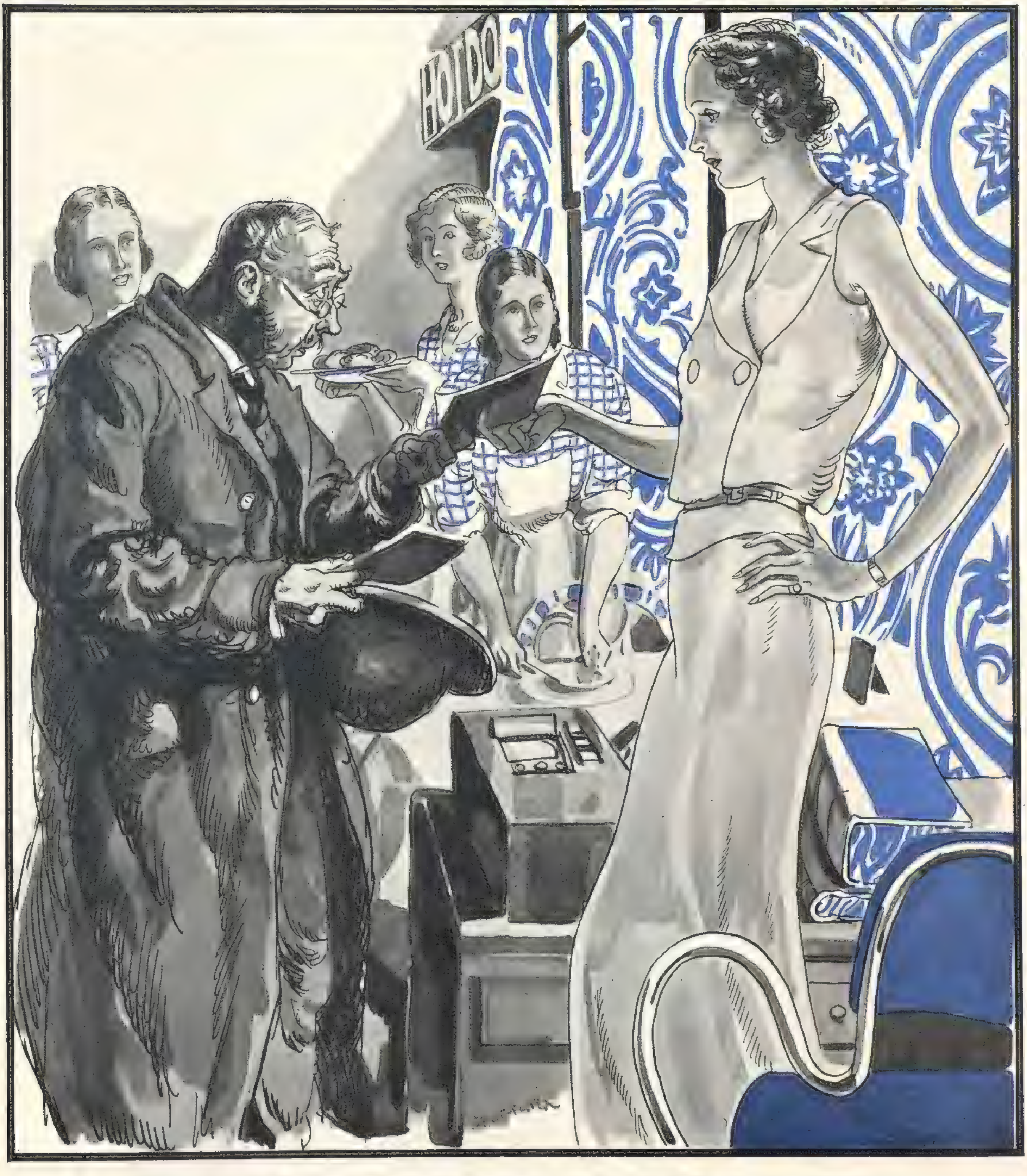
Serena hopped up and told him: " The business is doing fine, Gerry, thanks to your boost and Jacynth's skill as honorary salesman."

But in the café she produced the writ and wrinkled over it a white forehead that still conserved a few childhood freckles.

" Cast your wicked blue eye on this, Gerry. It's for some old silver I shipped to Mom before the family dollars went west. Do I go to the penitentiary if I don't pay right now, or is it an English custom I'm not yet acquainted with ? It was delivered this morning by a kind-faced hobo to whom I gave a half-dollar for his trouble."

Gerry unhitched his silver-scabbarded sword, took a cube of chewing gum from the flat gold box in his hip pocket and chewed for a moment.

" It's not quite as bad as that, but it's



*ONE of these was Mr. Soames, whose jeweller's store was a few doors from the Hot Dog cafe. Impervious to Serena's frank statement that she could not pay his account, he finished up by having a writ served on her* a darned dirty trick all the same. It means you've got to pay five hundred pounds within seven days, or hire a lawyer to persuade the judge you can't pay."

"I don't need a lawyer to do that," said Serena, hiding her dismay. "And if I had five hundred pounds I'd pay first some of those folk who haven't been worrying the life out of me. What do I do now, Gerry?"

Gerry hooked on his sword again: "You don't do anything, young Serena. Leave it to me."

Serena jumped up with: "Look here, now, Gerry—if *you* pay this hi-jacker, I'll never speak to you again."

Gerry blew her a kiss, and jingled into the quiet of Petty France.

THE proprietor of the sixteenth-century house of Soames was a gentleman with the appearance of a bishop and the manners of a Household Usher—until he realised that the superb guardsman had come to discuss a closed account instead of open a new one. Then his well-fed features tightened up to something more kin to the name in which he had acquired the business. And that was Nathan Mackenzie.

"If Miss Merriman had remained at Grosvenor House running up accounts all over London," Gerry told him, "you'd have given her a year's credit without asking. Because she's been honest with you, you dun the life out of her. What's the idea?"

"If it is of such moment to you, sir, why don't you pay the debt," said the jeweller blandly. "I presume you have not overlooked the unpleasantness to Miss Merriman of a judgment in open court."

"I see," drawled Gerry. "That's what you are betting on. A sort of legal blackmail. You get your money and darn the other creditors—and darn Miss Merriman's business."

"A tradesman must protect himself by such means as the law provides," declared Mackenzie.

"Very well," said Gerry. "Rather than Miss Merriman or her friends should cover you, I'll advise her to do the same. Your share of a sell up will probably amount to five pounds."

Mr. Mackenzie stroked his Nathan nose and considered the two points of relentless stone-blue that were focused on him between the fringes of a black bearskin and a loop of gold chin strap.

"All right," he conceded, "I'll withhold further action for two months, to give Miss Merriman the opportunity of a substantial payment on account."

When Gerry got home to lunch, he said to Jacynth: "Honey, while I am at Windsor earning my twenty-five bob a day, keep a fatherly eye on young Serena. Be darned inquisitive. She's started up our old habit of collecting writs, and there's one bloke I don't trust."

"Jack" ran her fingers through her husband's crisp hair. "As a brutal and ornamental soldier you are a mouldy deception, Gerry, darling. I'll keep two eyes on her and be as nosey parker as you please. But can't we help? You don't have to buy me that Puss Moth. We can risk our necks some cheaper way, as you remarked at breakfast."

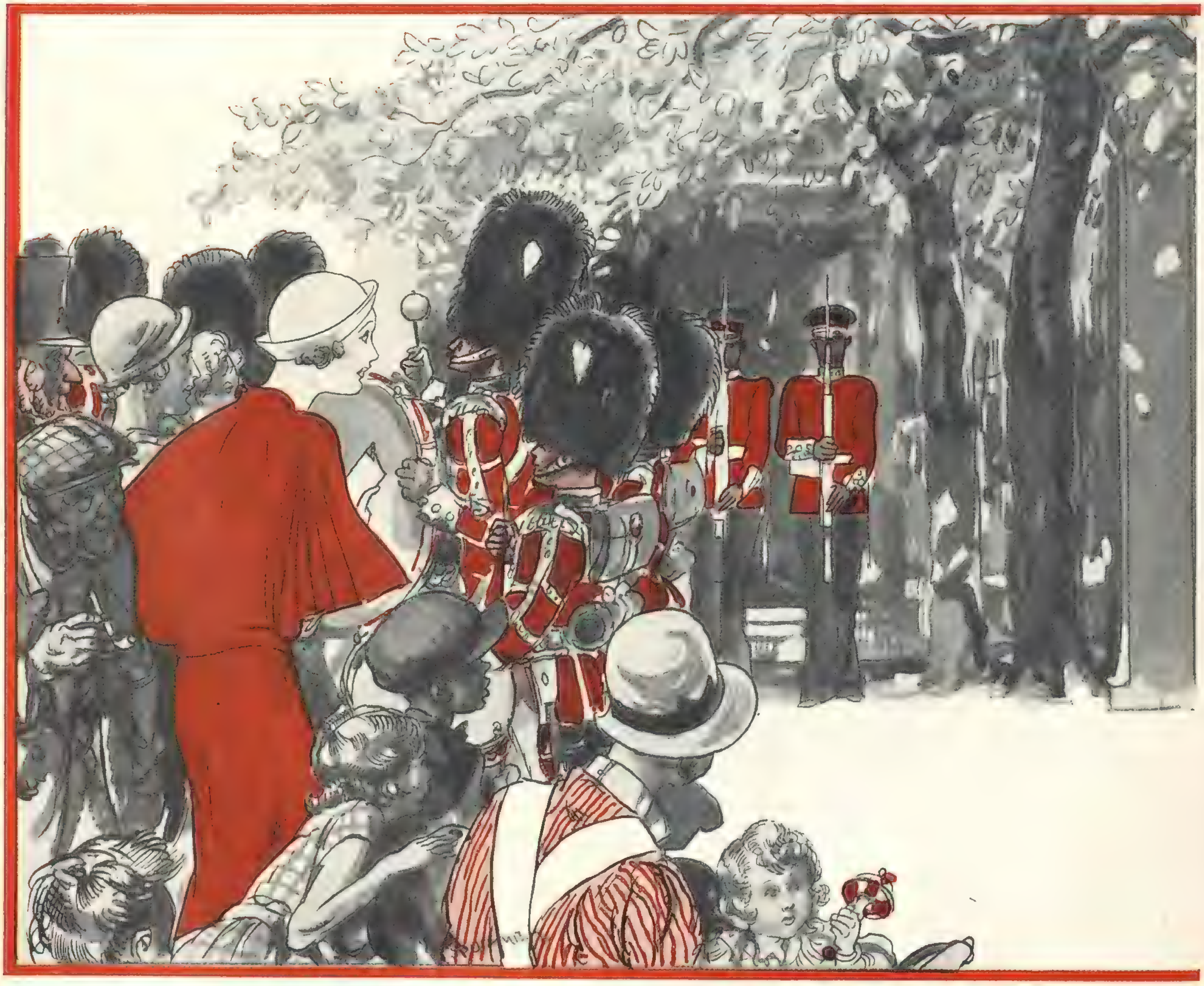
Gerry kissed her.

"That'll do from you, young woman. Serena's bone-headed like us. Just keep on throwing hot dog parties, and that'll do to go on with."

And it was a letter from Jacynth a few weeks later that sent Gerry to Windsor Castle orderly room to ask his C.O. for a few days' urgent leave.

Mr. Nathan Mackenzie, having lulled Serena into inaction, had gone ahead with the writ, secured a judgment, and made a distraint on her business.

Gerry made a few efficient arrangements as soon as he reached town, and late on the Saturday morning, paid a



***THEN she saw Gerry himself, six slim foot of gleaming black bearskin, striding***

second visit to the gentleman who had worked this unscrupulous double cross. This time Gerry wore a loose grey flannel suit, soft hat, and a shirt and collar of blue silk. A gleaming disc of crystal framed one eye, but there was nothing about him to remind the jeweller of the red and gold guardsman with the masking bearskin who had paid him a brief call five weeks before. In fact, Gerry looked just what the jeweller estimated him to be, a *négligé* representative of the idle rich, with money to burn.

Mackenzie bowed him into the shop, noting the big Rolls in which he had arrived, and inquired how he could be of service.

"My wife took a fancy to some pearl necklaces she saw in your window the other day. You might show me what you have got, and be quick about it, as I have not much time."

An assistant reached two racks of necklaces from the window, and the jeweller spread them on a square of black velvet for his client's inspection.

"You won't find better pearls anywhere in London."

"How much is this one?" asked Gerry.

"Two thousand pounds, sir—and worth twenty-five hundred."

"Too expensive," Gerry criticised, "and also too big. I think this one is the one I am after."

"That one is six hundred pounds, and a great bargain too, sir—a great bargain."

Gerry snaked it around his brown fingers, and examined it with some elaboration.

"Six hundred you say?"

"Yes, sir. If Madame requires a small necklace for afternoon wear, you could not do better. At the present price of pearls its actual value is nearer eight hundred."

"I suppose you'll change it if my wife does not like it?"

"Certainly, sir. Any time."

"Very well, I'll have it. I presume you'll take a cheque?"

"With pleasure sir. Where shall I send the necklace to?"

"I must take it with me," said Gerry. "My wife is in Paris, and I want her to have it this evening."

Mr. Mackenzie looked down his nose.

"Our rule is to clear cheques—unless, of course, to old clients. What bank is it, sir? We could send and cash it."

"Too late," said Gerry. "My bank closes at twelve-thirty." It is that now. Never mind, I can find a suitable necklace in Paris." And he laid down the necklace and consulted his watch.

Mr. Nathan Mackenzie was not the man to see a deal slip through his hands like that. Glancing out of the window to the Rolls gleaming prosperously in the sunshine he said briskly:

"I am sure we can arrange something, sir. May I have your name sir?"

"Wake," said Gerry. "Captain Wake—I am a Guards officer. I tell you what you can do if you will be quick about it. You can ring up your club secretary, who will doubtless answer any enquiries."

"I'll do that sir, if you have no objections. You will understand we don't doubt you at all, sir."

"Quite," drawled Gerry, and he sat down and wrote out the cheque while Mackenzie went to the telephone.

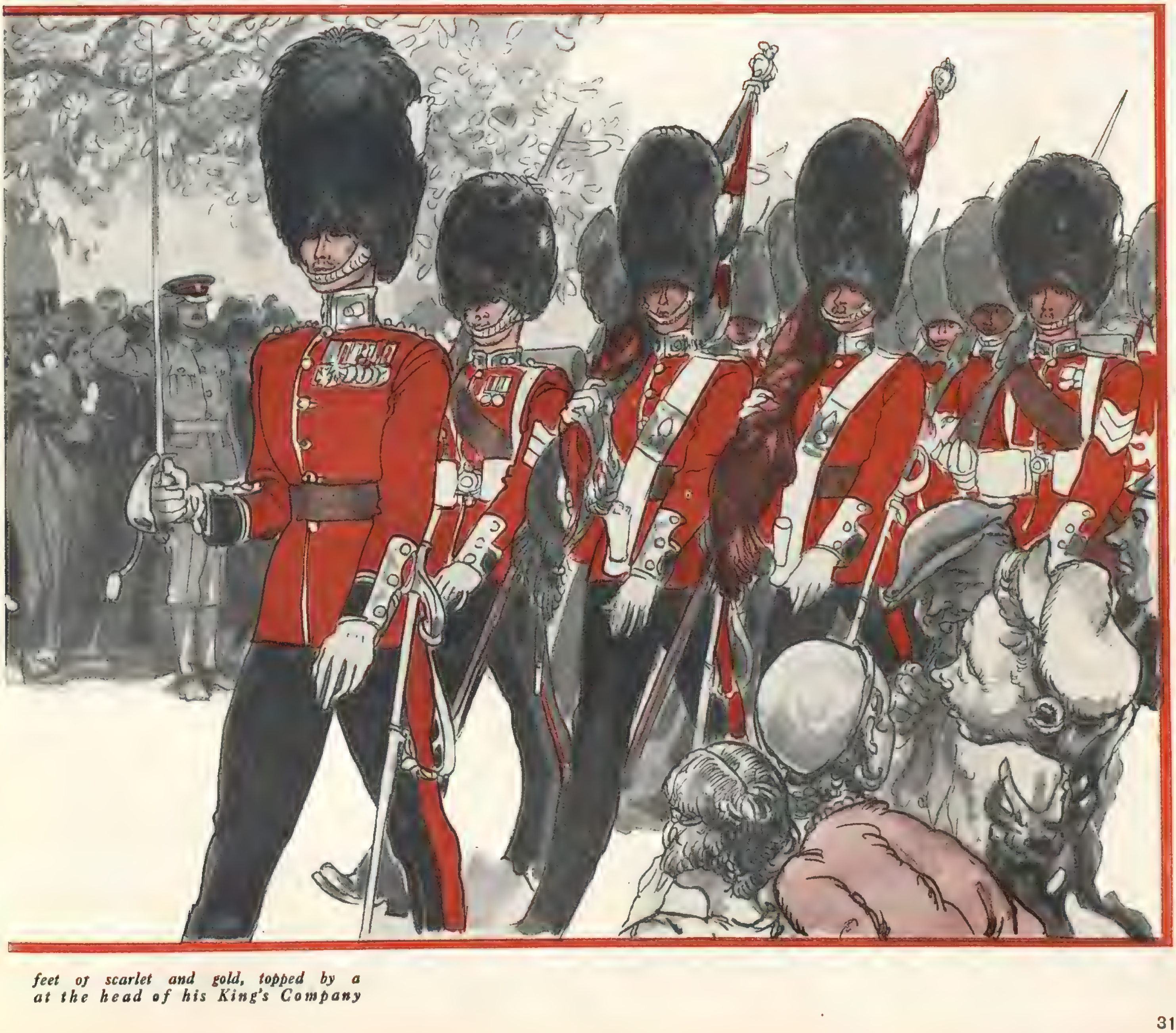
The jeweller bustled back, ordering one of his assistants to pack up the necklace.

"It's quite all right, sir. The secretary of the Club vouches for you. And I hope we shall have the pleasure of doing more business with you."

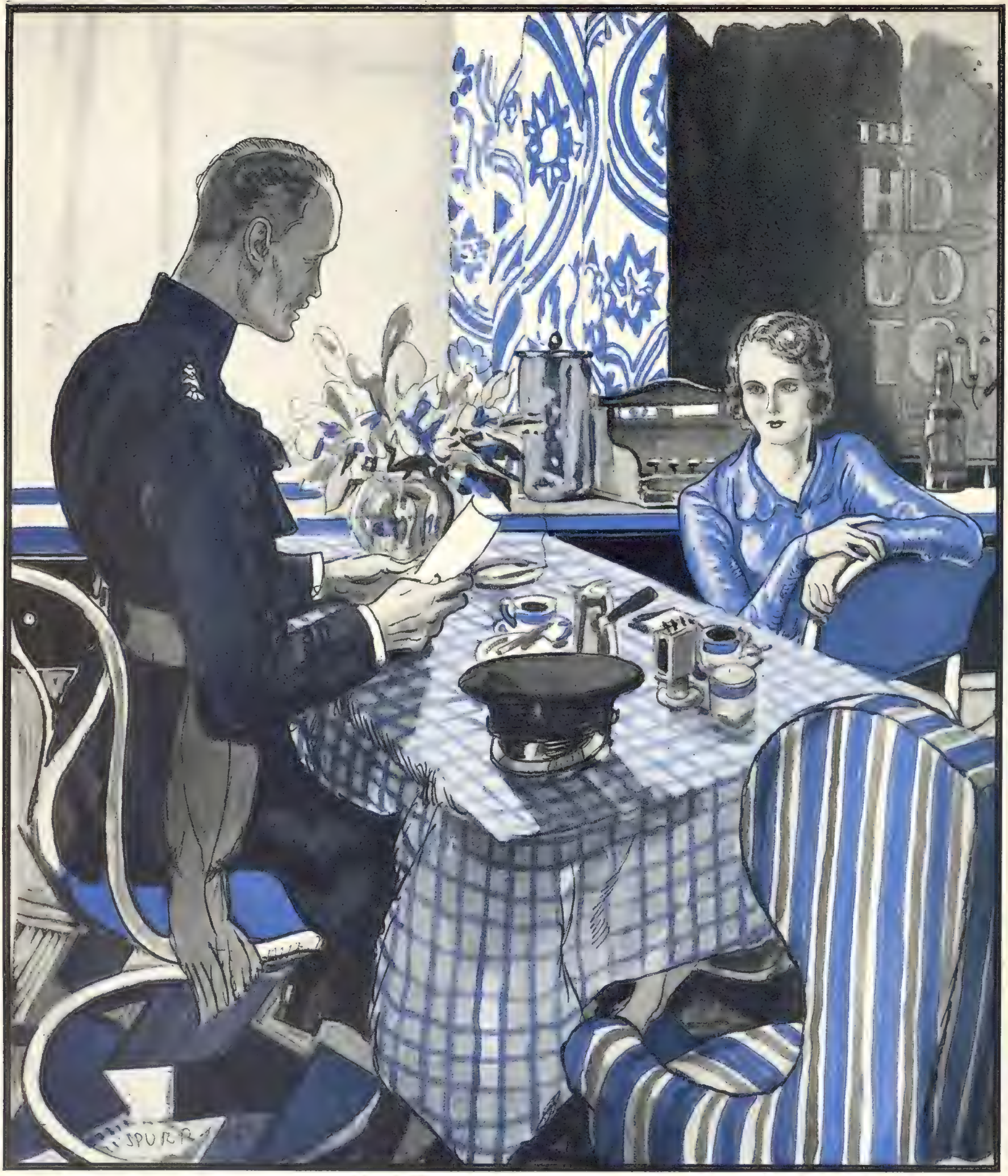
He took the cheque, gave Gerry the necklace, and escorted him to the waiting car, where a footman stood with the door open.

"I hope you have a pleasant journey, sir."

"Thanks," returned Gerry. "I hope



*feet of scarlet and gold, topped by a*
*at the head of his King's Company*



*"CAST your wicked blue eye on this, Gerry. It's for some old silver I shipped to Mom before the family dollars went west. Do I go to the penitentiary if I don't pay right now, or is it an English custom I am not yet acquainted with?"*

you will have a pleasant journey, too."

It may have been this odd remark that made the jeweller stare after the departing car. But it was an aluminium plate above its registration number that gave the phrase a somewhat disquieting significance. On that receding plate was the inscription "Hackney Carriage," which told Mr. Nathan Mackenzie that the vehicle was not the property of its passenger.

MEANWHILE, Captain Gerald Wake was speeding to Shaftesbury Avenue, and the premises of a famous firm of pawnbrokers.

Inside one of those furtive confessional boxes which provide privacy for patrons who shrink at advertising temporary adversity, Gerry produced the case of pearls, and said to the red-nosed Semite who attended him:

"I want you to lend me five hundred pounds on this necklace. I am going to the Continent by an afternoon train, but unfortunately, I reached my bank too late to get any money."

The man took the new blue morocco case, and reviewed the necklace. Then he inspected Gerry, who was ostentatiously helping himself to a wad of chewing gum.

"A new necklace, isn't it, sir?"

"I guess it's not precisely second-hand," drawled Gerry, rather accentuating the slight American accent that went so well with his effectively composite personality.

"What name?"

"A birth certificate is not an essential part of the deal, is it?" Gerry asked.

The man appraised him again.

"We must have a name and address for the pledge ticket, but have a seat and I'll take the necklace to our valuer, to see what we can lend on it."

"Go right ahead," said Gerry, "only don't be too long about it. I've a train to catch."

The pawnbroker pressed the button that silently operated the electric lock on the street door, then went to the telephone in the private office, where he called up Jermyn Soames and Sons, whose name was gilded on the velvet-lined lid of the case in his hand.

"I've got a man in my shop who wants to pledge a brand-new pearl necklace of yours worth, I should say, three hundred and fifty pounds. What? No. He don't give a name. Yes, that's right. A tall feller in a grey suit an' a dark hat."

And when he returned to his waiting customer five minutes later, there was a little spot of colour on each of his sallow cheeks.

"I'll have to keep you a bit longer, Mister. The valuer's busy with another valuation. There's generally a bit of a rush on a Saturday before closin' time. Fine day though, isn't it?"

"Very," agreed Gerry after a pause. "But as it is an extremely smelly day in this little box of yours, I'll go and wait in my car."

"I'd wait here if I was you, Mister," said the Jew with a peculiar emphasis that was not lost on the guardsman."

"I'll wait outside," insisted Gerry.

A big commissionaire and a pale-faced cockney salesman met him at the outer door.

"'Arf a minute, sir," said the commissionaire firmly. "That door's locked."

"Open it then," snapped Gerry.

"My orders are to stop anyone aleaving this shop," was the answer. "Mr. Murphy!"

Gerry smiled, for it was the Hebrew pledge clerk who responded; and he was carrying a heavy revolver with a pawn ticket dangling from its butt.

A double knock on the door interrupted that tableau and the commissionaire admitted a police sergeant and a constable.

Murphy cocked his thumb.

"'Ere's your man. He was just tryin' to hook it. He's just been trying to pledge a necklace he diddled Soames out of this morning. They're on the way round here now in a taxi."

Gerry chewed philosophically while Murphy elaborated and finished off with:

"If he hadn't tried to be too smart by leaving' the pearls in the new case with Soames's name on it, he might 'a got away with it."

"What have you got to say—sir?" the officer wanted to know.

"As it does not seem to matter what I say at the moment, I reckon I'll reserve my remarks until Mr. Soames assumes responsibility," replied Gerry.

"I'll take your name an' address to go on with," said the sergeant.

"That'll keep too," said Gerry.

"'E wouldn't give it to me neither," Murphy said significantly.

The jeweller arrived full of punitive malice. The easy-mannered stranger had not only obviously swindled him out of a string of pearls, but had dealt a mortifying blow to that lackey complex which bitterly resents having bent the knee of respect to one who is socially unentitled to it.

"Certainly I lay the charge," he declared. "He tricked me into accepting a cheque for the necklace by posing as a Guards officer, and came here straight to raise money on it. He's a crook without the slightest doubt—probably the one who has been victimising so many West End tradesmen."

Gerry said: "You're crazy. Take your darned necklace, and give me back my cheque. Then I can make my train."

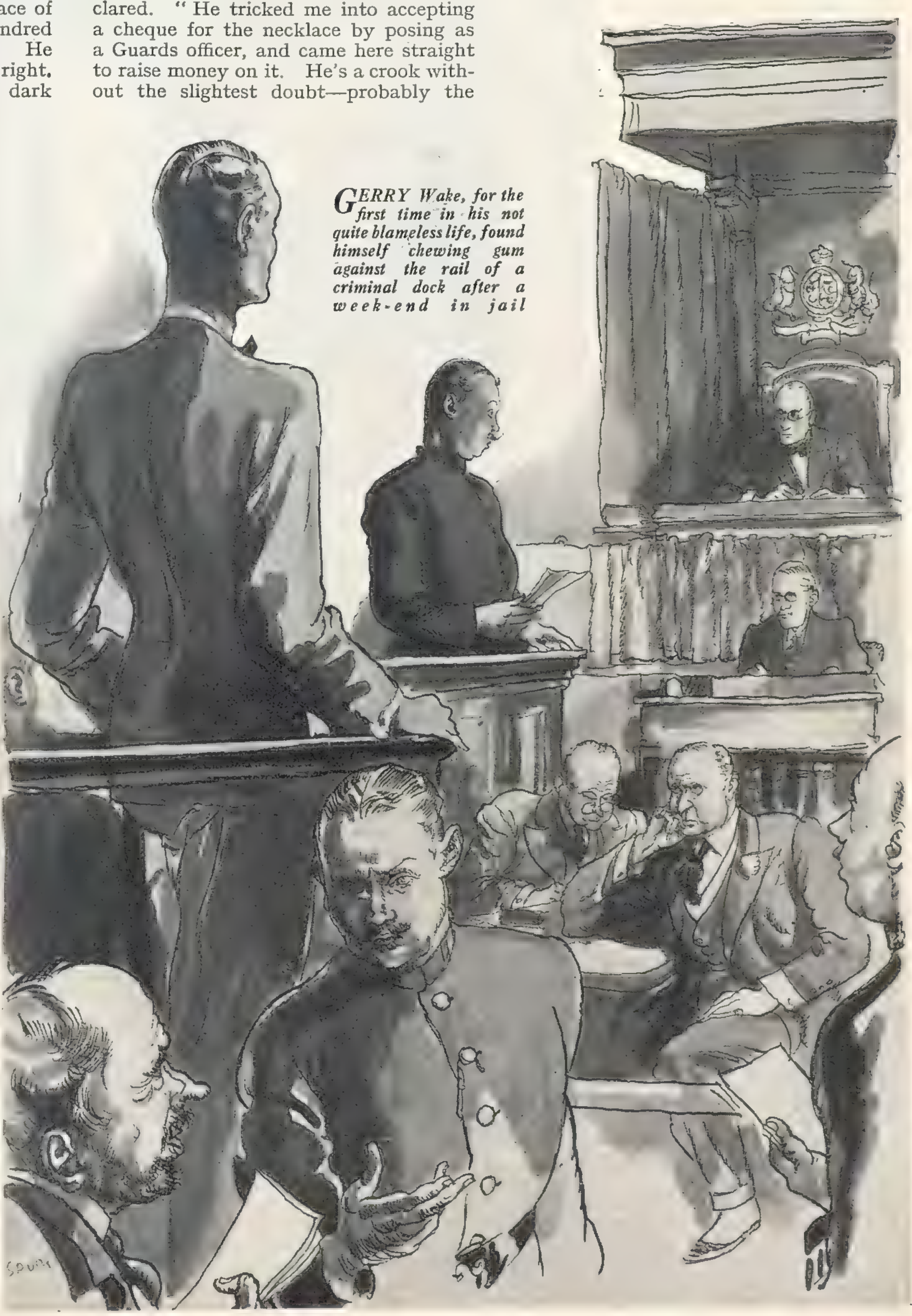
The police smiled at this, and so did the shopmen. Mackenzie snapped:

"As a tradesman of standing and a member of the Traders' Protection Society, I insist on the immediate arrest of this trickster. Do your duty."

So Gerry, who made no further protest, was led to the hired Rolls and driven by an astonished chauffeur to Vine Street, with Mackenzie and Murphy.

As the party filed into the gloomy little charge room at the police depot, Superintendent Rodds was just going out. He directed a pair of hard brown eyes on the tall brown-faced stranger, and turned back to the charge desk, in front of which the

(*Continued on page* 121)



*GERRY Wake, for the first time in his not quite blameless life, found himself chewing gum against the rail of a criminal dock after a week-end in jail*

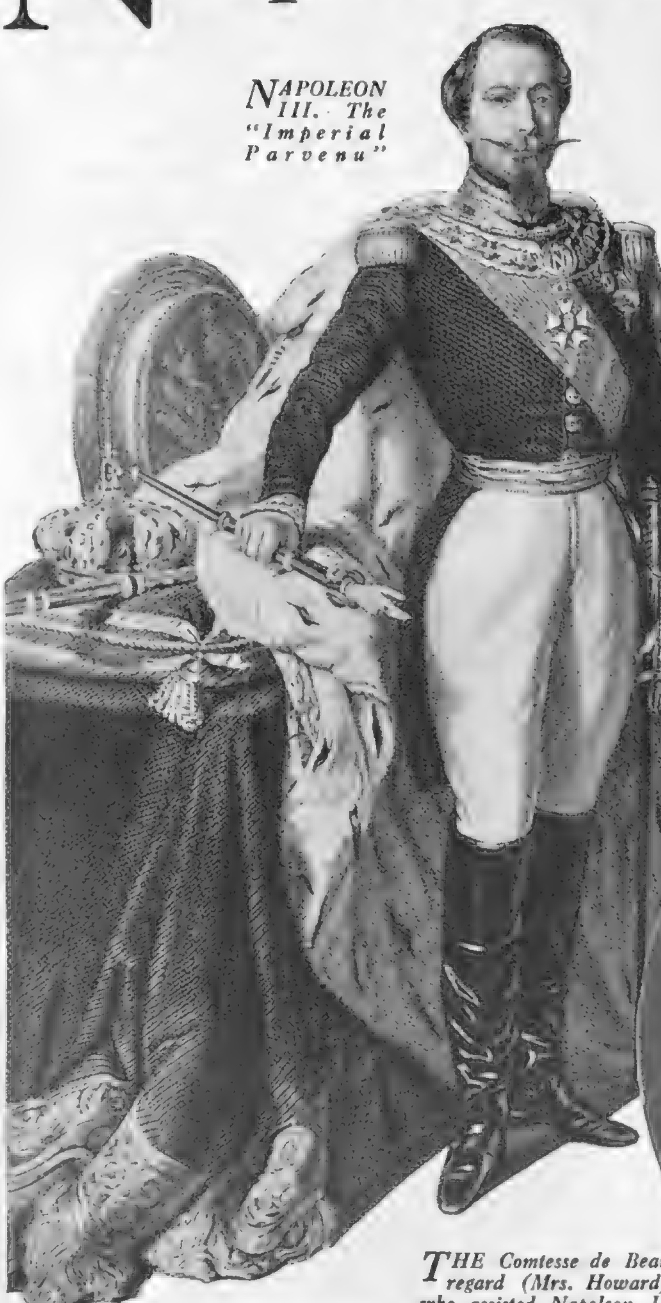
# Napoleon the

SITUATIONS which are too big, responsibilities which are too heavy, are—like clothes which are too ample—almost overwhelming. And who would wish to live in the all-enveloping shadow of an uncle? Yet for two decades of the mid-Nineteenth Century a figure of mystery held the stage in Europe . . . inadequate—unreliable—opportunist—but holding power by virtue of the name he bore—*LOUIS NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.*

A savage poet, writing in exile from Brussels, from the Channel Islands—from any refuge he could find—named his enemy "Napoleon the Little." But, in spite of Victor Hugo, it was no small feat that this Napoleon performed. With no heroic deed of arms to his credit—ill-educated, with six solid years of imprisonment behind him, unsupported by European opinion—*he succeeded in ruling France for twenty years.* Most remarkable feat of all, this adventurer, this self-made Emperor, contrived to make a personal friend of Queen Victoria, who records her "*real*" (her italics are always characteristic) "affection and friendship for him," adding in a letter to Stockmar, "You know what I *felt* the moment I saw him."

What did he look like, this (to quote the same illustrious writer) "very *extraordinary* man—I might almost say a mysterious man," who possessed "a great reliance on what he calls his *Star* and a belief in omens and incidents as connected with his future destiny which is almost romantic"?

Modern observers of his full-length portraits will immediately react to the fact that his legs were too short for grace. Victor Hugo gives a generally displeasing pen-portrait: "His face, wan and pallid . . . his nose, large and long—his upper lip covered with moustaches—a lock of hair waving over a narrow forehead—his eyes small and dull." Those same eyes were powerful factors in the legend with which he contrived to surround himself. In abstracted thought he kept the drooping lids half closed and looked, "with his long nose, almost like a broody vulture." Tocqueville, his first foreign minister, is most uncomplimentary to their dull lustre, while Thiers speaks of "his eye, habitually so cold and dull." Thiers, indeed, before Louis Napoleon first became President, is said to have suggested the shaving of his moustache—a piece of audacity which must necessarily have deprived the world of the characteristic little beard—the "Imperial," which is the chief factor in the modern ideas of the appearance of Napoleon III. His voice was low and soft, and he spoke slowly; but, with his Swiss upbringing, his speech in French, unless controlled, would have been that of a foreigner. To this, as well as to his exiled youth, he may have been partly indebted (it is impossible to resist quoting Queen Victoria again) for the "wonderful *self-control*, great *calmness*, even *gentleness* . . . and *power of fascination*" which his interlocutors felt so strongly.



NAPOLEON III. The "Imperial Parvenu"

THE Comtesse de Beauregard (Mrs. Howard), who assisted Napoleon III to the throne of France

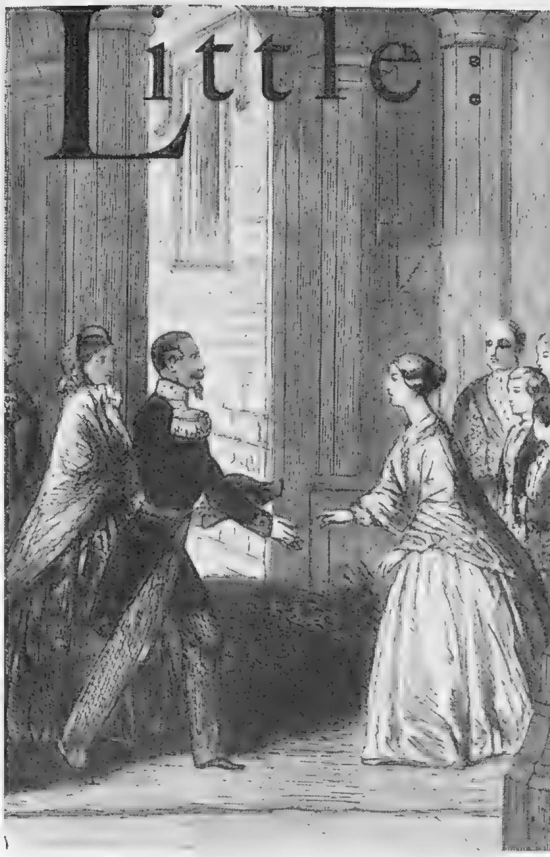
LOUIS NAPOLEON was forty years old when, after his exile in London, he contrived to get himself elected for four years President of the Second Republic. He clattered with great *éclat* into the Elysée—there to find that he—the exile of the year before—was temporary Master of France. . . . Master, yes—but for how long? A term of four years by no means filled his Napoleonic longings. As he brooded in his study, the fatal date of the second Sunday in May, 1852, when the President must retire into private life, obsessed him.

If Louis Napoleon had not been an Imperial pretender, he would have made a great success as a Theatrical Impresario. Consider his staging of the *Coup d'État* at a little dinner at the Elysée in the December of 1851—when the date of May 1852 was becoming intolerably close. The guests included, besides the general company, a choice band of conspirators, who slipped in and out of the President's study where Proclamations and Decrees lay in readiness to be issued. One of these Louis Napoleon had actually inscribed, for his own edification, with the word "*Rubicon.*"

The most useful—and far the most ornamental—of the plotters was Louis Napoleon's half-brother, the Comte de Morny—illegitimate son of Queen Hortense and that astute politician, the Comte de Flahaut. Morny was one of the *jeunesse dorée*, later to be the most magnificent of the dandies of the Imperial Court, but a serious and able politician, all the same. Far from making a secret of his birth, he adopted as his crest the flower of the Hortensia (the hydrangea), and had it painted on the door of his coach surmounted by a Royal Crown!

On the night of the *Coup d'État*, after the plot in the study, he appeared at his smart clubs at midnight and played cards with the utmost *insouciance.* Meanwhile, the President's Proclamations were being posted up in Paris, and the City woke to find that the great Impresario had upset the Constitution and dissolved the National Assembly. The existing

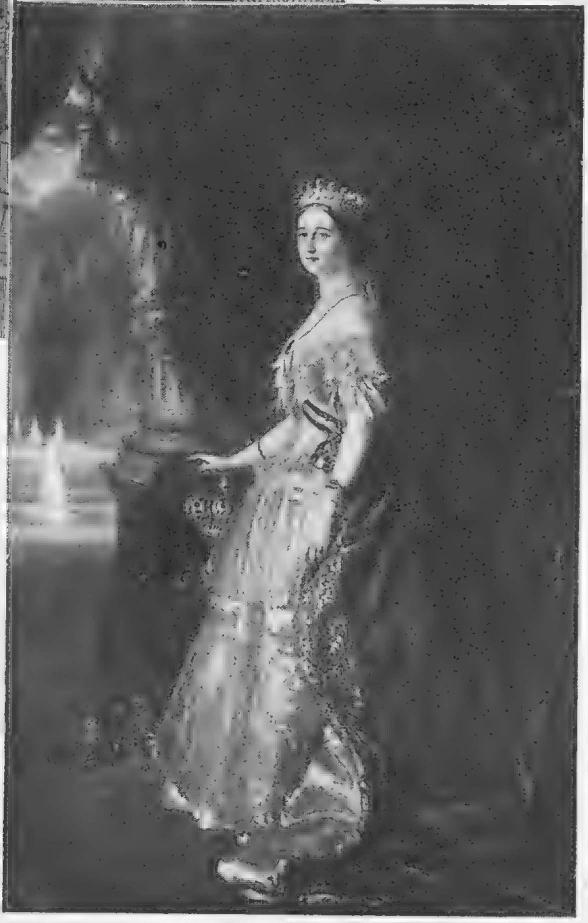
# Little: The *Parvenu* Emperor . . . Queen *Victoria's* *Strange* Friend



QUEEN VICTORIA *greeting the Imperial visitors at Windsor Castle*

*Below:*

THE *Empress Eugénie in her robes of state. From the portrait by Winterhalter*



## By Amy St. Loe Strachey

Ministry and most of the Deputies were disposed of by locking them into an empty barracks, where they had a most amusing picnic. Tocqueville, late Minister for Foreign Affairs, described how they were all shut up in a long gallery or garret, where "instead of sleeping, we spent the night in shooting from palliasse to palliasse anecdotes, jokes, and pleasantries." A few weeks later, by a majority of seven million, Louis Napoleon became President for ten years.

BUT the Star had not yet risen to its zenith. All through the summer preparations were being made for an Imperial change. A new plébiscite was taken and at last a deputation from the Senate waited on him at St. Cloud and greeted the former exile as "Sire."—To be called "Sire" by the country which had exiled and despised him. At the Arc de Triomphe he mounted his horse (he was always a good, if showy, horseman) and rode down through the *Champs Elysées*, across the Place de la Concorde (leaving the Presidential palace on the left), down the Rue de Rivoli to the Tuileries. The long pilgrimage was accomplished, and Napoleon III reigned over France.

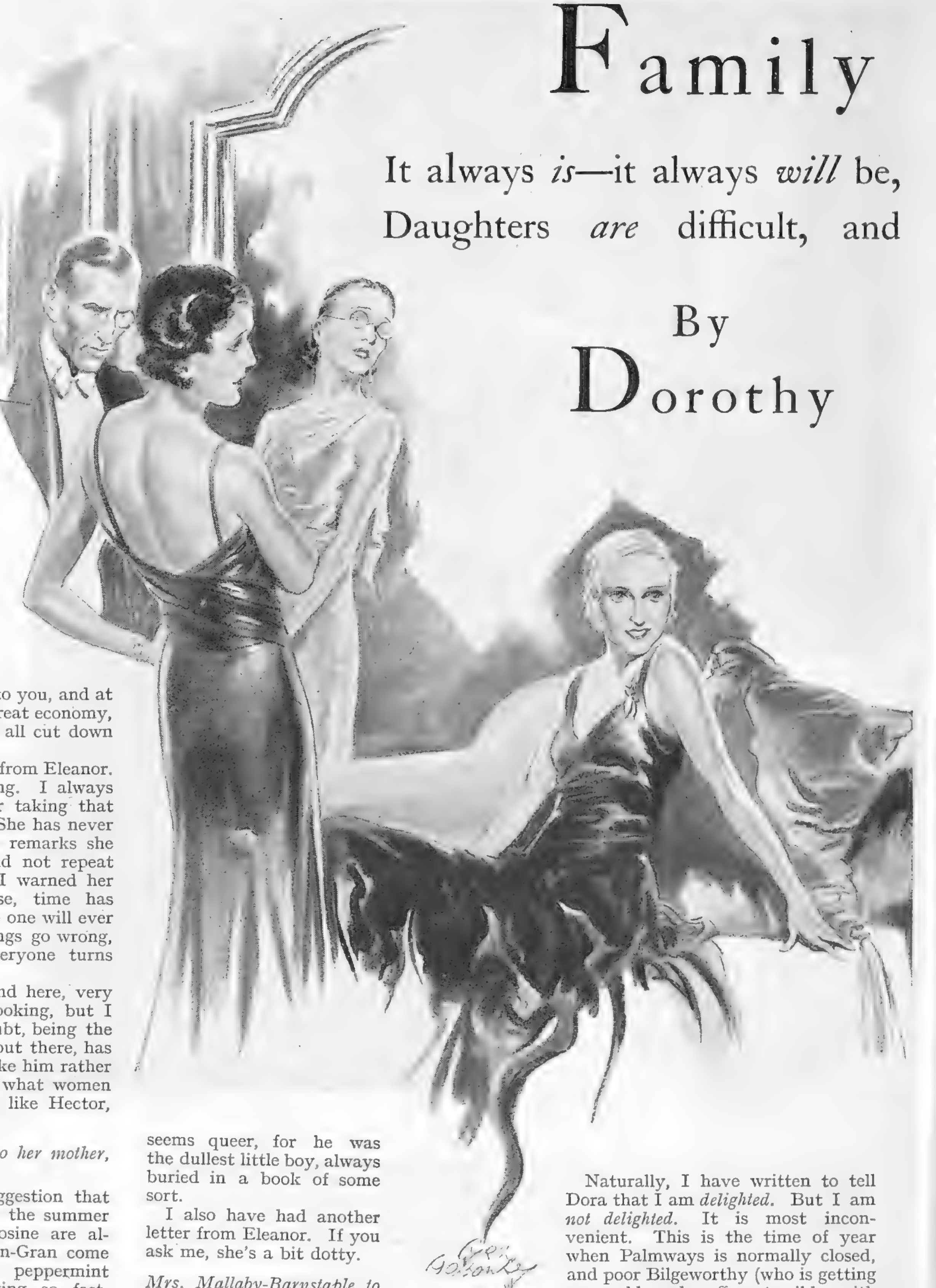
YES, but it was against every theatrical law and tradition to show a single throne in the middle of the stage—an Emperor required a Consort—a Court, a Royal hostess—a dynasty, an heir. The emergency had been prepared for. Louis had been looking round. There were very few suitable Princesses, and the most available of these was anything but attractive either as to health or appearance. But there was a young Spanish beauty who had been a good deal in Paris with her mother during the summer—Eugénie, daughter of the Comte de Montijo. Probably no one but Louis Napoleon himself knew of the answer she had given him at a review where, she being seated on the roof of a building with a double access, he had asked from below, "How can I get at you, Mademoiselle?" and she, leaning over the balustrade, had answered, "*Through the chapel, Monseigneur.*" And to the chapel, or rather the Cathedral of *Nôtre Dame*, the new Emperor had recourse. But how to induce the Sovereigns of Europe, who were already jibbing at addressing Louis Napoleon as "*Sire, mon frère*," to accept a lady—of noble birth certainly, but whose veins were innocent of royal blood? With magnificent audacity, the Emperor made capital out of his adventurous career and glorified for the first time the title of *Parvenu*: "Far better shall we succeed by continually recalling our origin, by keeping our character unblemished, and by frankly assuming in sight of all Europe, the position of *parvenu*, a glorious title when it has been bestowed by the suffrages of a great people." He described his betrothed as gracious and benevolent and as likely, "I firmly believe, to reproduce, in the same position the noble virtues of the Empress Josephine." Luckily for Napoleon, this was far from being the case, Eugénie's moral character being quite unblemished. Her beauty was indisputable, and it may be questioned whether, but for it, Napoleon would have so hotly defended his choice; for there is no doubt that beauty was a prime recommendation in his eyes.

WAS there not, chief figure among many attachments—this one prenuptial—the lovely Mrs. Howard, who staked her whole fortune to provide him with the necessary funds for his campaigns? She was established in a *château* near Versailles under the name of Mme. de Beauregard, and the gossip of the time said that great scandal was caused by her flying the National flag from the top of her turrets! Napoleon attracted and was attracted by women—"it was a Revelation" (wrote an anonymous courtier years later) "to see him at some evening gathering—at Compiègne, for (*Continued on page 112*)

# Family

## It always *is*—it always *will* be, Daughters *are* difficult, and

## By Dorothy



*A letter from Mrs. Mallaby-Barnstaple, Palmways, Chichester, to her daughter, Mrs. Dora Freebody.*

AND now, my dear child, you know very well that I would love you to come and stay with me and bring dear little Ambrose. As you well know, all I live for now is to make a home for my children and to be of use to them. I am sorry you think it is adenoids, but I am sure that the fresh air, and milk, and butter, at Palmways, will dissolve anything, so we must hope for the best. Hector, I remember, was much troubled with tonsils and adenoids, and look at him now.

I hope you will let me know presently what you think of my suggestion that I should spend a part of the summer with you. I feel sure I could be useful to you, and at the same time it would be a great economy, these days, when we must all cut down as much as we can.

I have had another letter from Eleanor. Poor girl, she is very trying. I always said it was a mistake, her taking that terrible hospital training. She has never been the same since. The remarks she puts in her letters I would not repeat even to you. I remember I warned her at the time, and, of course, time has proved me right again. No one will ever listen to me, but when things go wrong, as I am sure they will, everyone turns round and blames me.

Hector spent the week-end here, very brown and distinguished looking, but I find him changed. No doubt, being the centre of things, as he was out there, has tended to spoil him and make him rather selfish; and then we know what women are with a handsome man like Hector, who does not look his age.

*Letter from Dora Freebody to her mother, Mrs. Mallaby-Barnstaple.*

I THINK it a lovely suggestion that you should spend part of the summer here. Ambrose and Ambrosine are always asking when will Gran-Gran come and bring us some more peppermint lumps? Ambrose is growing so fast. He seems perpetually in need of new shoes, and to-day nurse says he simply must have a new coat. I don't know where the money is to come from, and Dick is so difficult, and seems to think clothes just grow on children automatically. This income tax business has been very trying. Iniquitous, as you say.

Thank you for your kind words about our little house. It lies nicely, and though it is not what I would choose, it suits us very well as things are now. Yes, I fear Hector's consistent good fortune has gone to his head and made him a trifle pompous and egotistical. He was always the lucky one, wasn't he? and yet it seems queer, for he was the dullest little boy, always buried in a book of some sort.

I also have had another letter from Eleanor. If you ask me, she's a bit dotty.

*Mrs. Mallaby-Barnstaple to her son, Sir Hector Mallaby-Barnstaple, 22, Half Moon Street, London.*

AND now, my dear boy, I am going to ask you to do something for me. Dora has written to say she is coming down here next week, bringing Ambrose, who is the one of Dora's children I cannot tolerate. I do my best to like *all* my grandchildren, but I must confess Ambrose has been my chief failure. Dora has always spoilt him shockingly, and though I have pointed this out to her, I am not popular for so doing. I find him a most distasteful child, and I told you, when you were here, what I caught him doing in the pig-styes.

Naturally, I have written to tell Dora that I am *delighted*. But I am *not delighted*. It is most inconvenient. This is the time of year when Palmways is normally closed, and poor Bilgeworthy (who is getting very old and suffers terribly with corns) takes his holidays. It is *most* inconsiderate of Dora to make this proposal just now, but you will understand it is difficult for me to point this out to her.

Now what I want you to do is to go and see her and tell her, in your tactful way, that you consider it *most unsuitable* that she should come down here just now. Tell her you know for a fact that I have not been very well. Put it to her how much wiser you think she would be to go somewhere else. Coming from you it will be all right, and you can say that you feel it would be too much for me.

I fear poor Uncle William has had a

# Life *is* Difficult

## *so* long *as* Relations are *Tiresome,* *the* Postman continues *to* bring letters *like* these . . .

### Black

*"HECTOR spent the week-end here, very brown and distinguished looking, but I find him changed. No doubt being the centre of things as he was out there, has tended to spoil him and make him rather selfish, and then we know what women are with a handsome man like Hector"*

*Illustrated by Cyril Holloway*

nasty turn. You might write him a line.

*Mrs. William Chasterton to Sir Hector Mallaby-Barnstaple.*

SO kind of you to find time to write to us, and your Uncle William was delighted to get your note and tells me to say he is writing himself, later. He is better, but he had a nasty turn, and all this business about the income tax did nothing to help him. We are cutting down expenses everywhere. No bath salts in the bathrooms, and your uncle is giving up cigars. The Government do not realise the amount of unemployment they are causing. The boot boy has had to go also.

I have been very tired with all these anxieties, and one of my great trials at the moment is that your uncle sleeps so badly. He twists and turns and I never get any rest. Being very old-fashioned, of course, he insists on a double bed, and I hardly like to suggest anything else to him. He has always been so touchy about some things.

I hope, and so does your Uncle William, that you will manage to run down and see us one of these days.

*Letter from Dora Freebody to her brother, Sir Hector.*

WHAT do you think is mother's latest bombshell? She suggests coming down to stay here for part of the summer to economise. Can you beat that? She proposes shutting Palmways altogether, though what is to happen to Harry if she does has not transpired, and you know quite well that Martha left him at school in England simply because mother agreed always to take him for the holidays. I cannot have him down here, plus all my own. Nobody could expect it of me. You know what mother and Dick are, if they are together for more than five minutes; and Dick, as time goes on, let me tell you, gets more difficult, and not less so.

Naturally I had to write and tell mother we would be delighted, for I cannot bear there to be the slightest chance of her imagining we do not want her, but candidly, *we do not want her at all,* and it is giving me sleepless nights, and Dick, incidentally, is most disagreeable about it all.

Now what I want you to do is write to mother and say in your tactful way how much better you think it would be if she went somewhere else. Tell her this house is damp and you don't think it would be at all good for her rheumatism. Coming from you, it will look all right. The whole position is extremely difficult, and mother, as you know, is rather odd these days. Ambrose and I have got to go and stay there next week. We would far rather have stayed in town, but one cannot run the risk of giving mother offence, and she is always so careful to rub in the fact that she only keeps that big and expensive house open so that it can be a home for all of us. So we shall have to brave the inadequate hot-water supply once again.

Now do be sure and get hold of mother for me and do what you can. It seems a long time since I saw you. You don't bother much about your own family since you came home, I must say, and one would have thought, after all those years abroad, you would be glad to see us. I hear there is a lot of talk about you and Hilda Hartington. Personally, I think any man who takes on matrimony these days is a mug.

*The Reverend Charles Fenton to his nephew, Sir Hector.*

MUCH against my will, I have had to take my holiday early this year to convenience others. Unfortunately I lost my luggage on the way down here. Everything I possess which I can ILL AFFORD. My holiday has been completely spoilt.

*Miss Eleanor Mallaby-Barnstaple to her brother Hector.*

WHAT is this I hear of you running around London with a girl half your age? You want to be careful. The girls at home are so hard up that they will marry anything to get their board and keep. Forty-five is the dangerous age for men, you know, and they usually do something then that they are sorry for afterwards. If there is any afterwards. You want to look after your health, you know. Your arteries will soon begin to harden, and you can't go leading a gay life and not expect to pay for it—at your age.

Now that you've retired I expect you'll begin to break up. Men usually do, when they have led a busy life. I must say I am always astonished at the way you got on, for you were such a dull little boy. The least clever of any of us, but then it's all a matter of luck.

I can't make out what is the matter with my family. I have written three times to Uncle Charles, John and Mabel twice, mother eight times, and this is my third to you. *Nobody ever answers me!* I would like to go round the whole lot of you with the julep bottle and give you a sound dose and rouse you all up. That's what you want. Your loving sister, Eleanor.

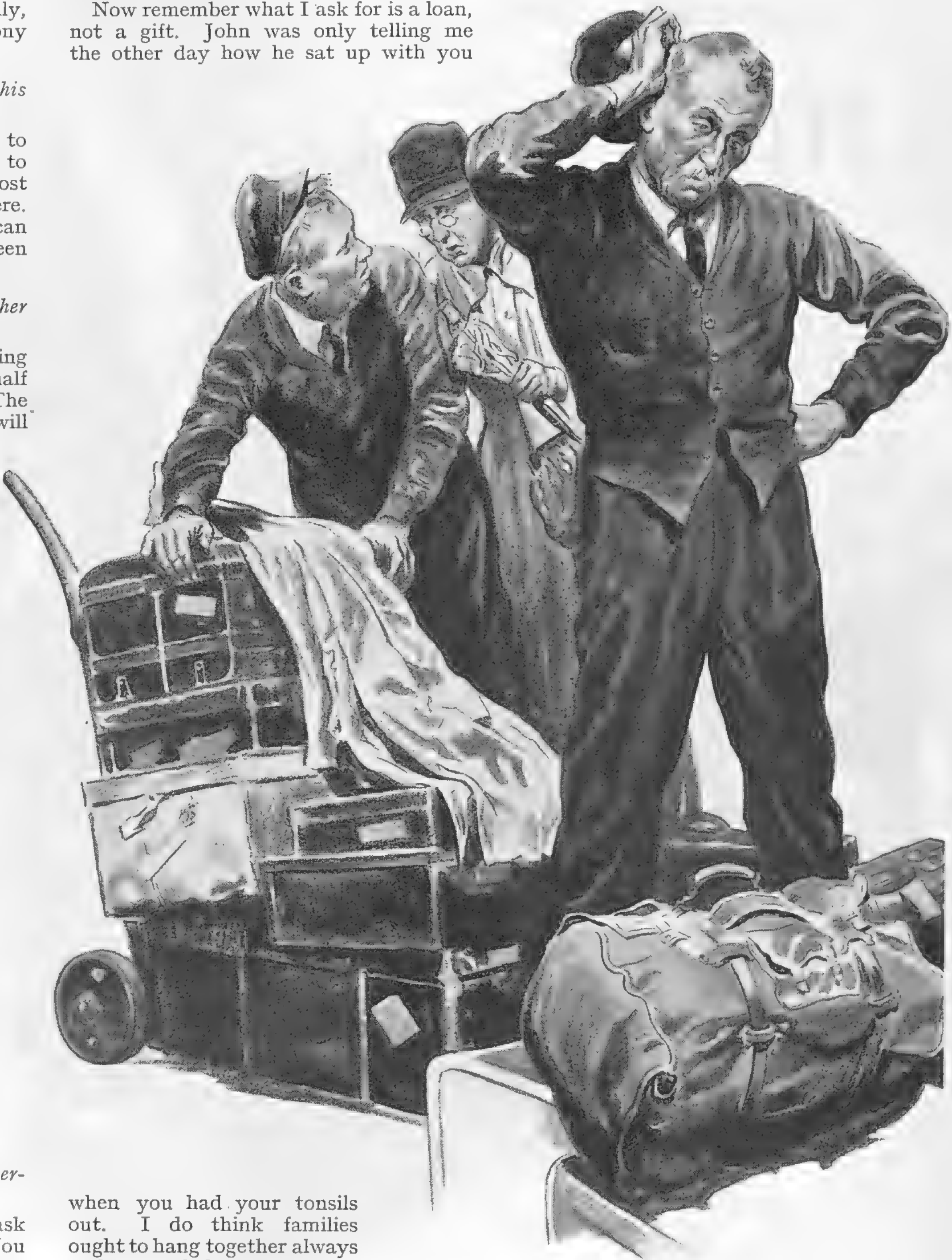
P.S.—I hear the family's general verdict is that you have become *very self-centred!*

*Mabel Mallaby-Barnstaple to her brother-in-law, Hector.*

HECTOR, dear, I am going to ask you to do something for me. You and I have always been good pals on those rare occasions when we HAVE met, and what I am going to ask you is—will you lend me fifty pounds? Lend, please note, and not give, which is altogether a different matter. This shall be repaid, with five per cent. added, out of the money John will eventually get from mother, though, of course, one must not dwell on such contingencies unduly.

Things are shockingly bad with us. No business for months and months. Will it ever improve? We shall see. I often have a feeling that something is going to happen. A change must come some time, but it does seem awful that your eldest brother's few remaining years should be embittered and spoilt for the lack of a little ready money, and I must say I always feel that you—who have been so lucky always—might do something for poor John, who is so very much older and has never had any luck at all. He is always saying what a dear little boy you were, such nice curly hair. John is NOT what he was. I see signs of his breaking up. We must face the fact. If only business would improve.

Now remember what I ask for is a loan, not a gift. John was only telling me the other day how he sat up with you when you had your tonsils out. I do think families ought to hang together always and try to help each other.



*Dora Freebody to her brother Hector.*

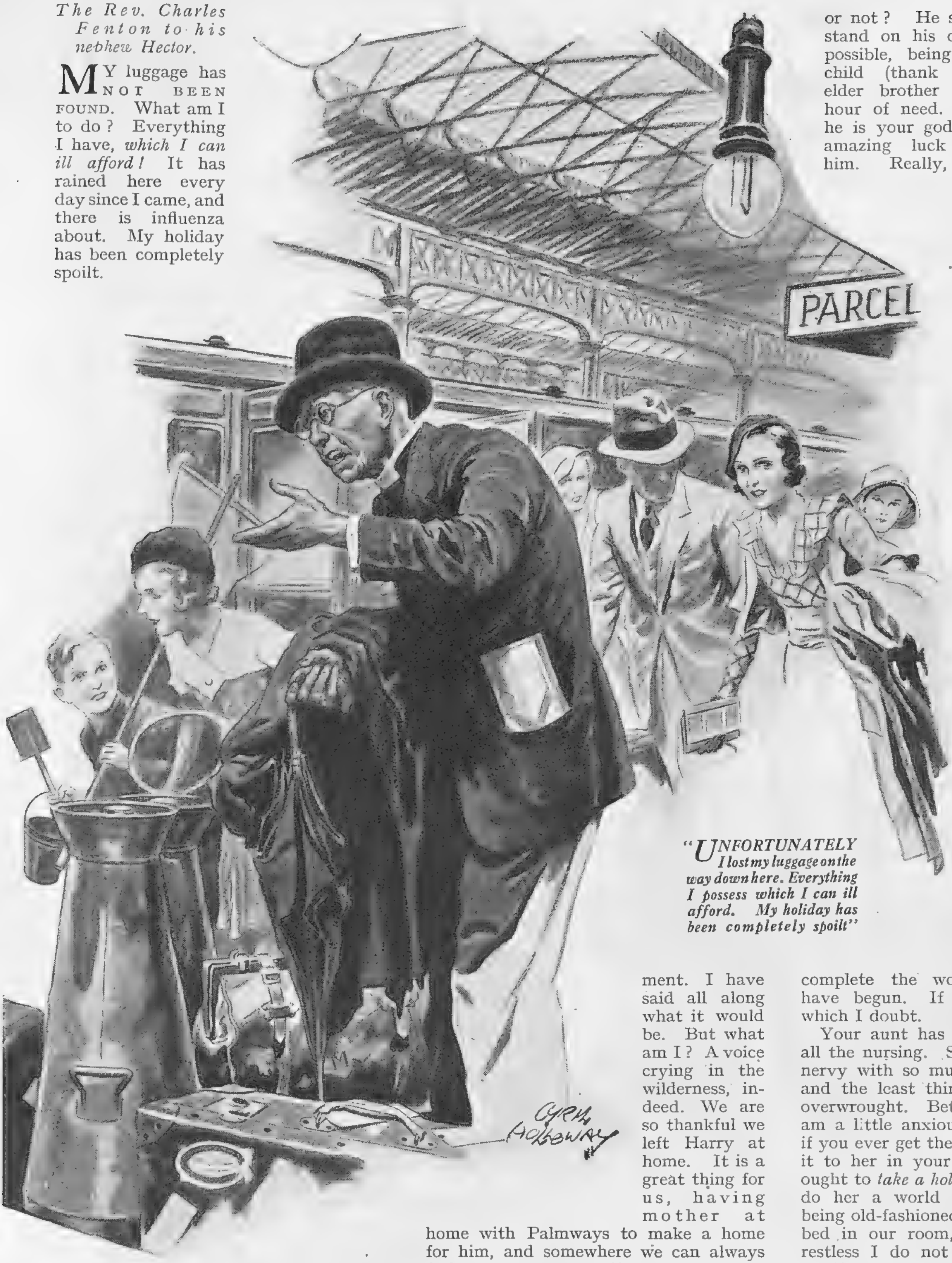
I NEVER heard anything quite so egotistical as your answer to my last letter. Believe me, if we could all say exactly what we thought, and only do what we liked, your sister Dora would be somewhere very different at this moment. Have a little sense. You know very well no one can be frank with mother. Have you ever tried to be frank with mother? I really don't know what to do. I had relied on your helping me out, and Dick is getting more and more disagreeable.

Family life is difficult. I'm sure if half of us knew what we were in for, we'd think twice before taking it on. Yes, I have seen John and Mabel. They seem to be in a rather better way of late, and I fancy his business must have improved. He looks very well, and I hear they are building a new porch on to their house. But then, they are quite senseless with money and spend anything they get on the wildest things. I always thought it was a mistake mother giving John his share of her estate, four years ago, like she did. I expect they have run through it all long ago. I must say I admire Mabel, the cheerful face she always puts on everything.

I hear Uncle Charles is having a lovely holiday down in Paignton. We had a picture post card.

*The Rev. Charles Fenton to his nephew Hector.*

MY luggage has NOT BEEN FOUND. What am I to do? Everything I have, *which I can ill afford!* It has rained here every day since I came, and there is influenza about. My holiday has been completely spoilt.



"UNFORTUNATELY I lost my luggage on the way down here. Everything I possess which I can ill afford. My holiday has been completely spoilt"

*Martha Cookson, married in Australia, to her brother Hector.*

I AM so glad you are safely back. India seems so nasty these days we were quite worried to think of you there. I expect you are loving England, in spring, after so long, and thoroughly enjoying the family again. It must seem queer to you, after Government House and all that fuss, to be on your own in London, with no responsibilities. I hear some rumour of you running around with a girl. Is there anything in it? No one ever tells me anything.

Things out here are as bad as they can be. That SHOCKING Labour Government. I have said all along what it would be. But what am I? A voice crying in the wilderness, indeed. We are so thankful we left Harry at home. It is a great thing for us, having mother at home with Palmways to make a home for him, and somewhere we can always feel we can return to if the worst comes to the worst.

Which brings me to my point. I want to ask your advice about Harry. What are we to do with him? That is the question. His form-master says he has a decidedly mechanical bent and suggests Birmingham University. But where the fees for that picnic are to come from remains to be seen. We can but hope. Poor Reginald moves heaven and earth out here, but he manages to make very little. I never thought we should come to anything like our present straits, I must say, which just shows you never know.

Now the point is this, do you advise us to send him to Birmingham or not? He simply must learn to stand on his own feet as soon as possible, being as he is an only child (thank God) with no rich elder brother to appeal to in the hour of need. I always hope, as he is your godson, that some of your amazing luck may descend upon him. Really, when you come to look at it, you are the only one of the whole family who has had any luck of any sort, and you were such a funny, dull little boy. I always remember you screwed up over your lesson books. A regular bookworm.

I had a letter from Eleanor. Have you seen her at all? She writes very strangely, and makes some rather queer remarks. If you ask me, it is a great pity she did not marry that man, even if he was nothing but a schoolmaster. Women are much better off married and miserable than miserable all by themselves. It often seems to me life is a dismal affair anyway, so it doesn't much matter what you do. I must close now. There is no news here.

*Mr. William Chasterton to his nephew Hector.*

YOUR enquiries as to my health were much appreciated. I now sit up and take nourishment. I am better and I look to the summer to complete the work the good doctors have begun. If we get any summer, which I doubt.

Your aunt has got pulled down with all the nursing. She is very jumpy and nervy with so much anxiety about me, and the least thing, and she gets very overwrought. Between you and me I am a little anxious about her. I wish, if you ever get the chance, you could put it to her in your tactful way that she ought to *take a holiday alone.* It would do her a world of good. Your aunt, being old-fashioned, insists on the double bed in our room, and when she is so restless I do not get the sleep that is needful to complete my convalescence. But you will understand how very difficult it is for me to suggest anything. She is easily offended.

Martha's husband does not seem to be making much of Australia, from all accounts. Charles, holidaying in Devonshire, has been taking their boy out. A nice child, I believe. I always said that marriage was a mistake.

*Harry Cookson, The Priory, Sandy Cove, Devonshire, to his Uncle Hector.*

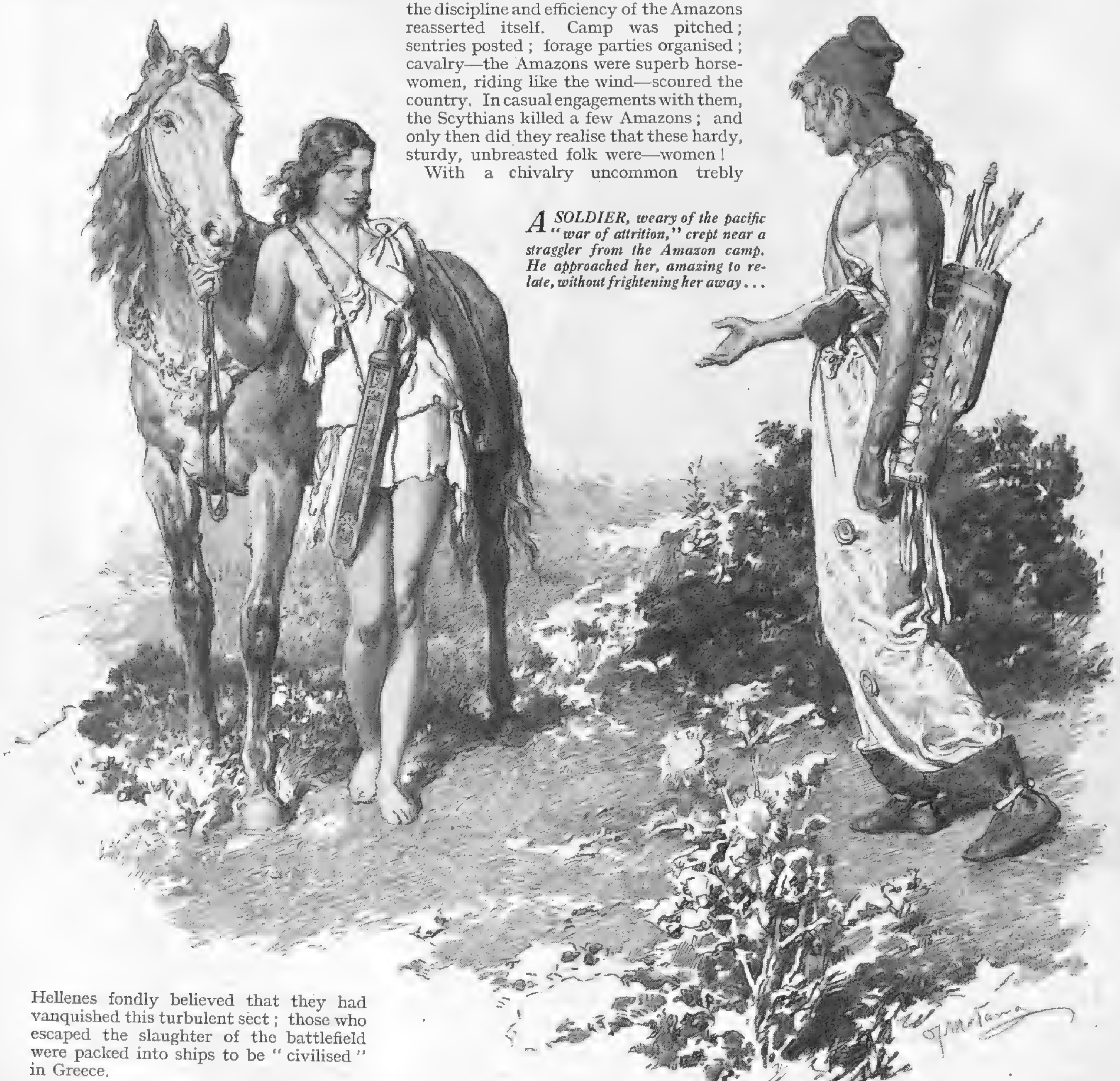
THIS has been a splendid football season—we lost four and won four, and should have won more only at the last match our centre-forward ate too much beefsteak

(*Continued on page 114*)

# Queer Tales of Long Ago:

*Collected, Painted and Described by* **F. MATANIA,** R.I.

## No. 20. EROS, Conqueror of Bellona's Bridesmaids



*A SOLDIER, weary of the pacific "war of attrition," crept near a straggler from the Amazon camp. He approached her, amazing to relate, without frightening her away . . .*

THE Amazons present to the historian a remarkable phenomenon: a race of women unsubdued throughout their existence by any force of man; exclusive to a degree; and totally intractable.

After the battle of Permodonte, the Hellenes fondly believed that they had vanquished this turbulent sect; those who escaped the slaughter of the battlefield were packed into ships to be "civilised" in Greece.

But Man Proposes—Woman disposes! And when the woman was an Amazon, her disposition was ferocious. The captives mutinied; they killed, and flung overboard, their guards, the officers of the ships, and every man jack of the crew. It was only after this spirited piece of Amazonian ebullience had been accomplished that the frenzied women realised that the art of navigation was a mystery to them. More by the will of their gods than by their own efforts, they landed on the marshy shores of Meotide, the land of the Scythians.

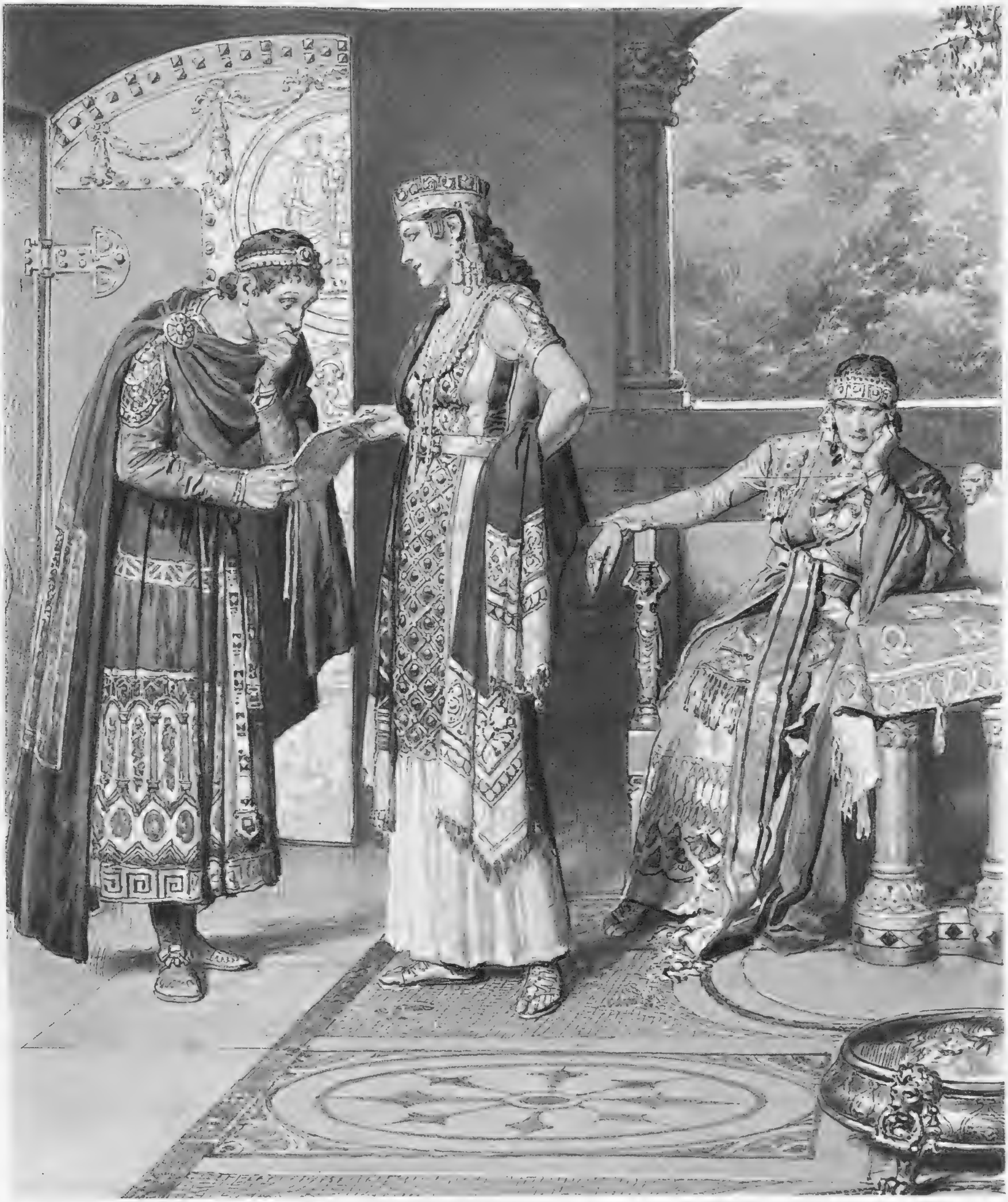
Once free of the "unfamiliar element," the discipline and efficiency of the Amazons reasserted itself. Camp was pitched; sentries posted; forage parties organised; cavalry—the Amazons were superb horsewomen, riding like the wind—scoured the country. In casual engagements with them, the Scythians killed a few Amazons; and only then did they realise that these hardy, sturdy, unbreasted folk were—women!

With a chivalry uncommon trebly from their culture, their geographical situation, and their period, the Scythians set an army, composed of specially selected young soldiers, to follow the itinerant camp, never to respond to (martial) provocation, and to defend themselves from attack only by retreat. On the principle that it takes two to make a quarrel, the campaign was unmarred by untoward incident.

But humanity proposes, divinity disposes: and when the god is Eros, anything can happen!

A soldier, weary of the pacific "war of attrition," crept near a straggler from the Amazon camp. He approached her, amazing to relate, without frightening her away—the Amazons were proverbially man-shy—but conversation languished: as well it might, since neither had a word of the other's tongue! *(Continued on page 43)*

# No. 21. An Empress Sold as a Slave



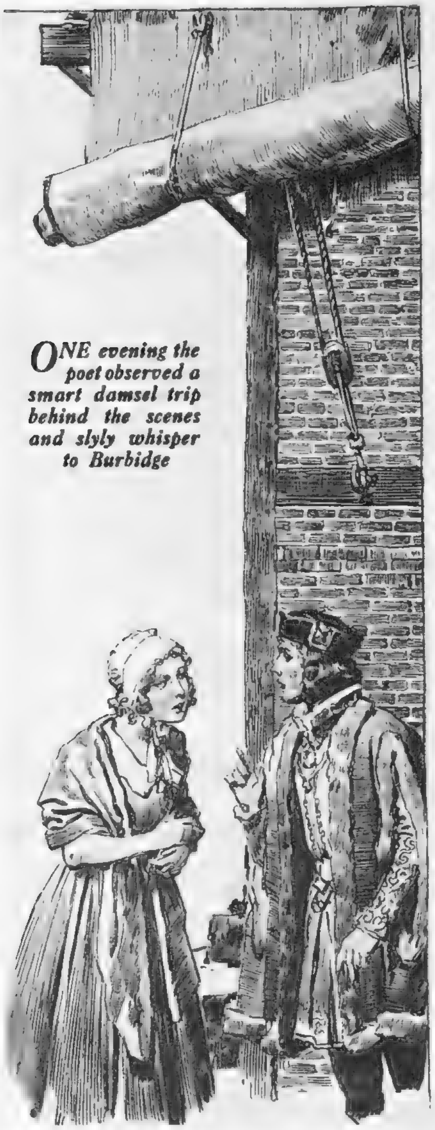
*THEODOSIUS went to the room and was staggered to hear Pulcheria claim the Empress as her own personal servant, bought by civil contract, the deed being duly signed by the imperial seal*

THEODOSIUS, Eastern Emperor of Rome, was, like Charles II. of England, irked at the perusal of lengthy documents. Unlike Charles, however, whose mask of carelessness and folly was only a mask, and who invariably detected any documents his ministers, banking on the fact that he did not read them, attempted to smuggle through, Theodosius had in his youth neither industry nor the Carolean *flair*.

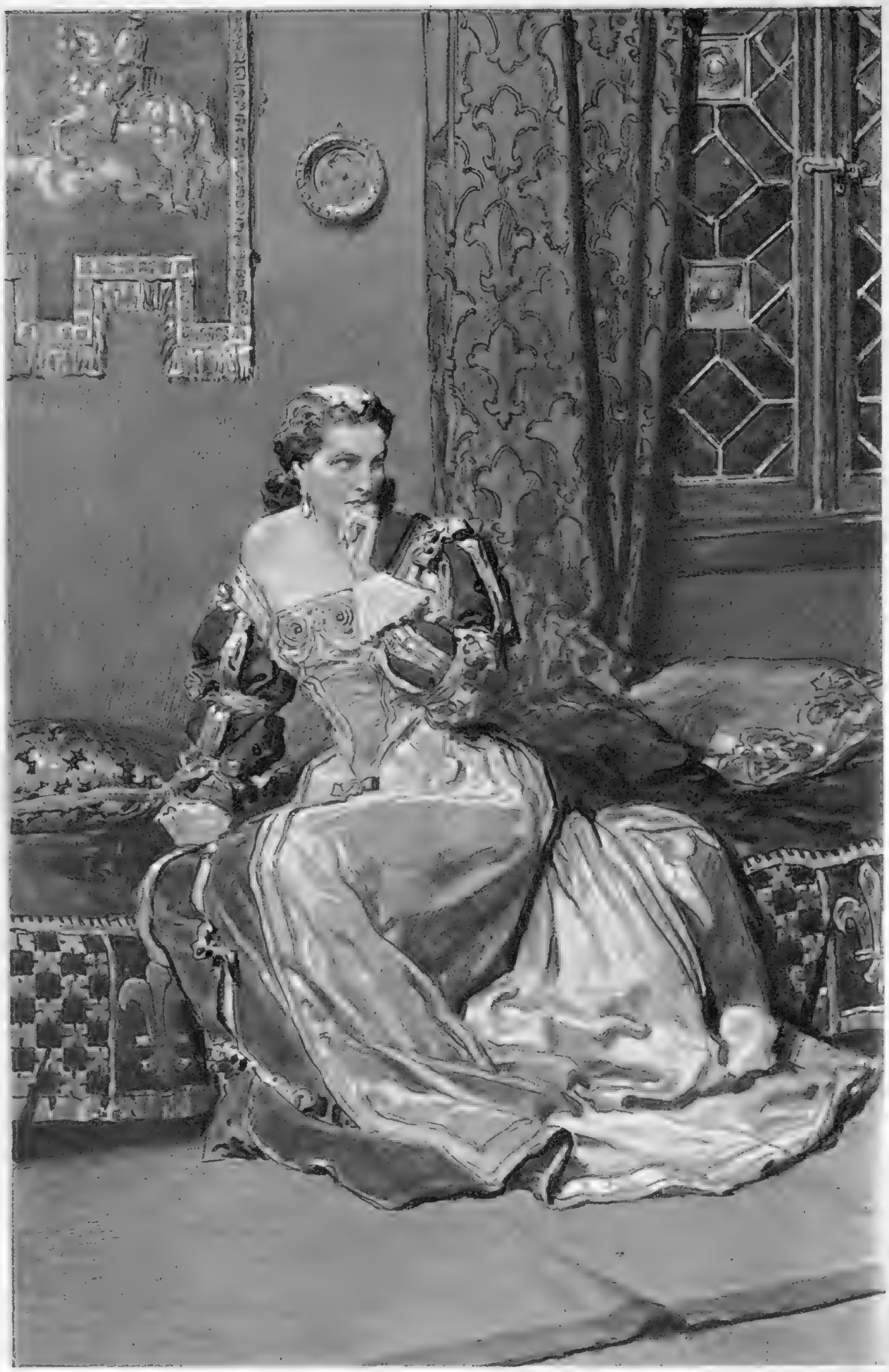
Busily engaged with his wars against the Goths and his quarrels with St. Ambrose, Theodosius left the major portion of the administration of his domestic affairs to his sister, Pulcheria. The Empress, Eudocia, resented the dominance of her sister-in-law, believing that such plenary powers should have been vested in herself. Pulcheria's pilotage of the Ship of State, in fact, was characterised by ill-feeling and intrigue on the part of the sycophants of Eudocia.

At once to cure Theodosius of his deplorable carelessness and negligence, and to administer something of a rebuke to the Empress, whose activities were beginning to become really troublesome,

(*Continued on page 42.*)



*ONE evening the poet observed a smart damsel trip behind the scenes and slyly whisper to Burbidge*



## AN EMPRESS SOLD AS A SLAVE

(*Continued from Page 41.*)

Pulcheria drafted a document that needed only the signature of the Imperator to become valid. Presented to Theodosius in a sheaf of others, the document received the required sanction, being signed with just as much—or as little—care and consideration as those other Bills which might have affected the destinies, even to the death, of thousands of imperial subjects.

Some time later Theodosius sent for his consort, but "H.I.M." was detained in her room by Pulcheria. Time and again the Emperor summoned the Empress, but Pulcheria refused to deliver the royal prisoner until the wearer of the Purple, Divus Cæsar, Lord of the Western World, should himself come to the door of his sister's room to demand her.

On his arrival, in a towering rage at the presumption of his "right-hand man," Theodosius went to the room and was staggered to hear Pulcheria claim the Empress as her own personal servant, acquired by civil contract, the deed being duly stamped and engrossed, signed with the imperial seal.

The first shock over, the matter ended in laughter; but never again did Theodosius blindly affix the imperial insignia of Rome to a document without first discovering its content.

## Shakespeare and the Player

EVERY circumstance relative to a distinguished character ought to be preserved.

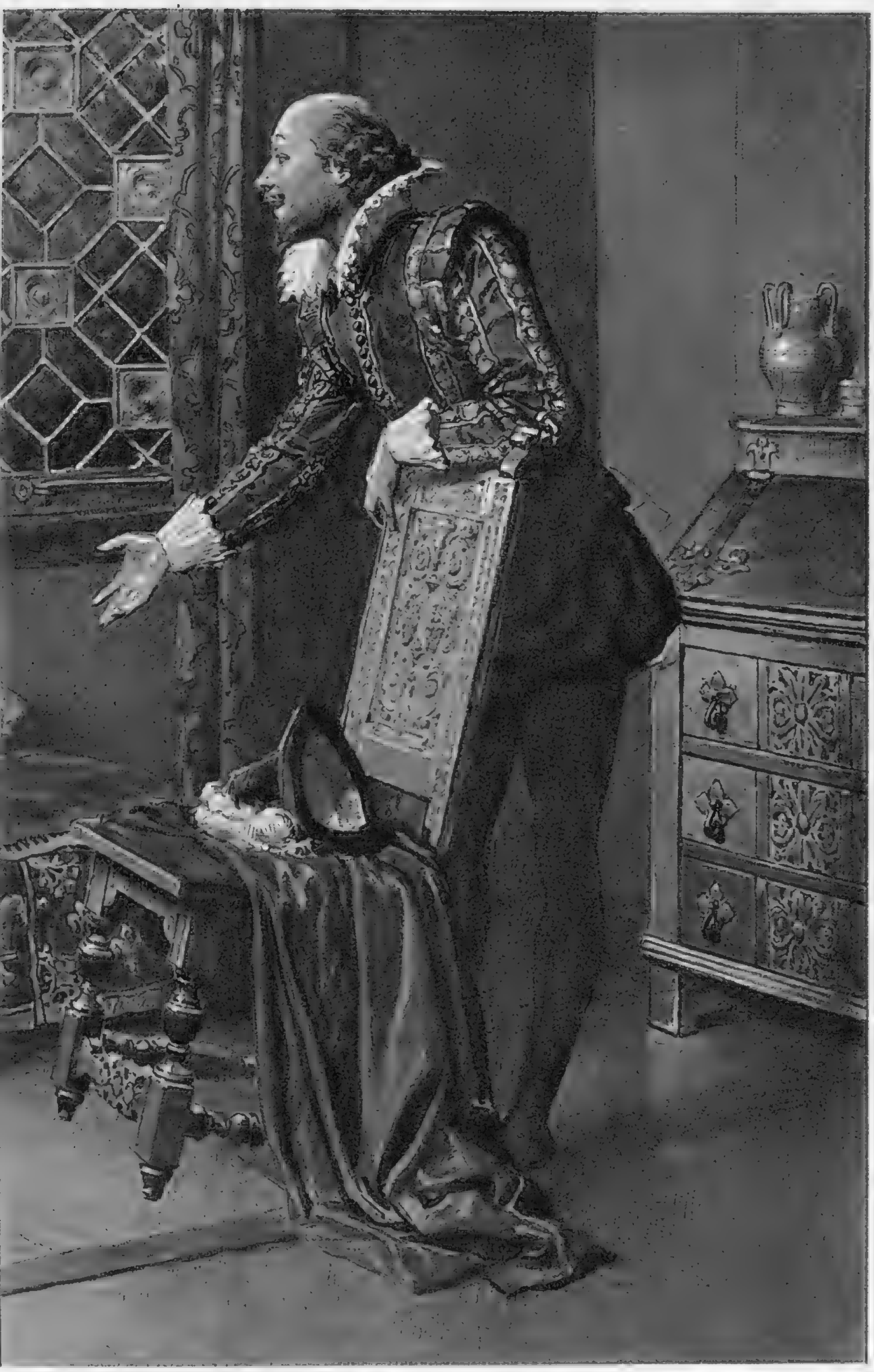
That Shakespeare was of an amorous constitution has been repeatedly told us; but as to his particular connections with the fair, we are, with the exception of the pun-provocative Anne Hathaway and the anonymous "Dark Lady," almost wholly in the dark.

One evening, when the tragedy of Richard III. was to be acted, the poet observed an attractive girl trip behind the scenes and slyly whisper to Burbidge (a favourite player and an intimate of Shakespeare, who was to play the part of Richard) that her master had gone out of town in the morning; that her mistress would be glad of his company after the play, and that she begged to know what signal he would use.

"Three taps on the door, my dear, and 'Tis I, Richard the Third," was the answer of Burbidge.

The girl decamped; and Shakespeare, whose curiosity and interest was sufficiently aroused, followed her steps till he saw her enter a house in the city. On inquiry in the neighbourhood he found that the owner of the mansion was superannuated, and exceedingly jealous of his young wife.

# No. 22. Shakespeare and the Player



*He flattered and pled; she frowned and stormed: but it was not in woman to resist the soft eloquence of a Shakespeare*

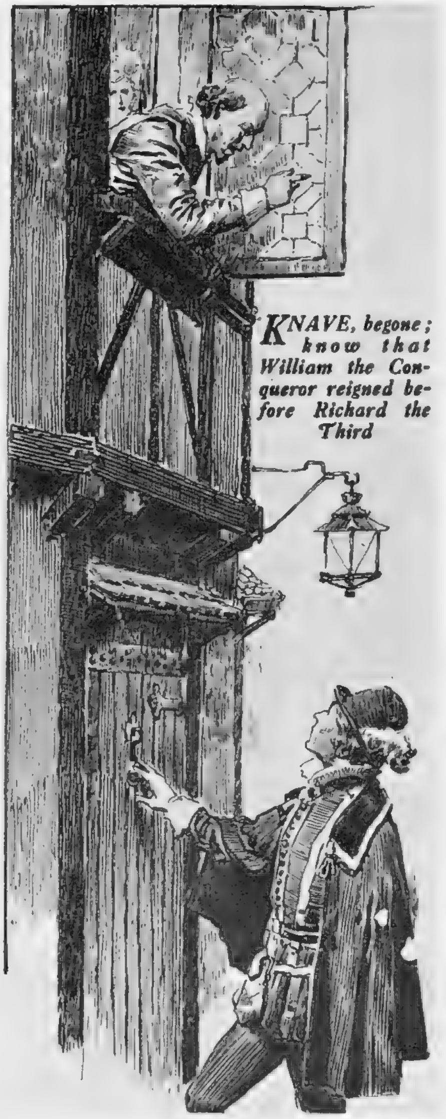
At length the hour of rendezvous approached; and the poet, having given the appointed signal, obtained instant admittance. Nothing could equal the indignation of the lady when she found herself in the arms of a stranger. He flattered and pled; she frowned and stormed: but it was not in woman to resist the soft eloquence of a Shakespeare. It is doubtful if even the hardest of hard-boiled virgins from the Middle-West or the most sophisticated débutante of Mayfair could fling a jibe at or "laugh off" a challenge to the lists of love couched in the burning rhetoric that was to the age of the Tudors what slang is to us to-day.

In a word, the bard supplanted the player, before Burbidge appeared. No sooner had he arrived and given the appointed taps than Shakespeare, putting out his head from the window, demanded his business.

"'Tis I, 'tis I, Richard the Third," replied the impatient Burbidge.

"Richard, forsooth!" rejoined the other. "Knave, begone; know that William the Conqueror reigned before Richard the Third."

—A piece of repartee that should go far to rebut the charge of humour unsalted by wit brought against Shakespeare by those who have read only the speeches of the Gobbo's, *père et fils*.



*KNAVE, begone; know that William the Conqueror reigned before Richard the Third*

## EROS, CONQUEROR OF BELLONA'S BRIDESMAIDS

*(Continued from Page 40.)*

But "eyes looked love to eyes that spake again," and the language of gesture is understanded of the world—that *lingua franca* that renders Esperanto and its kindred a superfluity!

The gestures were sufficiently eloquent to convey the fact that the young man wished the young woman to bring a companion to meet him, also accompanied, the following day; and sufficiently eloquent to convey an acceptance.

The wordless conversation of youth proved so popular that Scythians and Amazons alike joined the "local language school!" The (literally) "No Man's Land" environing the Amazonian encampment was filled with hearts not stilled by the dread command of grim old Mars, but pulsing with joy under the ægis of arrowy Cupid.

Eventually, the two camps were united. Marriages by the hundred were solemnised, and it was decreed by the Scythians—most civilised (on this occasion) of βάρβαροι—that the Amazons should continue to ride, to hunt, and to practise the arts of war and to educate their progeny in similar fashion.

So, conquered in the lists of love, not upon the field of battle, the Amazons passed from the stage of history.

# Continuing a New Series of the Romance of Great Enterprises, and the Men behind them

*Left:*
*THE imposing headquarters of the Westminster Bank, situated in Lothbury*

*Below:*
*THOMAS COUTTS, founder of Coutts Bank, which is now affiliated with the National Provincial Bank*

IN the year of grace 1736, when quarrelsome George the Second seemed quite willing to war with anyone in defence of anything save his own country, there sat in a London counting-house a goldsmith's son, Joseph Freame, who had all the Englishman's growing dislike of European alliances.

They were bad for business ; and what was bad for business was bad for banking ; and Joseph Freame was a banker. Sixty years before, his father had experienced the same feeling of distrust in the financial wisdom of the Throne. The gay and gallant Charles II. had borrowed extensively from Mr. Freame senior : and then gaily repudiated his loans.

Yet the banking business of the Freames had prospered, and on this summer morning of 1736 Mr. Joseph was awaiting the arrival of a young Scotsman with whom he had an appointment of some consequence. The two men were, in fact, about to enter into partnership. And, with the announcement of the visitor's name by the periwigged porter at the door of the Freame counting-house, the story of the five great English joint-stock banks of to-day may be said to start : for the young Scotsman's name was James Barclay.

It is a story stretching back across the grilled counter of your local branch to the ravaging marches of Napoleon across Europe one hundred and thirty years ago ; a story of the Barclays, the Lloyds, and the Coutts, and a score of other banking families ; a story with a great deal of reserved romance behind its cloak of impersonality.

For, although to most of us our banks may seem but awesome places where we are suffered to deposit what little money we have left at the end of the week, it is not merely as savings-banks that the " Big Five " of Great Britain have constituted themselves the greatest banking group in the world, and helped to keep the City of London the financial capital of the globe.

The story of the growth of the " Big Five " runs roughly this way :

Up to the end of the eighteenth century, the Continent—and the world in general—had still looked mainly to such financial centres as Amsterdam, Hamburg, or Frankfort for its money. But the havoc of successive Napoleonic campaigns undermined the stability of the big Dutch and German banking houses, and it was only natural that London, so conveniently protected by the Channel from the personal attentions of the French looters, should have instantly appealed to the merchant moneylenders.

Thus it was that a few hundred square yards of the City of London gradually became the Mecca for men who wanted money to build bridges in China, money for factories in Bulgaria, and money for the million different objects for which ready money is essential. It was not the first time in history that a ruthless autocrat had made a present to his worst enemy ! Not to British enterprise or honesty, but to the overriding ambition of the Corsican invader did England owe its nineteenth-century eminence as a banking centre.

THE next figure in this pageant is probably that of Sir Robert Peel, whose Bank Act in 1844 was destined to have far-reaching results.

For, although London had become the world's banker, it was evident that its own internal banking laws were in need of drastic revision. In that year there were widespread failures in the smaller English country deposit banks on much the same scale that the United States is experiencing to-day. To take a parallel : there is little connection between the Wall Street house of Pierpont Morgan and the First National Bank of Oshwosh City that fails for thirty thousand dollars.

Nor was there really any bond between the private banking houses of the 'thirties

*THE new building of Lloyds Bank in Cornhill. The authorised capital of this bank is £74,000,000, which is larger than any other of the banks belonging to the "Big Five"*

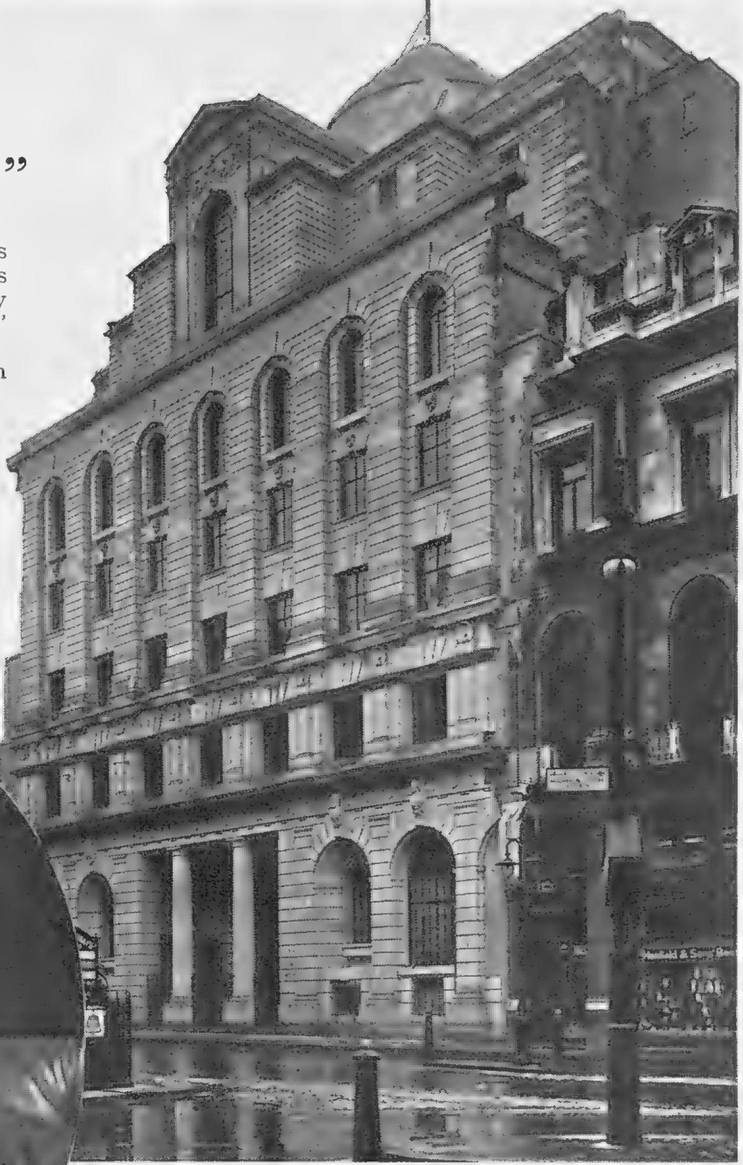
*Right:*
*THE National Provincial Bank's new building at Princes Street corner. Sir Edwin Cooper, A.R.A., was the architect*

# BIG BUSINESS:

## By Gordon Beckles

## No. 6: The "BIG FIVE"

*Below:* *THE new headquarters of the Midland Bank in Poultry. Architects, Gotch and Saunders, with Sir Edwin Lutyens, R.A.*



of a hundred years ago and the little provincial banks. Peel's Bank Act, which put the issue of Bank of England notes under Government control, did much to make the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" what it is to-day: *the great bankers' bank.*

In short, the great progress made by London as a foreign banking centre was not directly benefiting those hundreds of little banks who were wholly concerned with the affairs of the citizens of Great Britain. Yet London became an increasingly irresistible magnet, and widespread amalgamations began with a view to concentrating on the capital—the natural money centre, and clearing house.

These amalgamations continued for some ninety years, years free from any grave banking crisis; indeed, years of unparalleled prosperity in the country's history, when money poured into the small banks, who burst their gorged sides and ate each other up in the race for the survival.

THE golden age of the Victorian era passed by; the foreign entanglements of the early twentieth century emerged; the race for European power began.

Then there strutted again across the face of the Continent the sinister figure of the Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany. From that fateful August morning in 1914 when the Bank Act was suspended and the rate raised to 10 per cent., the joint-stock banks of the country were animated by a single purpose and financial policy, so that when the inferno of the World War ceased to glow there issued from the blasting-furnace of government money control the finely-tempered organisation of the "Big Five" banks. Those banks are, of course, the Midland, Barclays, the National Provincial, Lloyds and the Westminster, and their aggregate deposits are now over fifteen hundred million pounds. One final finishing process was to come before the "Big Five" were to be raised from internal to international importance. This was provided by the foreign banks' insistence that London bills should carry the name of an English bank. Thus the "Big Five" were obliged to enter the foreign market and extend their business abroad, so that each one of the five has branches and agencies in all the world capitals.

*THE Rt. Hon. Reginald McKenna, an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, and now chairman of the Midland Bank*

THE biggest of the five is the Midland Bank, whose Chairman is an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Rt. Hon. Reginald McKenna. It was started in 1836 by a Bank of England clerk named Charles Geach, who had been transferred from London to Birmingham. Its actual title was the Birmingham and Midland Bank, and its capital was £28,000. By the purchase of two small private banking firms, one at Stourbridge, in 1851, and the other at Bewdley, in 1862, the new bank began its never-ceasing growth.

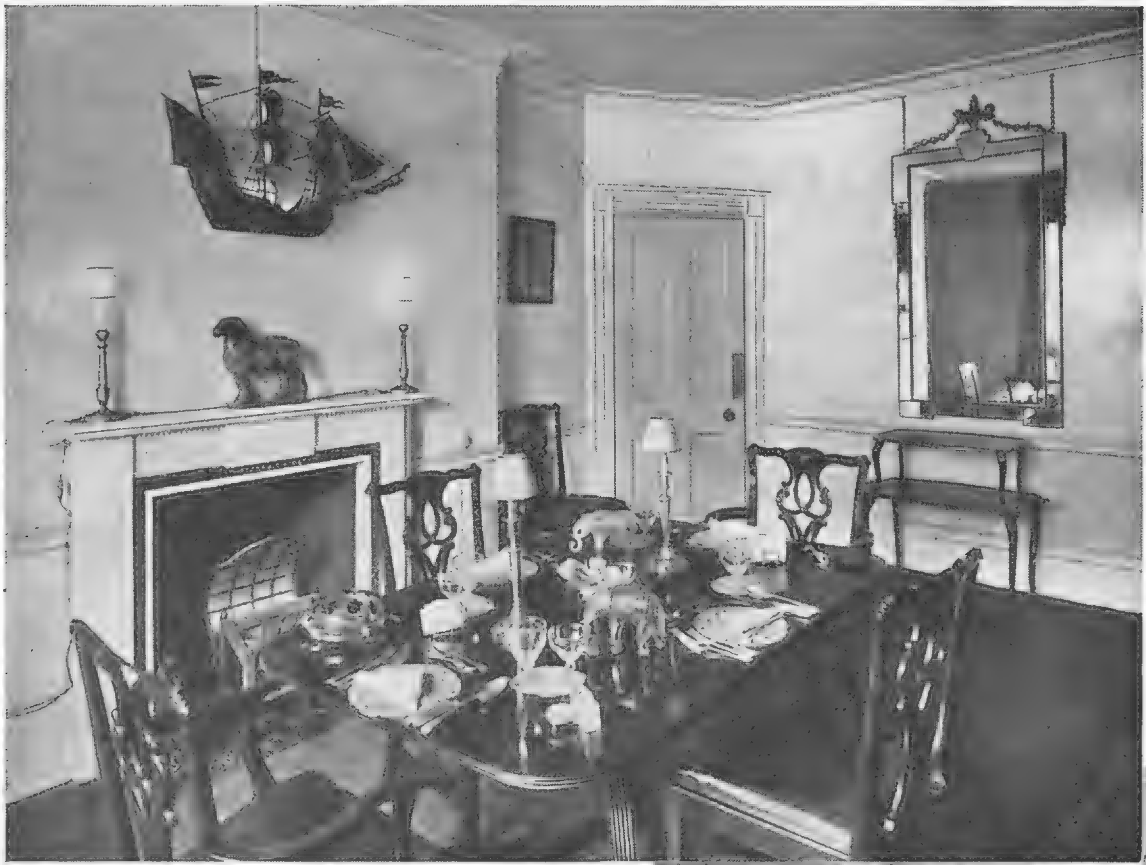
It was in 1881 that a Mr. Edward Holden joined the bank, of which he was to become Chairman and virtual father of the "Big Five" idea.

The policy of taking over smaller banks had begun thirty years before, but before Sir Edward died in 1918, and handed over the control to Mr. McKenna, he had played the leading part in nearly thirty

(*Continued on page* 101)

# ORIGINAL TABLE DECORATIONS

## Some diverse welcoming the



GLASS *elephants, strangely striped, decorate the dining table of Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger, which also boasts a blue and white glass tortoise and a glass goose*

THERE is great scope for originality nowadays in the laying of dining-tables for small parties, especially where a tablecloth is not in use, and amusing play may be made with reflections on the polished surface of the table.

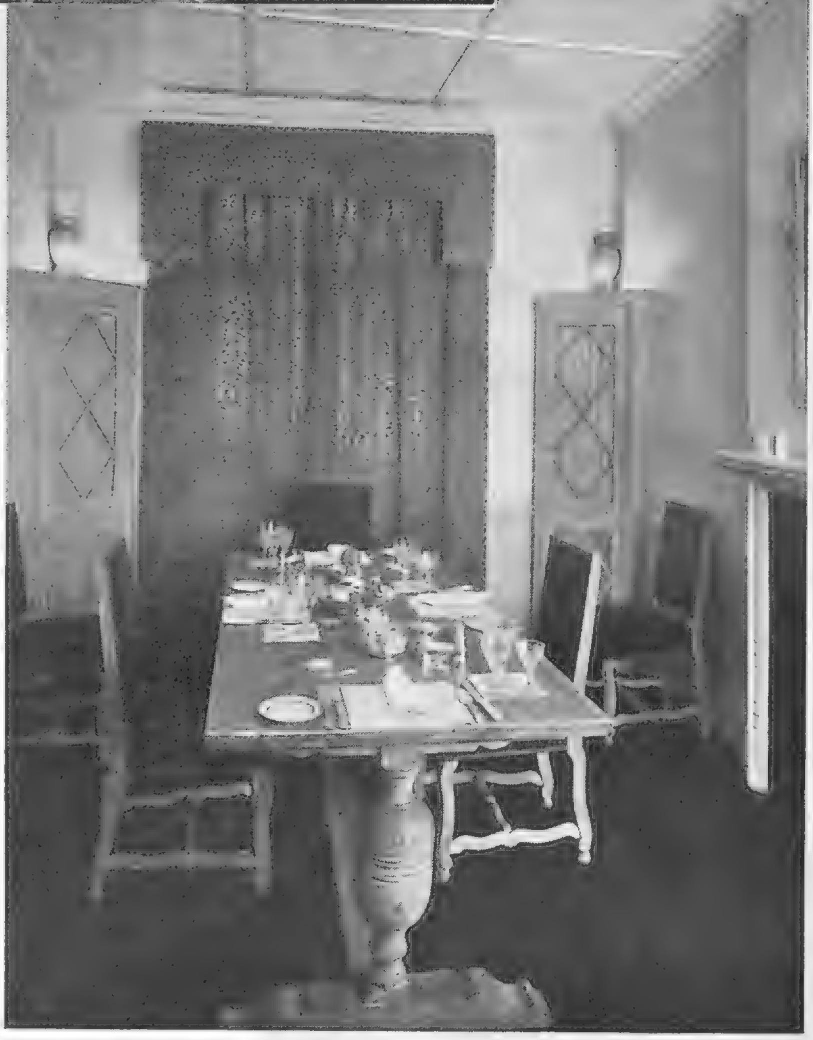
Here are tables as five well-known London hostesses of the younger generation—two of them recent brides—have them laid for luncheon and dinner parties during the season.

Glass animals lend an original air to the luncheon party table when Mrs. Robin D'Erlanger, daughter-in-law of Baroness D'Erlanger, is the hostess, in her Brompton Square house. One of the elephants is of blue and white striped glass, the other is plain. A blue and white glass tortoise glares at a glass goose across a glass bowl of water lilies. Mrs. D'Erlanger's table napkins have a lace edge to match her table mats. Lighting comes from candles at dinner time, from the prow of the ship suspended above the mantelpiece, and from sconces flanking the green horse.

MRS. STEPHEN DE LASZLO, daughter of Baroness de Versen, also likes animals on her refectory table of oak pickled to a pleasant grey-beige, in Stanhope Place. These are of china in tones of blue, beige and yellow, to tone with the butter yellow walls and sapphire blue velvet upholstery of the pickled oak chairs. Italian table mats of natural tinted linen are worked in yellow, and this young hostess gives each guest a glass butter dish and a little blue-handled butter knife. A bowl of fruit makes a simple centrepiece.

AS Mrs. Maxtone-Graham, daughter of the Hon. Dame Eva Anstruther, has a dining-table cellulosed to a pale lily green in Wellington Square, there is no need for her to use mats for her glasses. Neither water nor hot plates can affect the surface of this table, and for appearance' sake only linen mats for the dishes are laid for each guest's plate; they also are of lily green. Four glass candlesticks with green candles make a gleaming decoration for luncheon parties as well as for dinner, and colour is given by four green dishes full of sugared violets, roses, and candied mimosa blossoms. The side table, cellulosed to match, can when more than six guests are entertained, be attached to the dinner table instead of adding an extra leaf.

A DARING contrast has been achieved



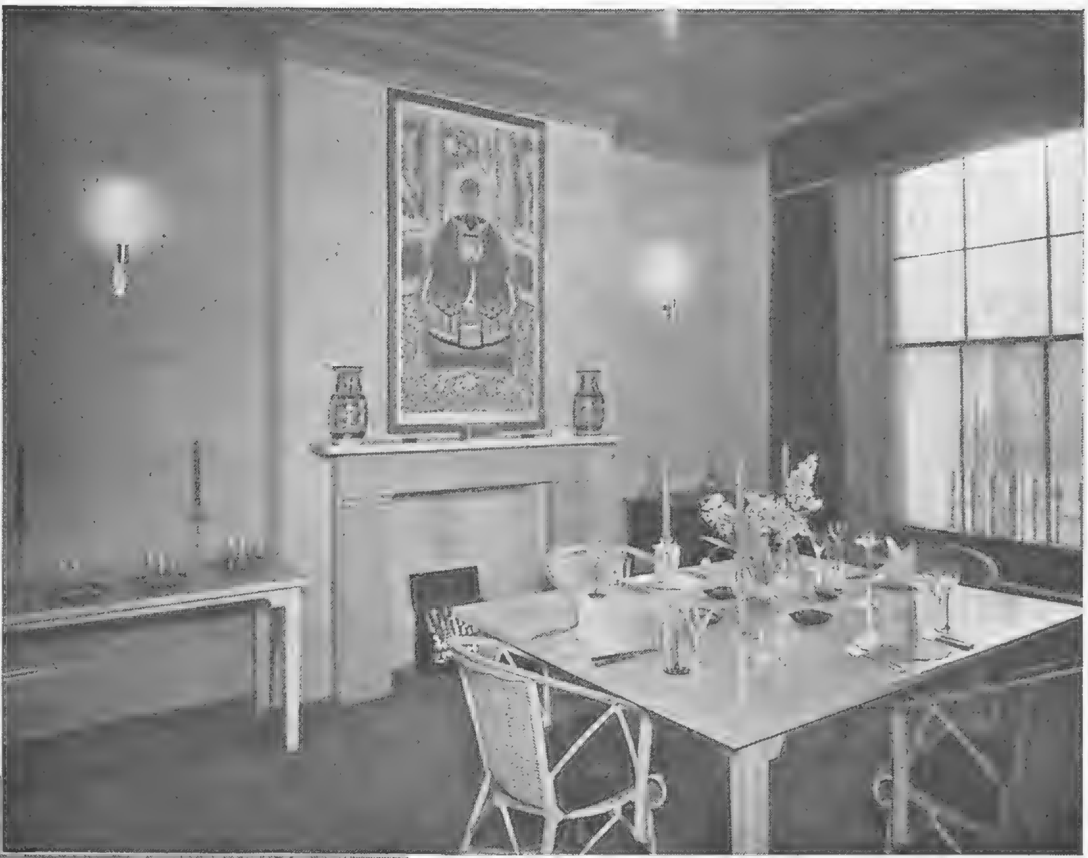
MRS. *Stephen de Laszlo also favours animals but prefers hers to be made of china in gay colours to match the butter yellow walls and blue velvet upholstery of the chairs*

# of MODERN HOSTESSES: By AUDREY WRANGHAM

## manners of honoured guest

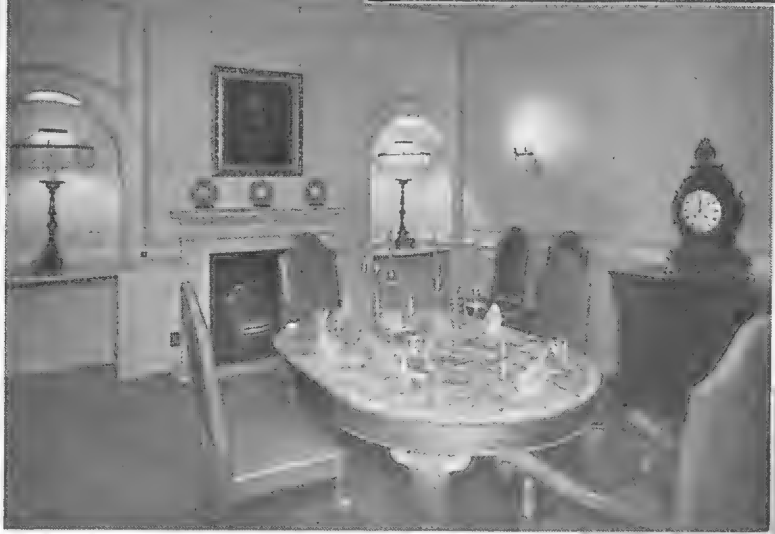
by Mrs. Alan Adair, one of London's most popular hostesses, in her dining-room in Green Street, by the use of apple green table mats and napkins with her table top "marbleised" to represent yellow marble.

Here also mats are only necessary for the dishes. Each guest has a green ashtray provided, and the same apple green has been used to make leather coverings for the dining-room chairs. The candles in the fine silver three-branched sticks are parchment yellow to tone with the walls and ceiling of the room.



*A PALE green cellulosed table permits Mrs. Maxtone-Graham to dispense with mats beneath her glasses, and the green mats beneath the plates are merely for decoration since neither water nor hot plates can harm this durable surface*

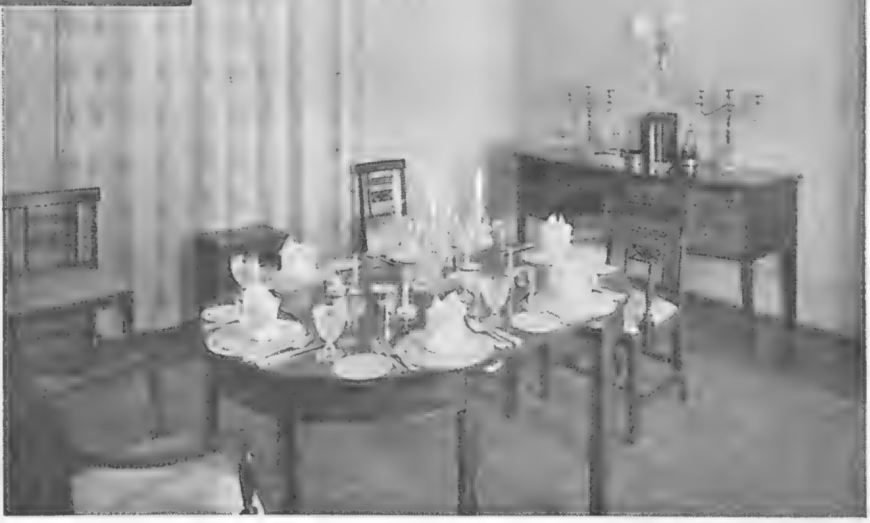
These five dining tables illustrate the close alliance which the younger generation has achieved between such scientific novelties as cellulose and synthetic marble and the charm of candlelight or the attractions of glass and old silver. Indeed, nothing is more striking than the harmonious results which can be achieved by what at first sight would appear to be anachronisms.



*ON a yellow marbleised table Mrs. Alan Adair places mats of apple green linen, and each guest is provided with a green ashtray. The chairs are covered in apple green leather*

MRS. JOCELYN ABEL-SMITH, a recent bride, and a connection by marriage with Lady May Abel-Smith, is an ardent collector of old glass. This is used to great effect on her mahogany dinner-table in Bryanston Street, where an old glass chandelier is fitted with candles and placed on the table, a similar pair, also complete with candles, stand on the mantelpiece. This young hostess likes the effect of candlelight so much that the three branched silver candlesticks on her sideboard are also called into service, and for dinner these candles provide all the illumination required.

A touch of contrasting colour is given to the dinner table by individual emerald green butter knives and a table bell-push to match. Napkins and lace mats are parchment in colour to tone with the painted walls.

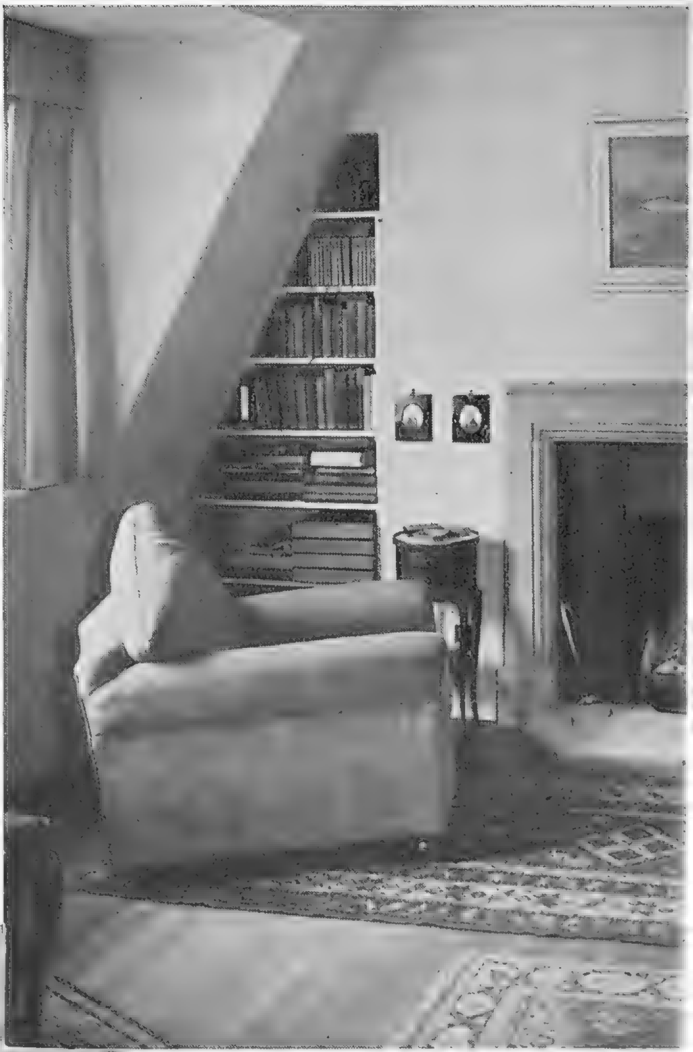


*THE dining room of Mrs. Jocelyn Abel-Smith is lit entirely by candlelight. A glass chandelier fitted with candles stands on the polished table*

# A Practical Flat

## *The residence of Mrs. Gallatly at 10, New Cavendish Street, W.1*

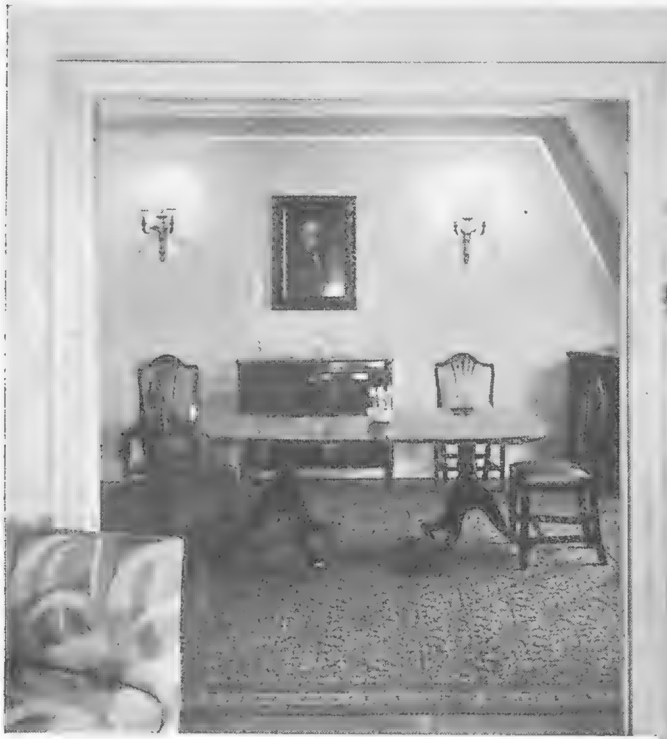
Photographed *by* Humphrey *and* Vera Joel
Described *by* Pamela Murray

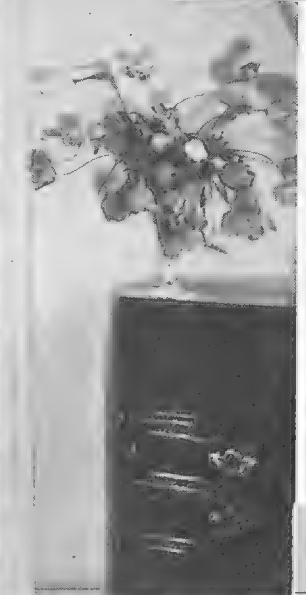


THIS flat is full of good ideas. Modern, but not severe, it is clever but not aggressive and friendly without recourse to fluffy tricks. The owner has realised that a new flat in a new building needs a new set of rules. Furniture must be in scale with its background. Shallow windows call for special curtains. Colour, chiefly because line has returned to a basic simplicity, must say and do more than before.

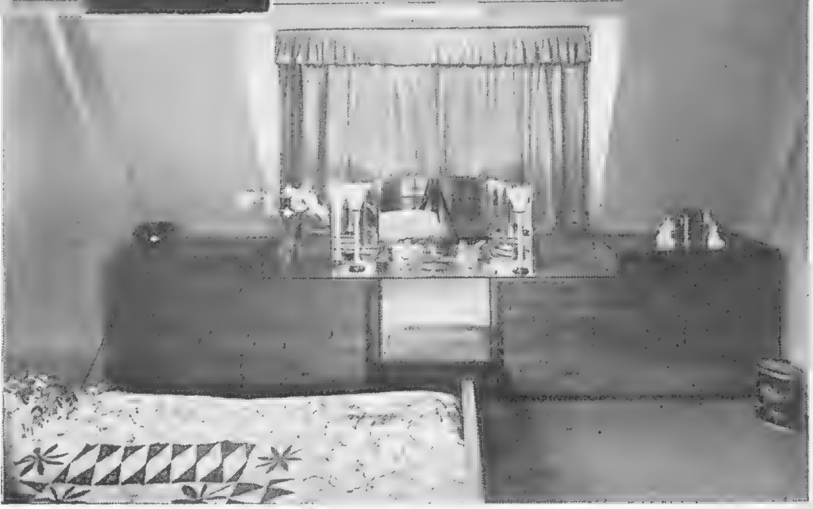
A hall which continues as the arterial passage, on to which all doors open, is a conundrum for decorators in nearly every flat. Here is an agreeable answer. Walls and ceiling have been painted the same clear cream, and the lamps are six-sided lanterns with frosted panes, swinging from the ceiling on six short cords. A beautiful antique chest stands under the first set of tapestry prints, which continue along the passage. There are flowers on the chest and a bowl for letters, but inessentials have been suppressed. The curtains, although made in a brave new design, do not disagree with a graceful pair of antique console tables in the orange, buff and yellow passage beyond. When a passage is fairly wide like this one, it gains by being carpeted without a margin of parquet and by the presence of a few chosen pieces of furniture. There is nothing so reminiscent of a nursing home as a bare landing.

Sliding doors divide the living-room into drawing-room and dining-room and the prevailing colour is a pleasant green. Some nice bits of old furniture look quite at home with the green and buff cubist covers, which goes to prove that old wine in new bottles makes an exciting cocktail. Open fires and choice rugs on parquet floors remind one of a country room, and the "attic" windows are most original. Instead of lining her curtains in the ordinary way, Mrs. Gallatly devised two sets of artificial silk curtains on hidden runners, the outer ones green and the inner apricot, which give scope for various colour schemes in different lights. Bookshelves have been tucked into a wall recess and the charming W. O. Hutchinson landscape has the same moulded frame as the fireplace below it. Simple bowl lamps stand about on small tables, and the single overhead lighting fixture is in three tiers of frosted glass, like an inverted pagoda. There are crystal door knobs for modernity, and a dear old pair of miniatures for "auld lang syne." The dining-room is a simple exercise in mahogany with crystal candlesticks and family pictures.





*ACCESS is given to the dining room from the sitting room by double doors. A pleasant air of homeliness is lent by a family portrait and crystal candlesticks*



*MRS. GALLATLY has designed a dressing table which is the last word in efficiency. It spans the whole width of the room*

*In the living room the prevailing colour is green and the chair covers are patterned in green and buff. At the windows are two sets of silk curtains, one green and one apricot, which give a charming and unusual light*

MRS. GALLATLY designed her own dressing-table, which is a dream of ingenuity. It spans the whole width of the room, has twenty-two drawers in four different sizes, and the top is divided into three sections; one for her telephone, one for her favourite books supported by white china cats as book-ends, and the centre for a triple mirror, a dressing-table set and a pair of lamps with delicious shades like shuttlecocks, made of cream talc. All the furniture here is modern unstained mahogany. The built-in cupboard has mirror doors, divided into panes, and wooden handles. Inside there are special pegs for shoes, lights for convenience and a sandalwood lining for sophistication. The bedroom colouring is apricot, and orange carpets continue from the hall. Seldom have I met a lovelier bedspread. It is glazed chintz with a lamé centre and was made from great-grandmother's wedding dress, circa 1814, but it looks even more 1932 than its setting. The dressing-room has a chest-of-drawers-cum-dressing-table which was made to fill and fit the window recess. Here the main tone is mushroom with plum carpet, masculine comfort having been carefully studied, while the lemon nursery with its ceiling of clouds is an ideal choice for the very young. There is a fitted wash basin with a tile splash back, glass-topped furniture, quilted bedspreads and a capable odd-job table for Nannie's table-cooker and crockery. Two bathrooms (one for nursery and staff) are uniformly white and sparkling, while the luggage cubby-hole is an essential which so many architects manage to forget. I admired the kitchen, with its all-white efficiency and giant refrigerator, immensely. Bigger and lighter than most flat kitchens, comforts such as double draining-board, adequate plate-racks and lines for drying clothes above the traffic level are noteworthy. The telephone exchange (there is an extension to every room) is here, and shallow cupboards conceal unsightly pipes, while a long, white, built-in dresser, with chromium-plated handles and dainty china on show behind glass doors, is charming. I also liked the six-sided built-in electric wall clock, which insures against irregular meals. All the paint is enamelled and the linoleum in emphatic checks covers the floor.

*IN the hall a beautiful antique chest stands under the first of a set of tapestry prints which continue along the passage*

THIS is a liveable kitchen with a human personality, and in these days of staff problems nothing is more important than to stress the comfort of those who carry out the ceaseless domestic round. I often wonder how Victorian homes were cleaned at all, when one remembers the gloomy, dusty basements, where maids lived and learned their work under such uncongenial conditions. A wireless set or a gramophone is as essential to the modern kitchen as a refrigerator and an electric stove. Music after the day's work is done can act as an excellent incentive towards careful cuisine and spotless housework. Mrs. Gallatly has resisted the temptation to over-furnish her flat or to follow eccentric lighting schemes. The charming table lamps in the living-room are evidence of this quiet refusal to dramatise modernity.

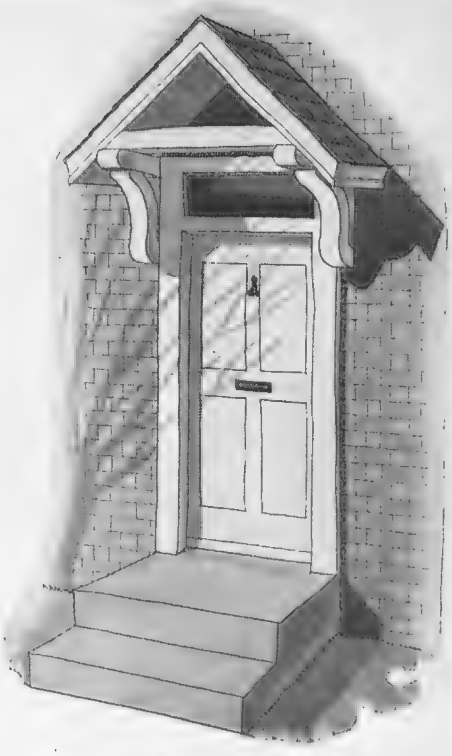
It pays to have a definite collector's taste or a flair for needlework like Mrs. Gallatly, who has embroidered her own chair seats in *petit point*, worthy of a more leisured age.

To be always adding beauty or comfort to your home is to keep it and yourself young, alive and pleasing.

*A CHEST of drawers has been built to fit the window recess in the dressing room, which has a plum-coloured carpet*

# A New Front-Door

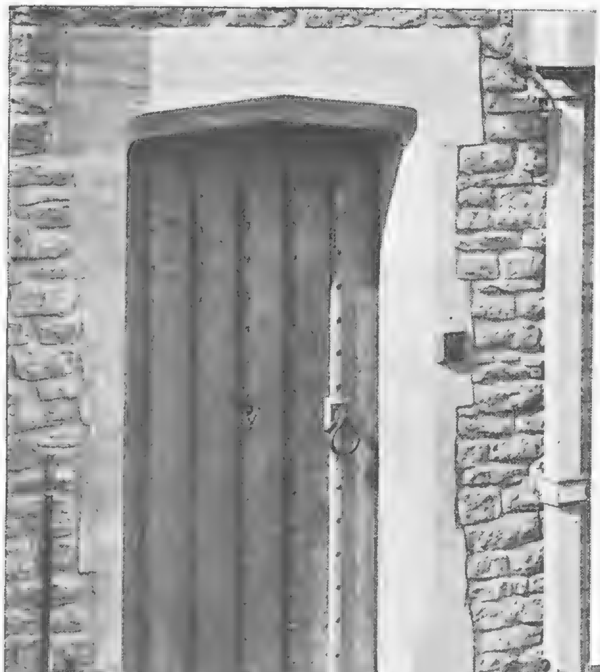
### By Peggy Fremantle



BEFORE

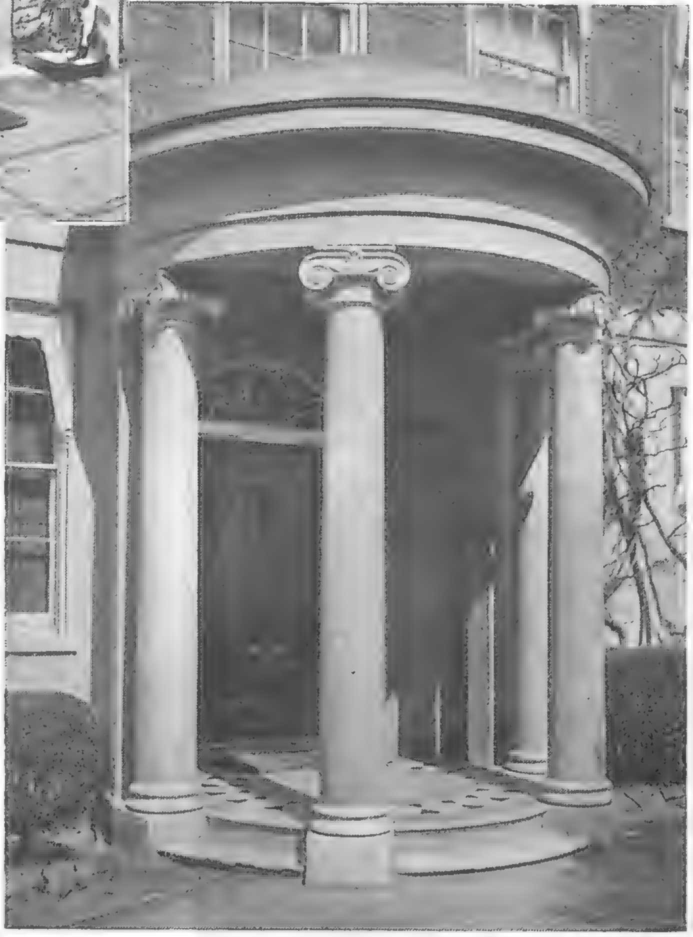
*THE door to your home all comers and should be style of the house ana*

IN these hard times there are many people who had hoped to move to larger houses, but have been obliged to stay where they are in surroundings with which they are utterly bored. Many others have had to cut expenses and move to smaller houses or flats. They may thoroughly dislike their present abodes, and if this is so, I, for one, am very full of sympathy for them. Nothing is more soul-destroying than ugly or uncongenial surroundings. People so unfortunately placed sometimes get into the habit of using all their spare cash to get away from their homes for week-ends or for many successive evenings. To them I should like, if I may, to make one or two suggestions about ways in which a few pounds may be spent here and there on improving the house with which they are so dissatisfied, so that evenings and week-ends at home will become once more a rest and a joy instead of a source of irritation.



*THIS simple form of the typical Tudor door was faithfully reproduced in the original materials—untreated oak reinforced with large-headed iron nails. The surround here is of stone, but would be equally good in small-sized brick or in solid oak*

Other people are perhaps buying houses in that half-finished state where, as the builders say, they can be "finished to suit purchasers' requirements." That sounds encouraging, but it is so difficult to decide what one's requirements are! Often a few touches here and there may turn a quite commonplace house into one of considerable distinction, or an old house which has been stripped of its characteristic features may have its pristine charm restored.



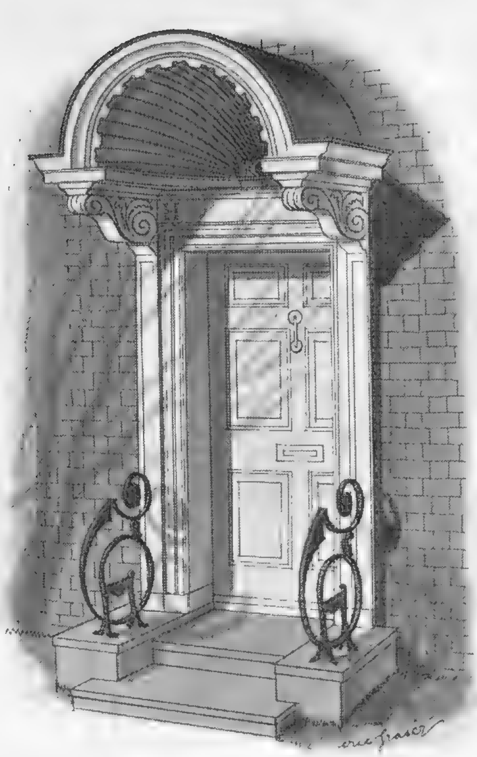
*THIS circular Georgian porch has been added to a house of an earlier date. It could be copied in concrete and would not be over-expensive. The addition of another circular step would improve the composition of the whole*

A friend to whom I had preached this gospel telephoned to me the other day. She is a very direct person, and so am I; so we wasted no time.

"You remember my front door?" she said. "Well, you know how hideous it is! I think I have saved enough money to pay for a new one, but I don't know quite how to set about it; so will you come and help me?"

I was delighted that such an unpleasant excrescence as that porch of hers was to be consigned to the oblivion which it deserved, and also that I had been called into consultation over the coming into being of its successor.

This friend of mine has excellent taste, but I am sure she will not mind if I say that her knowledge of architecture is limited, and that she has the good sense to admit it. Architecture and interior decorating are not easy subjects for the dabbler, and she is like many other people of taste who can see when things are wrong, but lack the knowledge to put them right. Almost anyone can recognise a badly cut coat, but few are tailors.



AFTER

*BEFORE and AFTER*

*A TRANSFORMATION in the whole aspect of a small Queen Anne house will have taken place when the change foreshadowed in these two sketches has become an actuality. The mean little penthouse over the door shown in the left-hand picture will be gone for ever, and in its place will be a doorway with all the graceful dignity of the original period of the house. The final architectural drawings for the new door were the work of a young architect, Mr. Godfrey Samuel*

# *should give a welcome to in keeping both with the the character of its owner*

THE house in question was originally a farmhouse, quite small and, though in a populous district near London, well screened from other houses by trees and the slope of the ground. It is one of those "composite" houses, with features of various periods. The interior might be Tudor, though the windows are typically Queen Anne and the outside walls have been refaced with good Georgian red brick. The original low door and door casing have disappeared and been replaced by a tall thin wooden porch which had been elongated to a vile proportion to admit a fanlight to light a tiny passage which had been divided off from the main hall.

This partition wall has now been taken down again, and so a fanlight is not necessary. The door casing has been broadened considerably in order to achieve the right proportion. Width is one of the great points which must not be lost sight of when visualising new doorways. A narrow door is one of the meanest looking things imaginable.

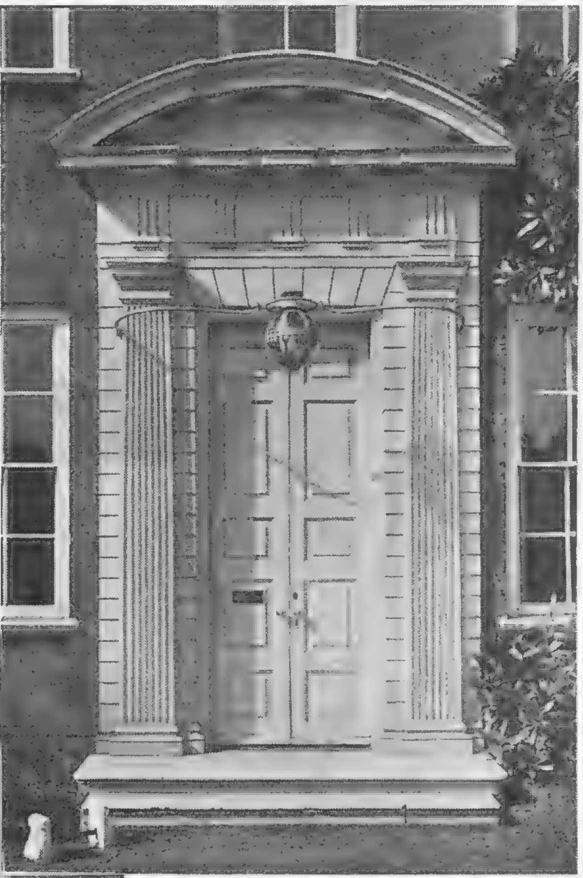
There was a wide field of choice for us to explore when thinking out the new design. It could be Charles II, Queen Anne or Georgian.

Something slightly protruding was advisable, as the house is rather flat and square, and we wanted to make it more interesting.

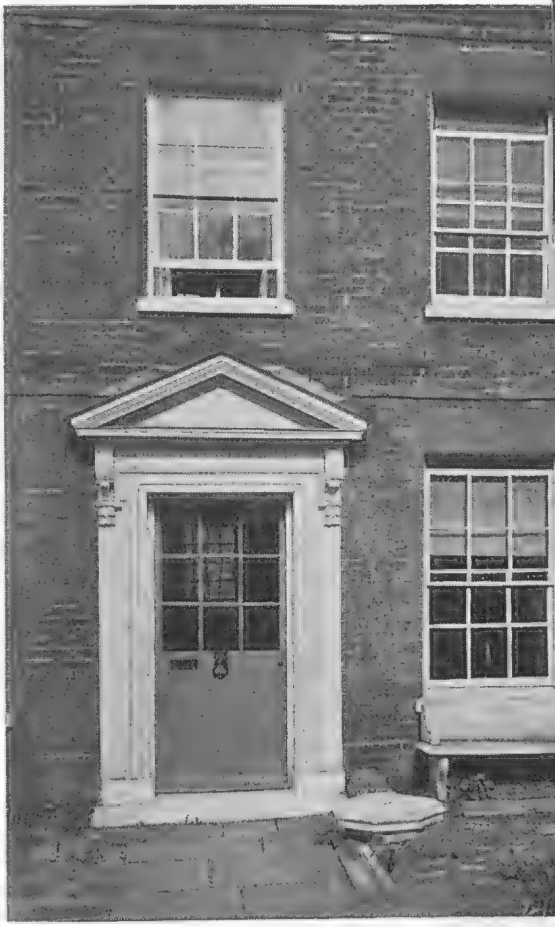
We pored over books and photographs in an architectural library and finally crystallised our ideas into a definite design. We chose the charming shell-shaped hooded cowl of the days of Queen Anne, unsupported by columns, but balanced below by stone blocks and wrought iron scrolls on either side of the steps. The cowl and architraves are to be made of wood, with the underside of the shell carved, and the whole roofed with virgin lead. This design is particularly well suited to the house, as its rounded form breaks up the rectangular lines with which it is surrounded.

The windows are set off by the new doorway, and it becomes the focal point of the façade and crystallises the whole character of the place. From the moment it is completed a rather dull little house will become a Queen Anne house of quite definite character and charm and, incidentally, of greatly increased value should its owner ever have to sell. But I think she never will.

I have told the story of my friend's front door at some length because I think it shows the right point of view about these things and the sensible way of attacking the problems which they inevitably involve. Now for other people's troubles!



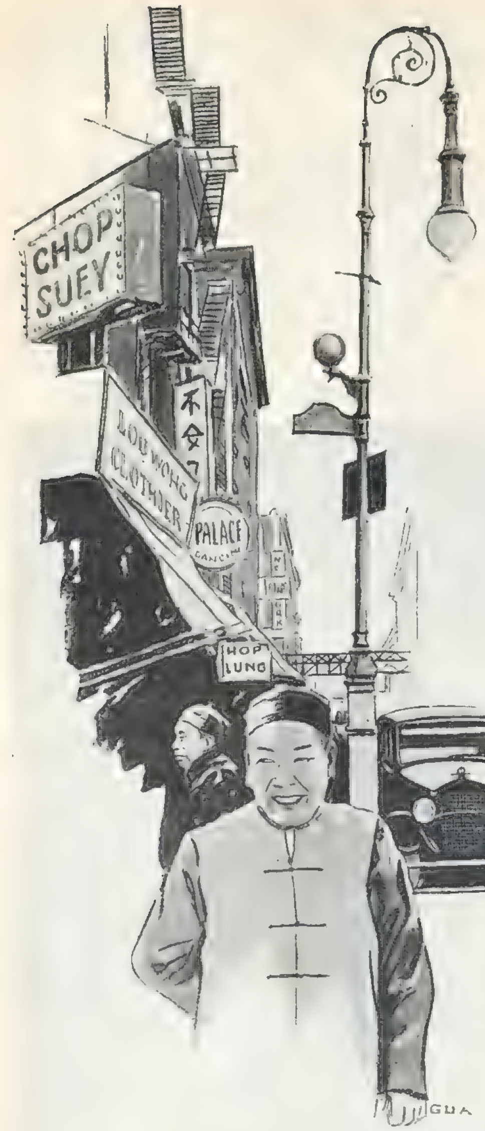
*THE boldness of design which is typical of the English Renaissance is exemplified by the doorway to a late seventeenth-century house. The graceful lantern was probably added later, but does not detract from the beauty of the whole. Doorway is of white painted wood*



*A SIMPLE Georgian doorway in wood, painted cream colour. The door itself, which is modern, shows an admirable method of admitting light to a small hall without losing character. It is bright grass green. This type would suit many modern houses*

THE obvious first point when embarking on a new front door is to make it suit and set off the rest of the house. The pleasant brick-built type of modern house, the sash or casement windows of which have fairly large panes and painted wood or metal frames, is best suited by a doorway of

(*Continued on page* 98)



*No one—least of all the New York Cops—would have prophesied for Johnny Wong's crooked ways and days a*

# Happy Ending

By

## Achmed Abdullah

*Illustrated by Geo. D. Alexander*

VAGUE and bitter, since the beginning, had been the tale of Johnny Wong's life.

Vague and bitter his birth, somewhere in the reeking, coiling, ironic shadows of Chatham Square, where Pell Street plays hide-and-seek with the Bowery and where Chinatown jeers at the White Man's world.

Vague and bitter the memories of his mother, a Portuguese from Honolulu with a strong dash of Kanaka blood in her veins, whose death—her little son, five at the time, had been a witness to it—had been tragic in a sordid way, although the tragedy had not loomed very large in the morning papers, indeed no more than an inch on the third page, topped by a small headline:

"Chinaman's Wife Killed by Hit-and-Run Driver."

Vague and bitter, too, the memories of his father, an immensely tall, angular and cadaverous Cantonese coolie who had reached New York—and, by the same token, had cheated the Asiatic Exclusion Law—via a tramp ship's stokehole, a dive overboard, a swim, and his hand jerking out of the greasy, swirling water and gripping the slippery piles at the foot of the Battery; who had called his motherless offspring extravagant terms of Mongol endearment in moments of maudlin opium drunkenness, to cuff him severely when the poppy-drug died in his brain, leaving it crimson and dry and cruel; and who, on a fine, moon-bright night, had been knifed in a brawl with a red-bearded Finnish sailor.

Thereupon—after the older Mr. Wong's emaciated body had been encased in a plain, narrow pine coffin while, to believe the Buddhist priest at the Mott Street joss temple, his weary and rather disreputable soul had leaped the Dragon Gate to join the souls of his ancestors at the Seven Springs of Exquisite Beatitude—thereupon it had been, for Johnny Wong, an orphan asylum.

Loneliness it had been for him, since he had been devoted to his father in spite of the latter's unstable disposition. A blue worsted uniform it had been, and gray worsted discipline, and other small orphans—Greeks and Syrians and Porto Ricans—proving their racial and social superiority by yelling at him: "Chinkie! Chinkie! Aw—pipe de yaller Chinkie!" and he proving his own, if not racial and social, then at least physical superiority by bloodying many a nose—of Greek and Syrian and Porto Rican.

LATER on he had been given a sort of post-graduate course in a Lower East Side settlement house presided over by a New Hampshire spinster's silk-gloved, slightly pathetic and altogether inefficient kindliness. He had been guilty of a boyish escapade—the matter of a push-cart upset and a handful of sticky candy purloined—without real harm except what a policeman had read into it. And so there had followed eighteen months in an institution, not precisely a reformatory, which hid its Christian charity and compassion beneath a cloak of meticulous wire-drawn, superbly starched and as superbly statistical rectitude—a bleak rectitude that was unable to counteract the wicked gutter wisdom imparted to the younger by the older boys—a chilly and queerly unhuman rectitude that, somehow, crushed whatever decent impulses Johnny might have developed and brought to the fore whatever was savage and lawless.

Finally he had drifted back to his native heath, to Chinatown—Chinatown squatting yellow and sardonic and secretive; stabbing in, between Mulberry Bend and the Bowery's sordid, scabbed, teeming tenements, like a thin, contemptuous wedge of Asia; squeezing the dimes already squeezed bone-dry by narrow-chested, whining Russian Hebrews and shaving the nickels already shaved to the vanishing point by bull-necked Sicilians who talked shrilly, melodramatically, about the price of garlic and olive oil.

For they were traders all, these lemon-coloured invaders from beyond the Pacific. Shrewd traders who understood the necessity of putting brand-new quirks and twists in their tough coolie brains in order to meet the beggar's competition of Europe's backstairs . . . the which they did, to the confusion of the latter and their own honest enrichment; the enrichment, also, of certain less honest of their own number, such as Johnny Wong.

Indeed—and for this you can blame whatever you prefer: original sin, or his character, or his mixed ancestry, or New York's crazy-quilt cosmos which had spewed him forth and fashioned him—Johnny had not the keen, decent industry of his father's race. He showed industry only in the riffling of cards, the agile fingering of bamboo-and-ivory Mah Jong tiles, a roaring of illicit traffic in treacly Canton opium and villainous bootleg whisky, and the holding up, in skulking, shadow-painted hallways, of peaceful Chinese burgesses and indignant sightseers from Kansas and Nebraska.

A most unsavory lad he was. Sleek and smooth as an eel. Crooked as a Moro dagger. Plausible as a Coney Island spieler. Furtive and reticent as an Avenue A fire-escape. Ruthless as a wild-cat. Quick as a Montana gambler who slips a hand up his sleeve for the jack of diamonds to fill his inside straight flush.

A lad he was who, at a tender age, had made the resolution, successfully carried out, that the world to which—as he reckoned it—he owed nothing, owed him a living, and a mighty good one. And he did not give a tinker's curse that his method of collecting this living caused the stout, elderly Pell Street merchants to raise shocked hands and to exclaim that—Buddha!—the men of the younger generation had forgotten the old ways, the good ways, the ways of their honourable ancestors; caused them to sigh that doubtless—Buddha! Buddha!—it was all the fault of the Americans, the foreign barbarians.

Nor did it worry him that—which was more pertinent—Bill Devoy, detective of Second Branch and specialising in the Chinatown beat of sewer gas and opium and mazed, yellow-and-white passions, had been heard to remark to his cousin, Brian Neill, the owner of the corner speak-easy:

"Never caught that baby with the goods. But some day I'm goin' to . . ."

"Whom d'ya mean, Bill?"

"Johnny Wong—that stinkin', lousy, unregenerate, ape-faced Mongol roughneck!"

Here was a heartfelt statement. Yet it was not entirely fair—at least as to the "ape-faced" part.

JOHNNY WONG was not ape-faced. He was, on the contrary, rather good-looking—with his slim hips, his clean, straight length of limb, the free swing of his broad shoulders, his well-knit frame, his high-bridged nose, the flash of his white, even teeth, the neat if slightly foppish cut of his clothes, and the rakish, devil-may-care tilt to his brown derby.

Indeed, with his five foot eleven of athletic muscle and brawn, he represented one of those exclusively American miracles by token of which, all accepted theories of eugenics notwithstanding, two or three underbred, underfed, inimical races can mix their pitiful seed and produce a perfect human body; can produce, furthermore, a certain diamond-hard philosophy of life—as expressed, for instance, in the saying, forever on Johnny's thin lips:

"Never give a sucker an even break?"

Such was his slogan. Such was his Gospel and Leviticus. Such his personal, intimate Holy Writ—and he honoured and obeyed it with eager, almost fanatical, intent.

No good. Call him that. Call him wittingly and cynically lost to grace. Except that—chalk this up to his credit—he was, most decidedly, the captain of his soul; was, too, quite as decidedly, a man without fear.

And you must consider one more thing. A thing very curious and quaint and anomalous. A thing which, having read, you will promptly disbelieve.

For he was by way of being an idealist in his relations to the female of the species . . .

Where women were concerned, Johnny's hard-boiled philosophy left him. It left him flat and ingenuously floundering; left him shy.

Not because women disliked him, avoided him.

The precise opposite was the case. They liked him a whole lot. Had he given them the faintest encouragement, they would have more than liked him; and he might have had his full share of easy loving in this down-town land of easy loving.

In this one respect he was—we repeat—an idealist, a Sir Launcelot and Chevalier Bayard and Don Quixote rolled into one. On the other hand, he was "just a nut, nuthin' but a crazy damn-fool sap"—according to certain of his pals, though not according to Father Hillary Muldoon.

The latter officiated at the little Gothic chapel of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, straight across the street from Brian Neill's speak-easy. He was a priest who—so the old women around Chinatown insisted—knew most things and guessed the rest; a priest utterly convinced of the reality of the spiritual world; a priest who was forever hunting for man's essential and congenital worth with a devotee's zeal, forever searching for the small, golden bead at the bottom of the blackened crucible, and forever finding it.

One evening, Detective Bill Devoy asked this priest, who was his good friend and had sat on the same bench with him, years ago, in public school No. 25 over at East Fifth:

"Wot d'ya make o' Johnny Wong?"

"What way?"

"The way he keeps away from the molls, the girls."

"What do *you* make of it, Bill?"

"I guess it's his cleverness. Y'see—that baby knows his onions. He's wise to the fact that it's always a chicken that cooks a man's goose—that it's always a skirt who, in the end, lands a crooked guy in jail—slips a tip to the cops the moment he goes and gets himself another jane."

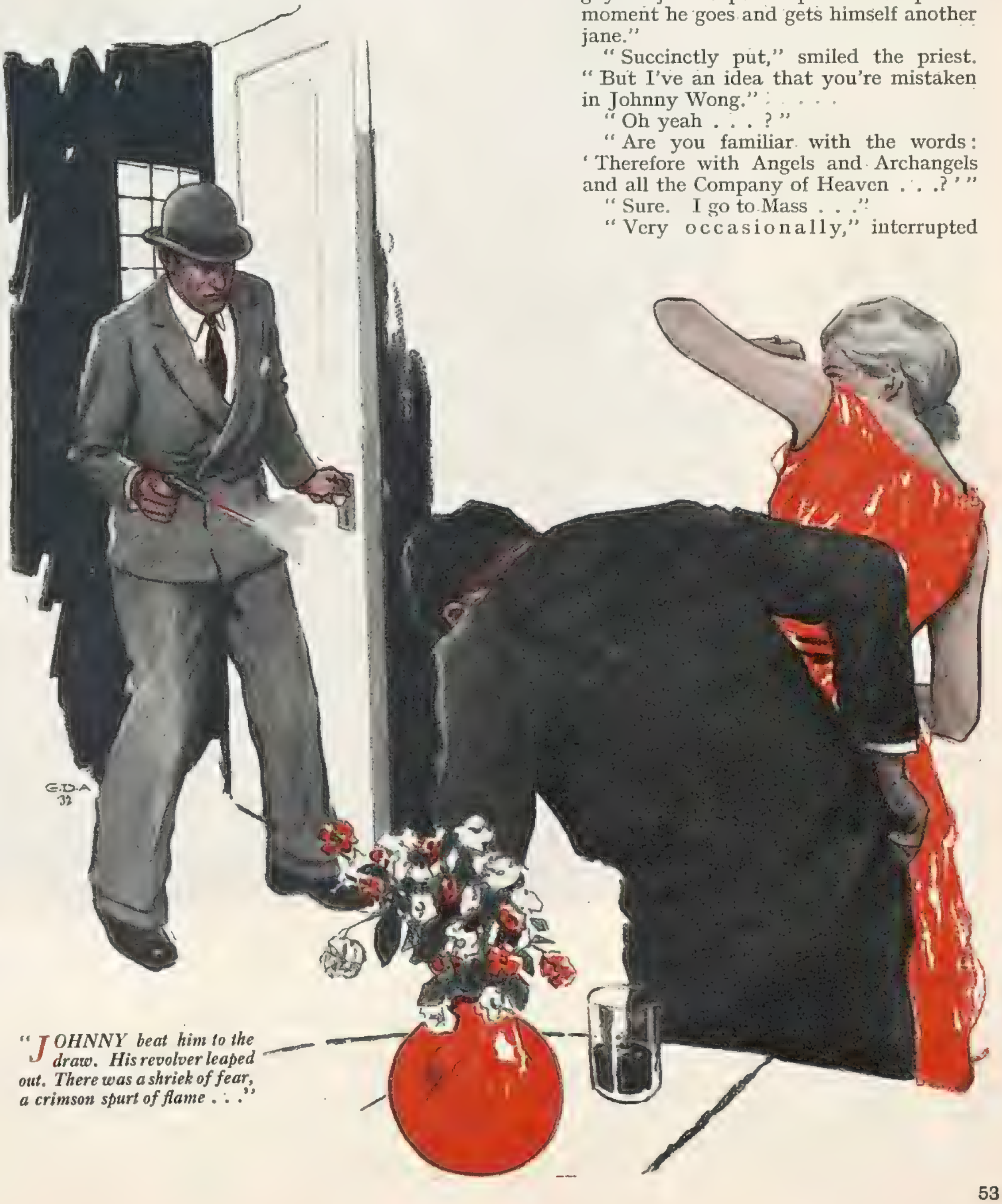
"Succinctly put," smiled the priest. "But I've an idea that you're mistaken in Johnny Wong." . . .

"Oh yeah . . . ?"

"Are you familiar with the words: 'Therefore with Angels and Archangels and all the Company of Heaven . . .?'"

"Sure. I go to Mass . . ."

"Very occasionally," interrupted



*"JOHNNY beat him to the draw. His revolver leaped out. There was a shriek of fear, a crimson spurt of flame . . ."*

Father Muldoon, while his friend blushed. "Let me interpret these words for you. They refer to man's intrinsic worth, the intrinsic goodness—even of sinners. That's what is meant by the Company of Heaven. Johnny's Company of Heaven is his respect for women, his decency where the latter are concerned. And I believe that, ultimately, this decency will save his soul."

Bill Devoy shook his round, stubborn Celtic head.

"Beggin' your pardon," he said, "but . . ."

"But . . . ?"

"You're all wet!"

The priest gave a little laugh, and the other went on:

"If that baby reforms—this side o' the hot seat over at Sing Sing—then there's hope for the Devil himself."

"And is there anything in the Blessed Scriptures to prove that there is *no* hope for the Devil?"

"Mebbe. I don't know a thing about theology. But I know a lot about Chinatown. And—take it from me—Johnny ain't booked for paradise. Not he!"

"Purgatory comes before paradise."

"Even purgatory is too cool for him. Why—if ever he should toin over a new leaf, then I'm a Scotchman by the name of Baccigaluppi Einstein—see . . . ?"

"And yet I was taught in seminary that it is often for the sake of woman that man is guilty of black sin—and for the sake of woman that he performs high deeds of virtue and valour."

"No use arguin' with you. You know too many woids. Only—as to Johnny—well—I'm right and you're wrong."

But, by the end of the month, it seemed that the opposite was true, that the detective was wrong and the priest right. For—and Pell Street wondered and gossiped and snickered—a different Johnny appeared in Chinatown and on the Bowery; a Johnny who had indeed turned over a new leaf—because of a girl . . .

SHE was a half-breed, American-born Chinese like himself, and she was called Gwendolyn Tza.

Her dark eyes were almond-shaped, and her face held the youth of her nineteen years. Her hair was golden-yellow—a heritage from her Danish mother—and priceless. Her mouth was innocent, and her breasts showed soft and blossomy beneath the too sheer silk of her dress.

He met her at a dance given by a down-town Tammany Hall social club to which he belonged. She had come alone; had noticed the announcement; had bought herself a ticket.

"Peachy-lookin' kid!" he thought the moment he saw her.

He stared at her. She smiled at him. He smiled back. Suddenly, queerly, his usual diffidence in his encounters with women left him; and he told her, straight out, what he thought:

"Ye're a peachy-lookin' kid."

"Ye're quite an eyeful yerself," she rejoined.

The music blared forth a stammering, lascivious jazz. He crooked an arm invitingly. They danced; talked as they danced.

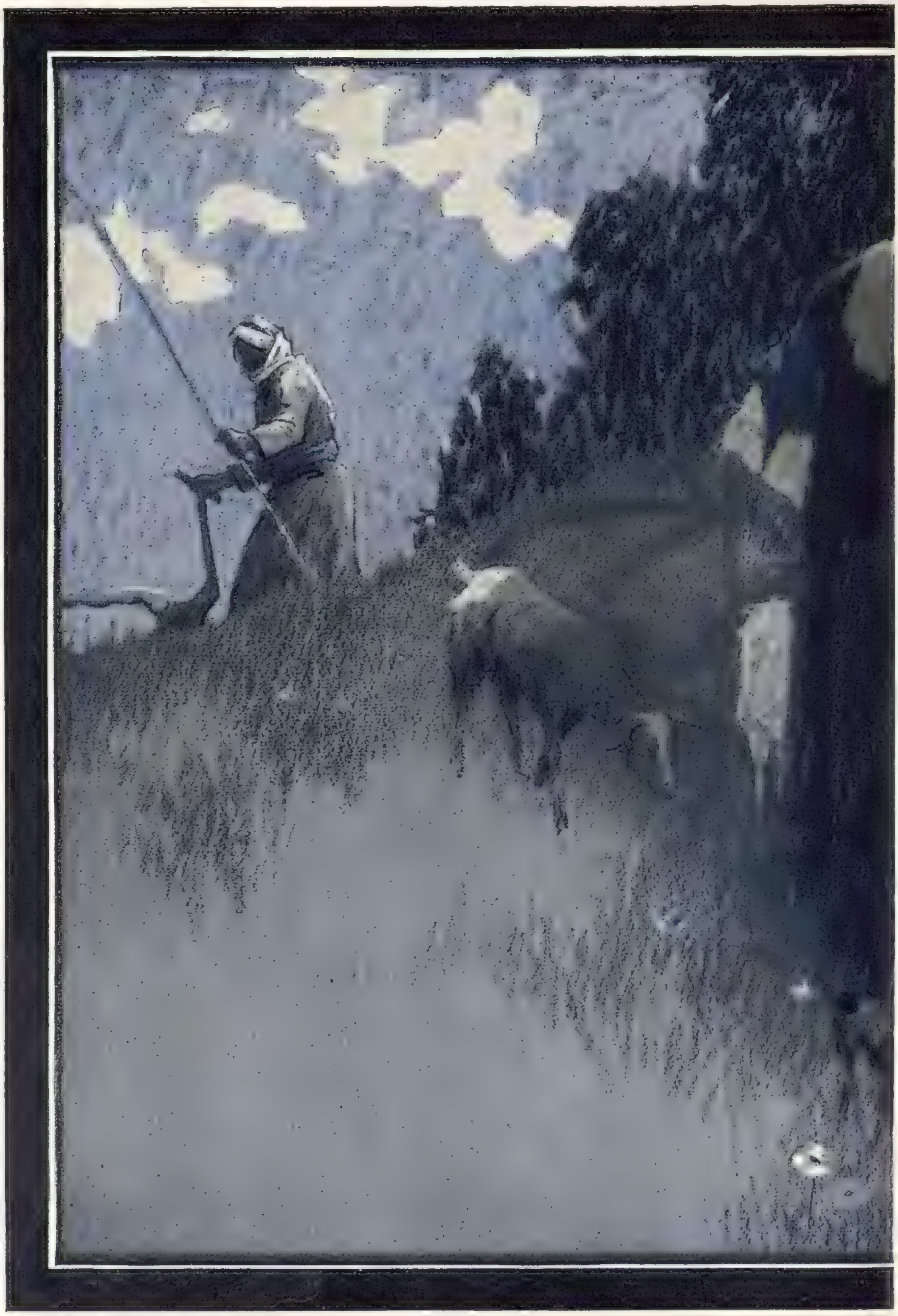
"New-comer—ain't yer?" he inquired.

"Ye've sed it. Got here from Chicago a few weeks ago."

"Like N'Yawk?"

"You bet! Swell little dump. Swell guys."

"Know many guys?"



*AND so, one afternoon, coming upon her in a*
*her very simply, in Arabic that was no longer*

"Three or four. Swell guys," she repeated.

Quickly, unreasonably, he became conscious of a sharp pang of jealousy; did not want to let on.

"Oh yeah . . . ?" he drawled.

"Oh yeah," she echoed, with a sideways, faintly amused glance of which he was not aware. The music stopped. They sat down.

"Where yer livin', kid?" he asked.

"Up around Fourteenth."

"Oh—" Fourteenth Street was far removed from Chinatown; not geographically, being not many blocks north, but socially and financially—"who yer livin' with?"

"Cousins."

"Lemme call."

"Ye wouldn't like 'em. They—" quickly—"they're my mother's people—sorta old-fashioned. . . ."

"But—I *gotta* see yer again!"

"Well"—she smiled—"wot about gettin' together down here?"

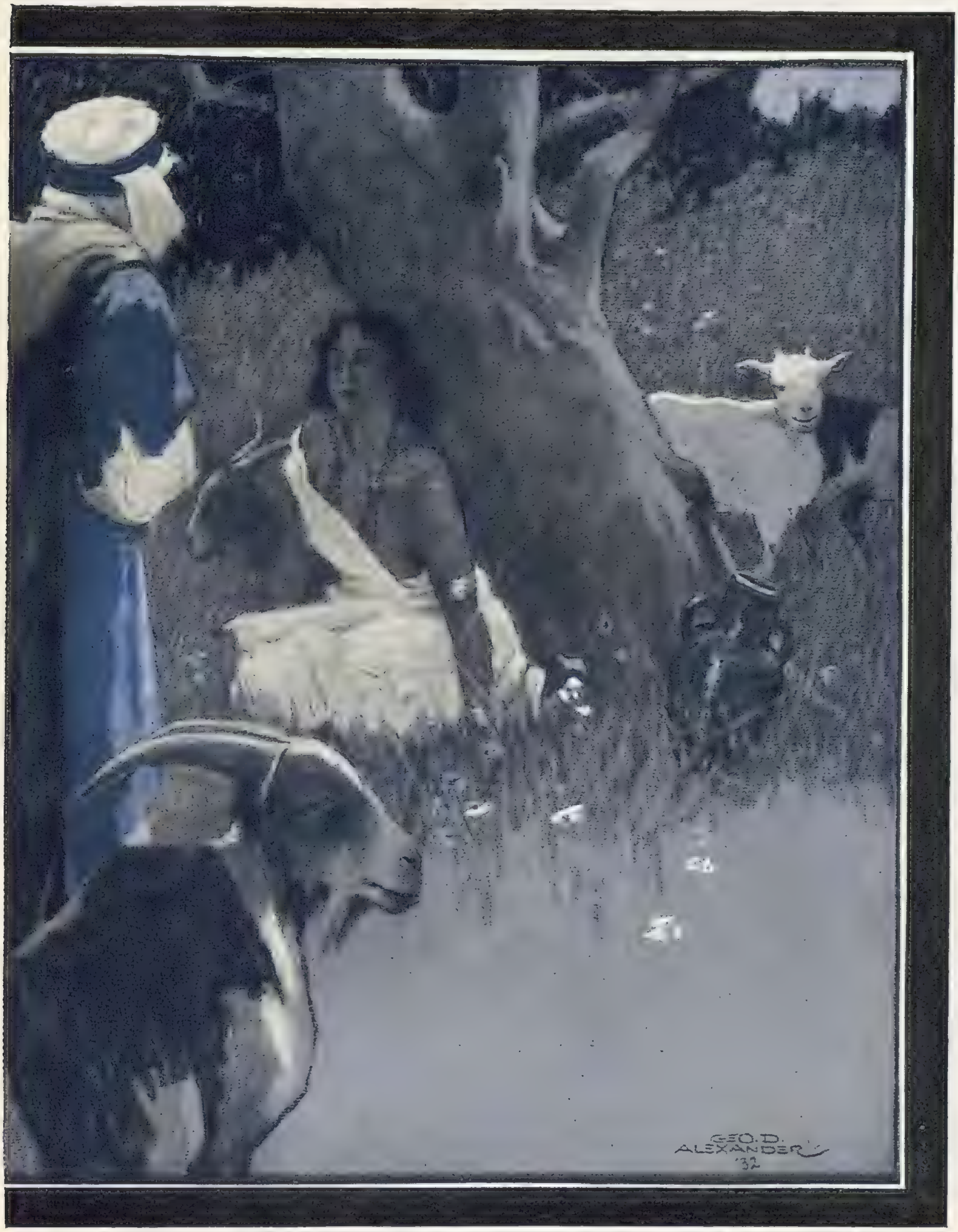
"To-morrow?"

"O.K. by me."

"To-morrow at six. We'll feed the faces and take in a movie."

So they met the next evening and the next and the next; and always around ten she left him, explaining:

"Gotta beat it. My cousins—I told ye—stick-in-the-muds."



*pasture where she was herding a flock of goats, he told halting: "I love you. Will you be my wife?"*

"Sure."

He liked her; liked her more and more. He had no words in his crude philosophy for what was happening in his soul. He only knew, dimly, that, when he was with her, his heart was filled by an amazing wonder and sweetness. He only knew that not to be with her was a sharp pain. He only knew—suddenly, one day—that he loved her.

But did not tell her. Perhaps his love was so great that he was afraid; perhaps so deep that he was ashamed. . . .

YEARS ago his mother had brought him up in the Catholic faith. He still crossed himself automatically when he passed the chapel; tipped his brown derby politely to Father Muldoon.

But now, obeying a strange, racial impulse, he paid occasional visits to the Buddhist joss temple on Mott Street. There, sneering less at the religious ceremony than at the hash in his own heart, he would watch, a cigarette glued to his lower lip, while Yu Ch'ang, the priest, walked about the seven altars in his swishy robe of lemon silk, lighting incense sticks, ringing a small silver bell, and kowtowing before the Shang Ti, the Supreme Ruler of Heaven.

*"Pure art Thou, O Perfectly Awakened One,*
*Pure and clean as the night wind . . ."*

droned the priest—and Johnny listened; then left the temple and strode out into Chinatown where the wicked, saturnine lights hiccoughed through the trailing dusk.

The words remained with him:

"Pure art Thou—pure and clean as the night wind. . . ."

And he thought of Gwendolyn Tza.

Pure she was—sure—and sweet and innocent. And—oh—how he loved her!

Why—he was crazy about her; and there wasn't a thing he wouldn't do for her. Not a thing. And he did—lots of things. Dinners; and the movies; and trips to Coney; and presents—swell presents.

Not that she ever asked him for anything. She wasn't a gold-digger. Not she! But, somehow, it happened, just happened . . . something she might admire in a shop window—like that Chinese scarf embroidered all over with big, crimson roses—and the amethyst brooch—and the small radio. . . .

"Gee—ye're generous!" she exclaimed when he bought her the radio.

"Gwan!" he mumbled, embarrassed.

"Got the dough—ain't ye?"

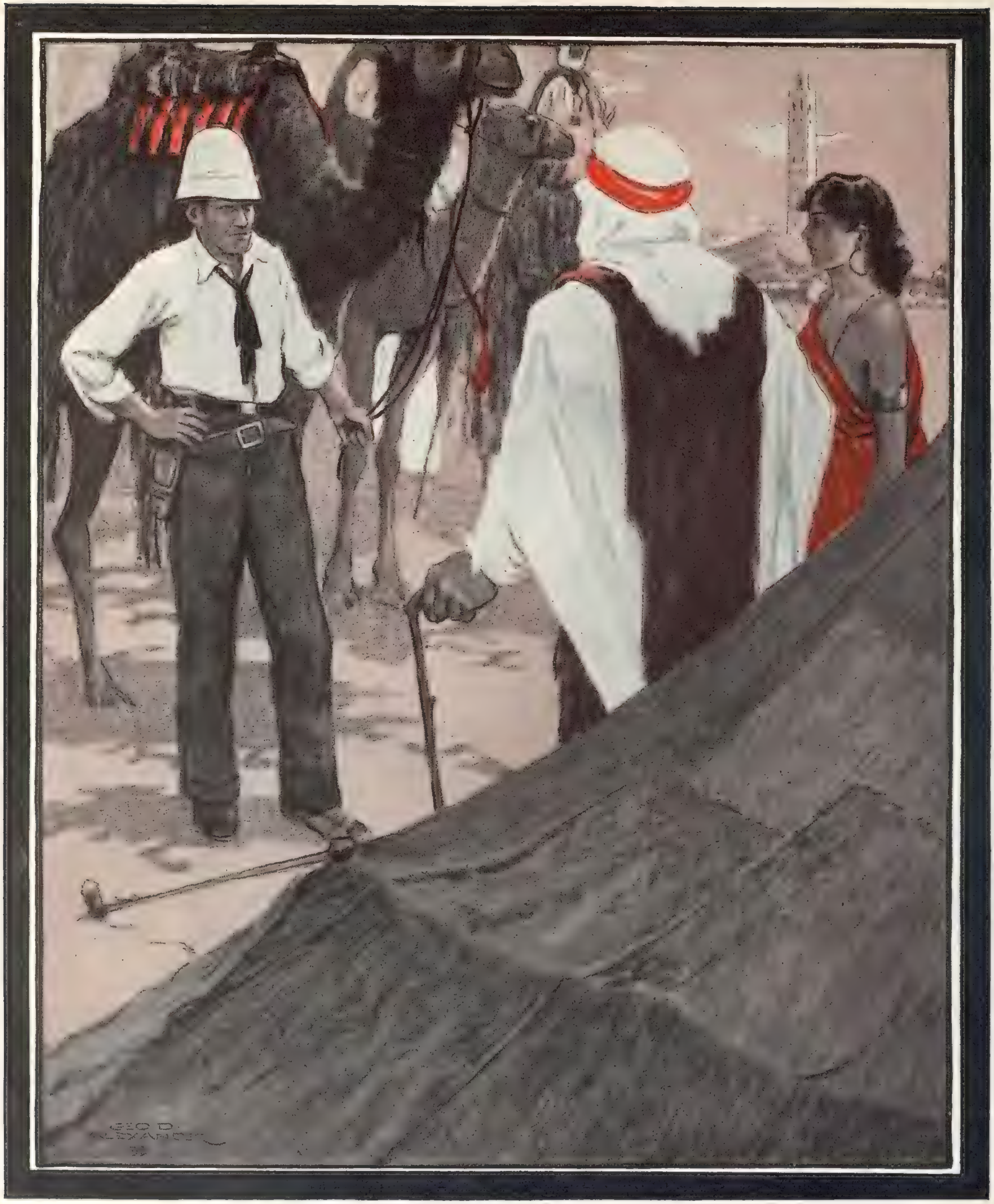
"Well—I ain't broke."

"Wot ye doin' for a livin', Johnny?"

The question startled him; almost frightened him. Evidently she was unaware that he was what he was. Nobody had told her. And—should *he* tell her . . . .?

He looked at her. Sweet he thought her; innocent.

No. He couldn't tell her; couldn't tell her that the very money he had spent on her this evening was the result of a hold-up, last night, on Delancey Street. Nag Hong Fah, the restaurant owner, getting a sock in the jaw and being relieved of his purse—and Detective Bill Devoy saying to Johnny this afternoon:



*“SAY—” he demanded, winking brazenly at the other—“I'm lookin' for a guy called Johnny Wong—a doity, lousy crook wanted for moider. Ain't seen him around here, have you?”*

“I know who done it, yer lousy, ape-faced skunk!”

“Knowin' it won't make the cheese more bindin'. You gotta prove it, Bill.”

“I'm goin' to—sooner or later—yer doity crook!”

Crook—sure—that's what he was, what he had always been, what he had gloried in. But now—again looking at Gwendolyn Tza, again finding her so sweet, so innocent—he gloried in it no longer; was, suddenly, ashamed of being a crook; and replied:—

“I'm outa woik. But I got some mazuma saved up—and I gotta job promised me.”

“Swell job?”

“Ye've sed it. I—” with quick inspiration—“I'm goin' to woik for Brian Neill—over at the speak-easy, y'know....”

And to Brian Neill he went half an hour later and suggested:—

“What about a job?”

“For who?”

“For me—in this dump o' yours.”

"Has the gorilla business stopped payin' dividends ?"

"I'm after a regular job—see . . . ?"

"Don't make me smile. My lip's cracked."

"I mean it, Brian."

The latter stared at him; studied the hard, handsome features.

"Say"—he decided—"yer look as if yer did mean it."

"I do—honest t'Gawd !"

"Wot's the big idea ? Wot's bitin' yer ? Scared o' my cousin Bill Devoy ?"

"Like my foot !"

"Then—why . . . ?" And, when Johnny did not reply, all at once the Irishman laughed. "I know," he went on. "Sure I know. You've got religion—and," roaring with mirth, "it's that yaller-haired Chink gal ye're kickin' round with wot's done it—eh . . . ?"

"Wot's that to *you* ?"—aggressively.

"Not a damned thing."

"Awright. Do I get a job ?"

"Well—Phil Kerry, my chucker-out, left me. Goin' to open a speak o' his own. Think yer can fill his number nines ?"

"I'll try."

"O.K. Ye're hired, feller. Toity a week—and all the booze yer can lap up—and don't monkey with the till !"

THE next day, after Gwendolyn had gone home, Johnny entered upon his new duties—night duties, since Brian Neill's place did not open its doors before ten; and Pell Street, faced with the fact of his reform, wondered and gossiped; and, one evening, Father Muldoon said to Bill Devoy :—

"I told you so. It is often for a woman's sake that . . ."

"That a guy toins over a new leaf—sure !" interrupted the detective. "Say"—he added—"d'ye call it toinin' over a new leaf—to woik in a speak . . . ?"

"Which—may I remind you ?—belongs to your cousin. Besides, even such lowly and—ah—illegal employ may lead to finer and nobler things."

"Sez who ?"

"I do."

"I don't. I don't trust that baby. Never did. Never shall. And—some day—I'll slip the handcuffs on him."

"The trouble with you is," commented the other, "that your profession makes you a pessimist, while mine—*experto crede*—makes me an optimist . . ."

Early on the following Saturday afternoon, Father Muldoon, walking down Mott Street, met Johnny Wong.

He stopped him.

"I hear," he said, "that there's going to be wedding bells . . ."

"For me ?"

"Yes."

"Somebody's been pullin' yer leg."

"I don't believe it. Gwendolyn Tza—isn't that her name ?"

"I ain't denyin' I know her. But . . ."

"But . . . ?"

"She ain't my sort."

"Not good enough for you ?" smiled the priest.

"A darned sight too good."

"Never knew you to be modest."

"Nor am I. But Gwen—well—she's a sweet, innocent kid. As straight as a string. And there are her people—her mother's people she's livin' with. They'd throw a fit if they found out that I . . ." He interrupted himself; went on: "Yer know wot I've been. I—aw—" bringing out the words as if they were hurting him, choking him—"I—I ain't clean !"

"One can get—clean," replied the priest. "There is a way to cleanse the body—and a way to cleanse the soul. Love—real love—that's the soul's way. Tell me—you love this girl . . . ?"

"Yeah. I—" rather violently—"ain't I shown it ? Ain't I makin' an honest livin' ?"

Rapidly Father Muldoon changed a laugh into a cough.

"You are," he agreed. "And—do you know what I would do if I were you ?"

"Well . . . ?"

"I would go to her this very instant . . ."

"And pop the question ?"

"Precisely. Pop the question. And if her people want to know about you, send them to me—and I shall do what I can without perjuring myself too much."

"Ye're a sure-enough gent, Father Muldoon," said Johnny—and went on his way to the alien world of East Fourteenth Street.

GWENDOLYN had not mentioned the number of her house. So he asked here and there; received no information until, in a drug store near the river, the clerk told him :—

"Sure I know that dame. Over at 717."

"Thanks."

He found the house. It was rickety, squalid, and, at first, he was disappointed since, evidently, her people were poor. But he reconsidered. Poor people—he decided—were tolerant.

There were no name plates in the dark entrance hall. He knocked at a door. A frowzy Sicilian woman opened it.

"Gwendolyn Tza . . . ? Top floor front, Mister."

He climbed four flights; was about to ring the bell; stopped as he heard noises—laughter, clinking glasses, a radio screeching :—

"*Ole man river,*
*Dat ole man river,*
*He mus' know somet'in',*
*But don't say . . .* "

The music broke off. Again he was about to ring the bell. Again he stopped. He listened; listened to two voices—a man's and a woman's—Gwendolyn's . . .

"Aw—" her words were distinct—"I ain't stuck on him. I'm playin' him for a sucker—that's all . . . ."

Johnny drew in his breath sharply. Suspicion came to him. Rapidly it changed to stark knowledge as the man in the room replied :—

"Funny about them crooks—like Johnny Wong. The tougher they are, the easier they fall."

"Ain't that the truth ! Wotever I ask him, that sucker gives me."

"Mostly tripe—like this here radio. Why don't ye make him kick through with some real money ?"

"I'm leadin' him on sorta gradual. I ain't never failed ye yet—have I ?"

"If ye do, I'll break yer neck, sweetie."

"Love me—don't ye, Tim ?"

"Mebbe." A pause. The man continued : "Got any dough ?"

"Nuthin' but wot I gave ye."

"Ten bucks—that's all ye gave me."

"Ain't got no more."

"I think ye're lyin'. Didn't ye step out last night with old Joe Ginzberg—and, afterwards, didn't ye pick up a sailor . . . . ?"

With the last words something like a coloured ball of glass burst in Johnny's brain; burst into a thousand pieces—and, ironically, tragically, he remembered the Chinese priest's chant :—

"Pure art Thou—pure and clean as the night wind . . ."

Pure . . . ? Why—she was nothing but a . . . sure—that's what she was—keeping that guy in there, that Tim . . .

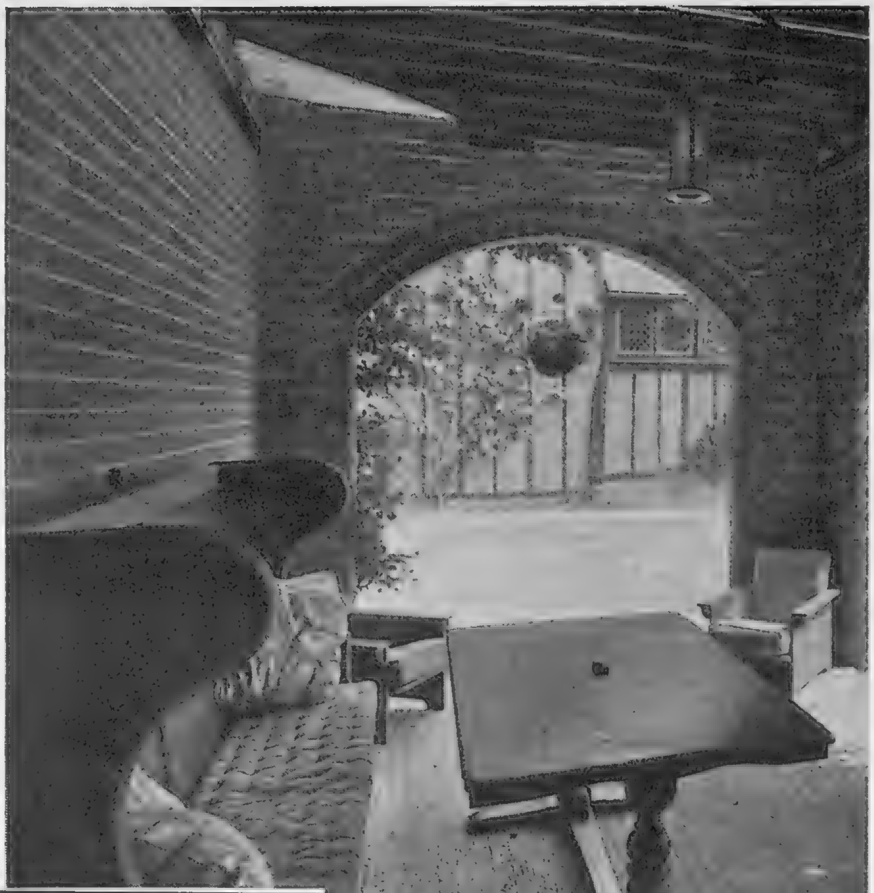
And he—he had loved her. Love—it was a terrible thing. It poisoned you—and stabbed you—and knocked you down in the mud—and left you bleeding and mucky and awful . . . .

Love—God—he hated love . . . and, with a cry of rage, he pushed the door open—rushed in—saw Gwendolyn—saw a tall, thin featured Italian . . . .

"Look out !" yelled the girl. "It's Johnny, Tim !"

The latter's hand plunged to his hip pocket—swiftly; not swiftly enough. Johnny beat him to the draw. His revolver leaped out. There was a shriek of fear, a crimson spurt of flame—and Tim crumpling to the ground, shot through the heart (*Continued on page* 116)

# *One swallow may not make a summer, but some good garden furniture is worth trying—weather permitting!*



*ABOVE: A loggia, so perfectly equipped for meals and so eloquent of comfort outdoors that mere weather becomes a secondary consideration*

THERE'S no doubt the prospect of a summer is something like the next era of prosperity—a bit problematical; but even if life is a kind of perpetual December, there's no harm in polishing up our technique in out-of-door comfort. After all, one never knows when the next summer will turn up.

I've listened complacently in the past to accusations on the subject of our English incapacity for entertaining out of doors. This is because I share in the national spirit of martyrdom which is one of the few pleasures we extract from our native climate, but apart from all that, it *is* true that the average household is most inadequately equipped to enjoy the delicious intervals of sunshine which distinguish our summer days in spite of everything.

Examine the resources in the way of garden comfort of almost any home you know. The chances are that one or two deck chairs and a decrepit table will complete the inventory, and between these the family solemnly distributes itself to enjoy the air and sunshine. No wonder there is so much discontent with outdoor meals!

What a pity it is to foster this habit of "roughing it" outdoors. There's very little difference in the average household between a garden meal and camping in a field, whereas there should be infinitely more pleasure and about twice as much benefit to the participants in eating among the cool scents of the garden. Why can't we rid our alfresco meals of this inevitable association with spiders and the second-best tea cups?

*TO be at ease one must have the right equipment for eating and drinking outdoors. Above is a lemonade set in green glass for 20/- without the stand. Marshall and Snelgrove*

SCHWEPPES
LEMON
SQUASH

*FOR long, cool drinks that must be produced in a moment it is as well to have bottled fruit drinks at hand. As a nourishing beverage, Horlick's Malted Milk is delicious cold*

It surprised me on a recent tour of the shops to find how much backing one might have in the enterprise, for here was enough garden furniture of attractive and comfortable design to discredit once and for all suggestions as to our incompetence in the matter when we really try. Moreover, I found that makers of garden furniture have at last decided in favour of gaiety in these things, which is a real step forward. Nowadays chairs add their own colouring to the garden colour scheme and are no longer content with a merely utilitarian purpose. Cretonne in brilliant designs is used for all kinds of folding chairs, while garden cushions are as soft and pretty as their indoor relations, though more serviceable.

At one store there were lengths of cheerful canvas, gay cretonnes and coloured crash linen specially selected for the home renovation of garden furniture and cushions; in fact, it seemed to me that a great deal could be done for shabby chairs with very little money.

Deckers that fold easily and do *not* pinch the fingers were among the novelties I saw, while the same chairs had a special tray attachment for meals and books, the fabric portion specially made to clip on and off the frame, so that in a sudden shower the cretonne can be removed to safety or folded tidily away.

A garden tea wagon was another thing that specially appealed to me, as its lightness made it so infinitely suitable

# Out-of-Door Days

### By Winifred Lewis

Helen Macgregor.

*HARLEQUIN coffee sets in Beatl ware are as delicate as china. Even the final liqueur can be served in the garden from this unbreakable ware. The coffee set costs 28/3 and the liqueur set 12/6*

for wheeling on to a lawn. It had this advantage, too, that after use it could be dismantled and packed away in several sections, so that one was not hampered with a piece of extra furniture indoors. And then for gardens that have no accommodation for a hammock or one of the larger swing lounges, there were cretonne-covered mattresses with waterproof underlining, quite a different proposition and so easily stored away.

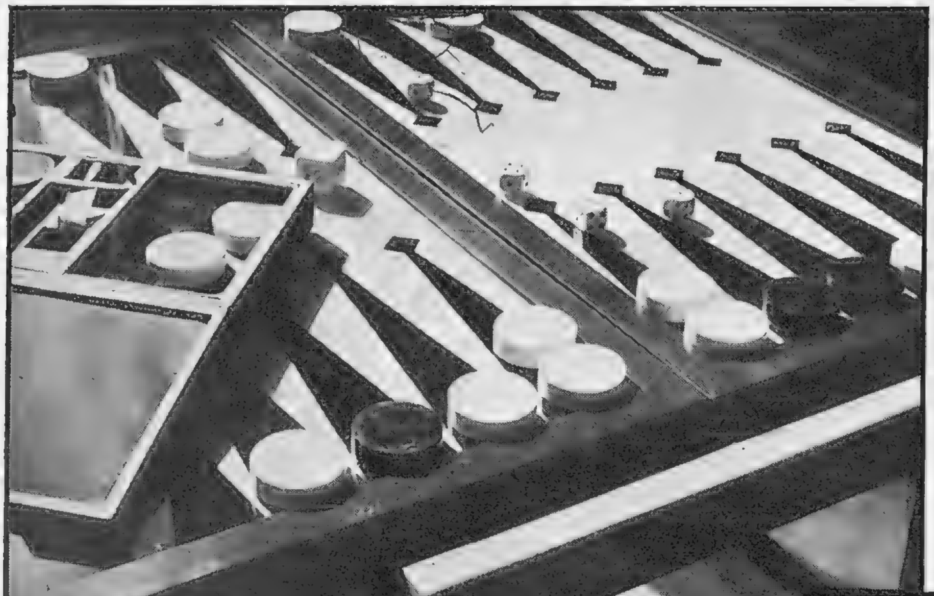
HAVING provided reasonable possibilities of comfort for the garden meal, it is time to consider what is best to eat. Cold foods are unquestionably best for outdoors, although it would be foolish to make any definite rules on the subject. At the same time, eggs and bacon certainly have far less appeal as an alfresco breakfast dish than a cereal with cream and fresh fruit, followed by chaudfroid of fish. Or, for lunch, one seems less inclined to respond to hot roast beef than to, say, cold jellied oxtail with a green salad and iced compote of fruit, with cream.

It is quite a fascinating business, this study of simple nourishing foods for outdoor service. To begin with, there is a jelly made with milk—delicious if you choose one of the more pronounced jelly flavourings. Fruit jellies, too, are simple to make and so tempting to contemplate on hot days. To prepare them some cooked or tinned fruit should be placed in the bottom of a mould with a small quantity of dissolved jelly mixture. Leave this until partly set and repeat the process until the mould is full. If tinned fruit is used, the liquor can be heated and used to dissolve the jelly. This adds considerably to the flavour.

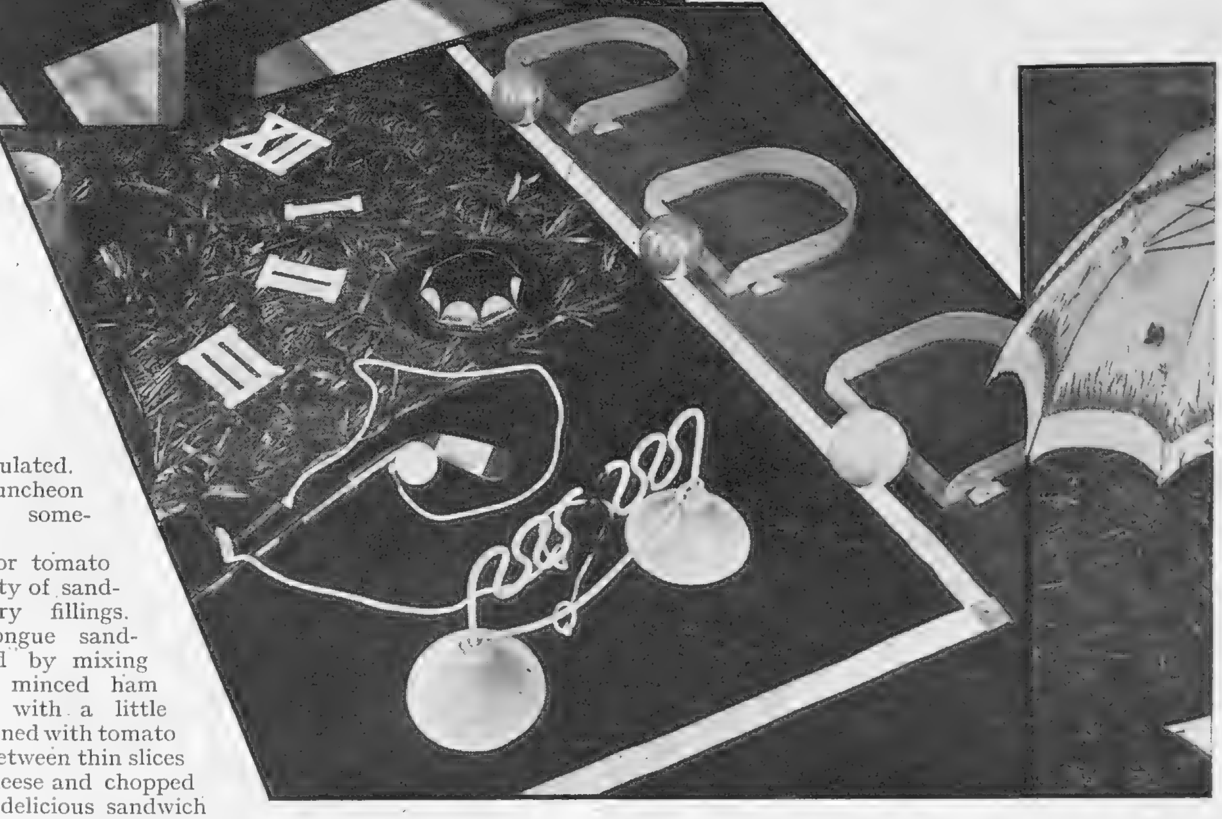
TO reduce cooking to an absolute minimum, sandwich meals are not entirely out of the question, and are always appreciated for the ease with

*GIVE the little ones a swing lounge with gay stripes for the garden. Even a cretonne-covered mattress is welcome for games on the grass. The lounge costs 85/6 and the mattress 29/6 from Marshall and Snelgrove*

# Out-of-Door



*BACKGAMMON shows promise of sustaining its popularity throughout the summer, and the latest device is a backgammon table and tea wagon combined. The wagon, adjusted for tea, is at the foot of the opposite page*



*GARDEN pool is new and amusing whatever the size of the garden or the party—a kind of snooker for summer afternoons. Balls and pooling shoes, above, cost 39/6. The gadget in the foreground is for testing the accuracy of one's drive at golf, price 21/-, while the clock golf set costing 8/6 is seen, by way of stimulant, with "Calamity Jane," the new Bobby Jones putter. Gamage's and Fortnum & Mason*

which they are manipulated. A dainty sandwich luncheon might be prepared something like this:

Begin with fruit or tomato cocktails and a variety of sandwiches with savoury fillings. Simple ham and tongue sandwiches are improved by mixing equal quantities of minced ham and tongue together with a little creamed butter moistened with tomato sauce and spreading between thin slices of bread. Grated cheese and chopped mushroom is another delicious sandwich filling for which the best cheese is undoubtedly the crustless kind which is sold in boxes. Diploma crustless cheese, finely grated and mixed with chopped walnuts, is another method, while yet another is to mash hard-boiled eggs to a thick cream with mayonnaise and serve between thin slices of bread garnished with watercress.

"Dessert" sandwiches should be mere wafers filled with banana cream or tinned pineapple chopped and moistened with cream. A mixture of raisin and flaked chocolate is also delicious. Fresh fruit should complete the meal with coffee or cool drinks.

A delicious milk punch which is inclined to linger among the nicer memories of a garden party is made by dissolving twelve lumps of sugar in a quart of boiling water with the juice of six lemons and a small tumbler of sherry. To this a pint and a half of cold milk is added and the whole well mixed.

Even the humble still lemonade drink can be made to effervesce refreshingly by simply adding a pinch of bicarbonate of soda, while a few sultanas left to soak in the jug will give the lemonade a delicious and unusual fragrance. Horlick's malted milk, cold, is also a nourishing and delicious accompaniment to a light luncheon.

Refreshing though hot tea certainly is, iced is even better. Make it by half filling a tumbler with crushed ice and a thin slice of lemon. Now fill the glass with hot, freshly made tea and sugar to taste.

I can recommend one simple and delicious summer drink which is both refreshing and thirst-quenching, but which also provides all the nutritive elements that are lacking in the summer dietary. It is "Ovaltine"—the well-known food beverage—served *cold*. It is easily and quickly made by adding two teaspoonfuls of "Ovaltine" to a glass of cold milk or milk and water, and mixing with a whisk or in a shaker. Cold "Ovaltine" goes wonderfully well with a light lunch, and is very acceptable as a mid-morning beverage.

IT means a good deal when feeding out of doors to be quite free of anxiety about breakages, and every household should possess a complete set of unbreakable ware for the garden. I was a good deal surprised to find how little difference there is in appearance between this ware in its very newest form and one's own very best china. A tea set, for instance, is shaped in flattering imitation of Wedgwood and there is very little distinction in delicacy between the two. Mugs of generous size are made for long, strong drinks and there are slender "glasses" for iced beverages. Everything, in fact, from an early morning tea set to after-dinner coffee, is made in Beatl ware, and there are many colours to choose from.

THE household that is fortunate in possessing a verandah or loggia of really useful proportions is obviously already more than half equipped for comfortable dining out-of-doors. Cold breezes and sudden showers, no less even than scorching sunshine are apt to disturb the perfect serenity of a meal in the open, so that the advantage of a shelter is almost indispensable in this climate. So much so, in fact, that many people have found it worth while to erect a glass covering on the sunny side of the house affording just sufficient protection without involving the heavier expense of a more elaborate construction.

With care even the smallest verandah

# Days *(Continued)*

can be transformed into a living room outdoors and, in fact, if every possible advantage is to be taken of the summer it is absolutely necessary that this should, when possible, be done.

Choose a scheme of decoration for the verandah as carefully as you would plan for an indoor scheme and, if it opens out from a sitting-room, extend the colour scheme from one to the other so that there is some definite relation between the two. By doing this the comfort of the indoor room will communicate itself in some measure to the outdoor one and contribute a great deal to its success.

Grass mats in brilliant colouring should cover the verandah floor to give a more "furnished" aspect to the place and if deck chairs are used, see that they are covered with a cretonne which is in use in the inner room or has, at least, some definite relation in colouring. Every chair should be generously supplied with cushions which can be safely reserved only for use out-doors when they have the protection of an overhead covering. Some brightly coloured rugs should be included, too, for use after sundown when the air is colder, as well as on those too familiar occasions when there is a cold nip in the summer air.

A deal table, painted to follow out the general colour scheme is decorative in itself and should be of ample size for serving meals for several persons. Makeshift tables are so frequently responsible for uncomfortable outdoor meals that it is really worth while to have one that will accommodate all the necessary equipment without protest and to see that it is efficient in every other respect.

PAINTED tubs with shrubs growing in them or some of the more showy plants such as hydrangea add enormously to the attraction of a verandah, and hanging baskets of flowers or ferns are equally as good for this purpose. It is as well to restrain one's enthusiasm in this respect, however, and to limit the number of growing things to quite a few, so that the possibility of insects and other creeping things will be correspondingly reduced.

On a country verandah I noticed just recently a very effective compromise which seemed to be worth remembering. The owner, who nursed an emphatic dislike of insects on the verandah, where she took her meals, had resorted to the use of artificial plants for decoration and the effect, I must confess, was surprisingly realistic.

Imitation shrubs such as one occasionally sees in the bigger stores, "grew" in orange tubs and the baskets which hung over our heads were gay with glass tulips, and the kind of asparagus fern that is made in a workshop.

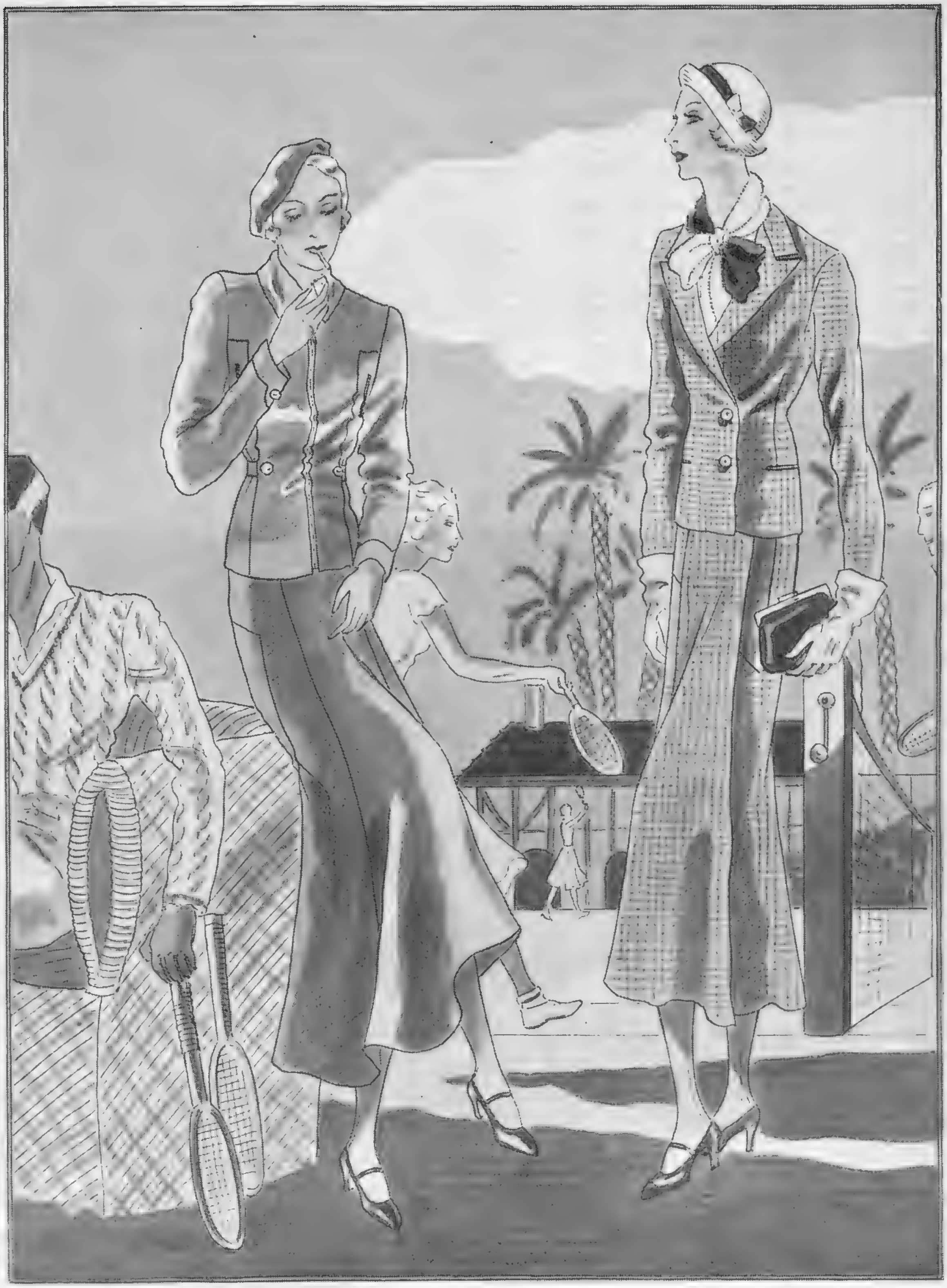
The other great advantage of this plan, as the owner pointed out to me, was that her flowers "bloomed" all the year round, so that on sunny winter days her verandah, which was enclosed with glass, had all the aspects of brilliant summer. An advantage not to be despised, I feel.

More can hardly be said for service out of doors, except this, perhaps, that in the event of a really scorching summer, there is always the portable swimming bath to fall back upon or into, as you prefer, and if you doubt the possibility of such a thing enquire at one of the big stores. I hear it is a sort of mammoth camp bath, but not having a garden or any particular faith in the weather, I propose to leave it at that.

*EVEN practical activities in the garden become interesting with the aid of such utensils as these. The basket in colour has a gay enamel lining and tools painted to match. Marshall and Snelgrove, price 49/6*

*FLOWERED cretonne distinguishes this tray table chair which can be dismantled in a moment by merely unclipping the fabric from the frame. Marshall and Snelgrove, 32/6*

*SUMMER service! The backgammon tea wagon which, by the way, is painted blue, is commodious and yet light in transport for garden use. Everything suggests a particularly delicious meal on this occasion*



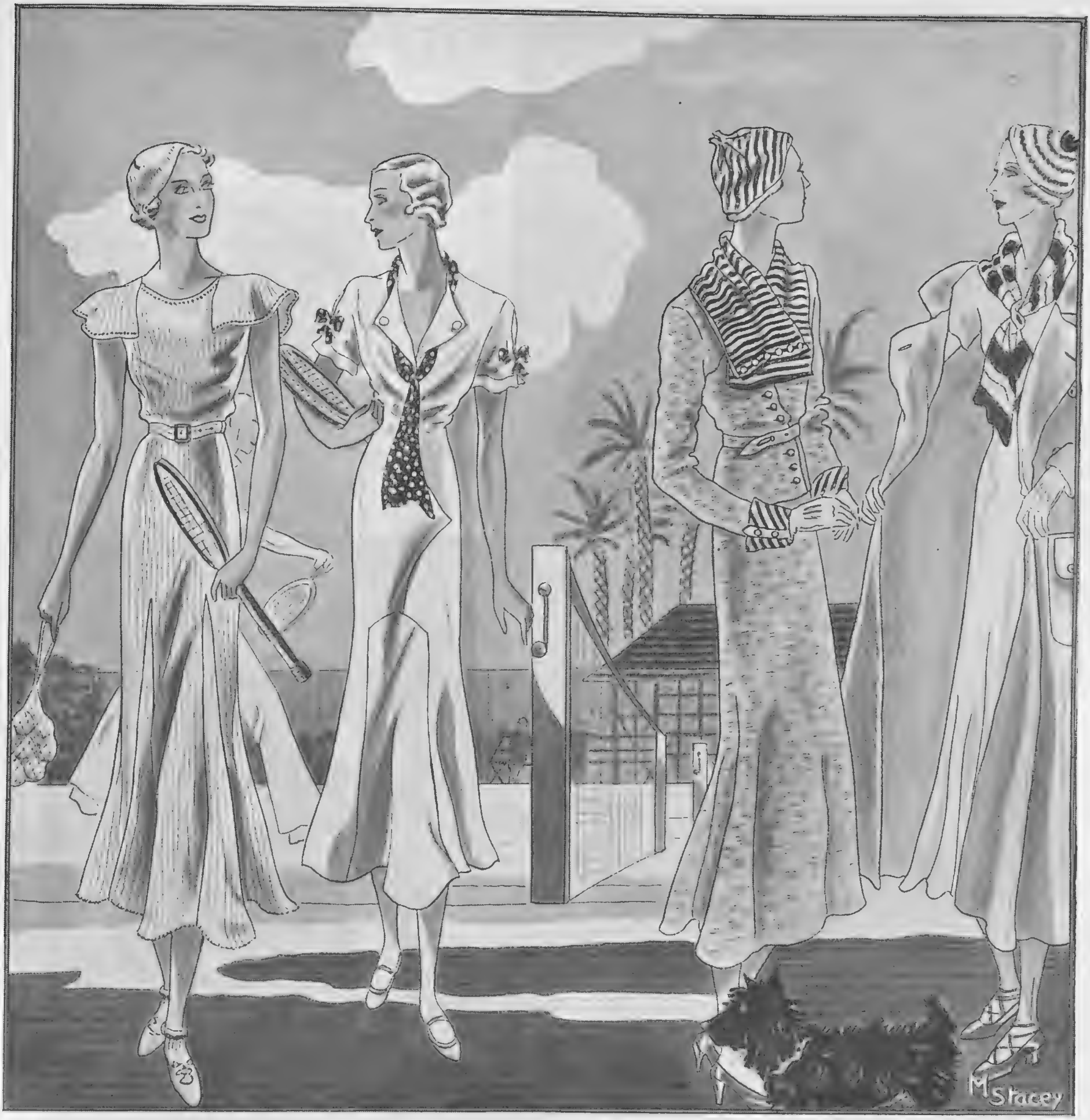
A suède leather suit and béret to match is useful for a variety of occasions. This one is made of the finest pale green suède, and has a flared skirt and a zip fastener on the coat. From Leathercraft

A coat and skirt of some light woollen material is essential for summer travelling. Sketched on the right is a smart suit of beige and white Saxony from Studd & Millington

# A PRACTICAL SUMMER

THE temptations placed in the path of the present-day shopper are, I fear, out of all proportion to the average woman's income, and the more restricted our budgets become, the more alluring the goods displayed before us. But there is this compensation, that rather than to allow us to languish in a shapeless "useful" costume while sighing in vain for a "pretty" frock, our designers this year have exerted themselves to render attractive the utilitarian garments of every day. It would seem that the gospel preached by William Morris in a wilderness of knick-knacks has borne fruit in an unexpected manner. Never before have I seen so many attractive waterproofs, leather coats and—yes, tennis shoes, articles of clothing which hitherto one has bought for their practical use rather than for their good looks or their chic. Leathercraft have surpassed themselves not only in the manufacture of leather garments exquisite in both colour and cut, but have also designed a range of sports clothes which are models of good taste and yet manage to be extremely chic—an alliance in the domain of sports clothes which one does not see as often as one might wish. One of their leather suits is sketched on this page and is a good example of just this happy combination; they also have a number of full-length leather coats which are as practical for motoring as they are smart for everyday hard wear.

Tennis dresses have also escaped the yoke of the "absolutely practical," which was in so many cases a term used to camouflage lack of imagination on the part of the designer, and though they manage to be as practical as ever, if not more so, are so becoming that their uses are multiplied rather than restricted to the courts. Thin woollens are becoming more and more widely used for this purpose, for they neither crease nor require such constant laundering as cottons. One excellent aid to the complete holiday wardrobe, which so often makes a demand on one's income just when one can least afford it, is the Corot system of buying on the instalment plan. This well-known Bond Street firm have an immense stock of models from which to choose, and here the buyer can select all the garments required to make her holiday successful and comfortable without a sudden depletion of her exchequer.



# WARDROBE for all Weathers

Warm coats as well as light dresses are included in the wardrobe of the wise

### By MADGE GARLAND

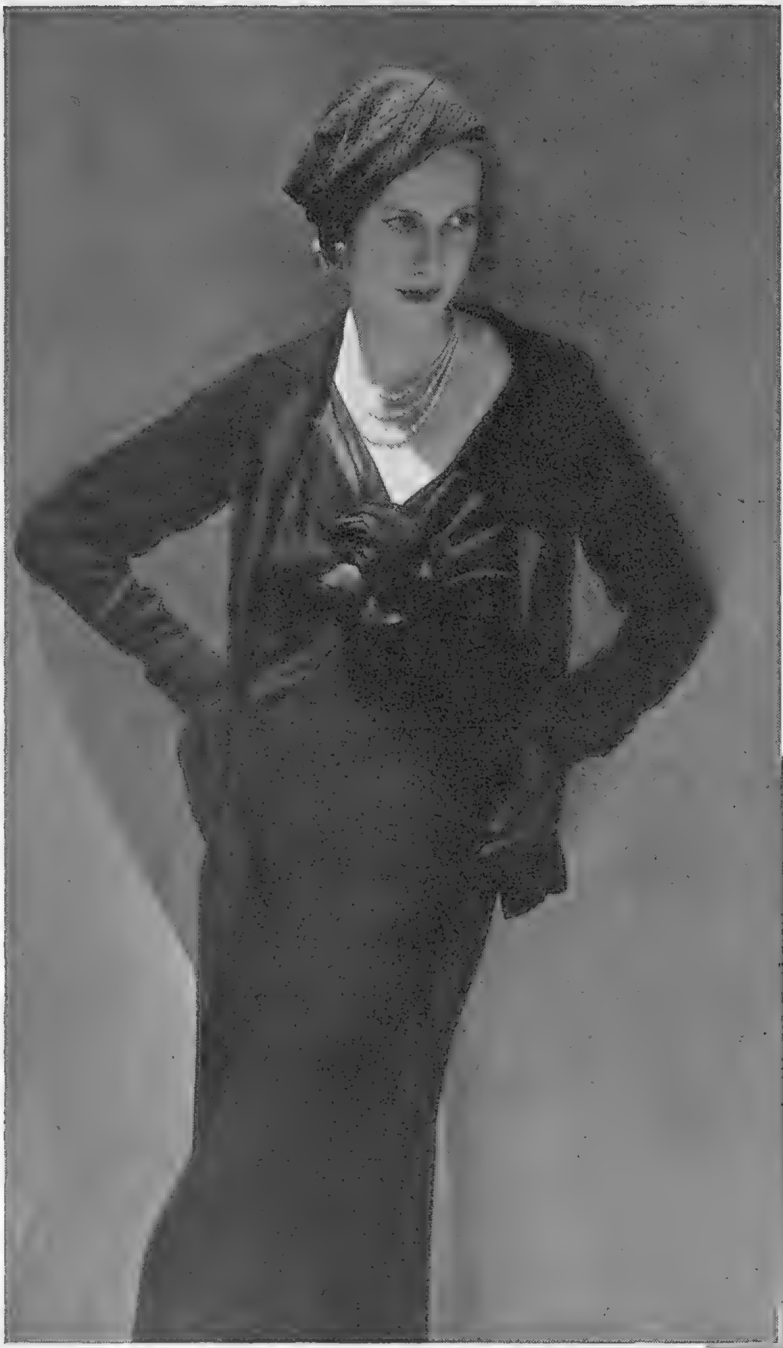
(Woman Editor "Britannia and Eve")

Ribbed stockinette in a pale shade of pink makes this attractive tennis dress. It has flared panels let into the skirt and amusing little shoulder capes replace sleeves. The stitched belt is fastened with a square metal buckle. From Richard Sands

This unusual tennis dress is cut on novel lines and is trimmed with a long scarf and bows of blue and white spotted silk. These can also be obtained in other colours. There is a belt across the back of the waist and four godets at the back of the skirt. From Corot

Striped stockinette in either blue and black or red and grey makes the scarf, cuffs and turban of this smart costume. The dress is of grey linen with a slight marking, and is trimmed with metal buttons. The belt fastens with a metal hook. From Leathercraft

A necessity for every holiday maker is a warm top coat, and nothing is more suitable or more chic than a beige camel hair coat which is both warm and light. This one has wide revers, a turn-up collar and big patch pockets, and is a speciality of Aquascutum



The so-called cinema dress is a definitely practical addition to the present-day depleted wardrobe, and this one, made of black crêpe romain and crêpe de Chine, is a Mainbocher model from Marshall and Snelgrove

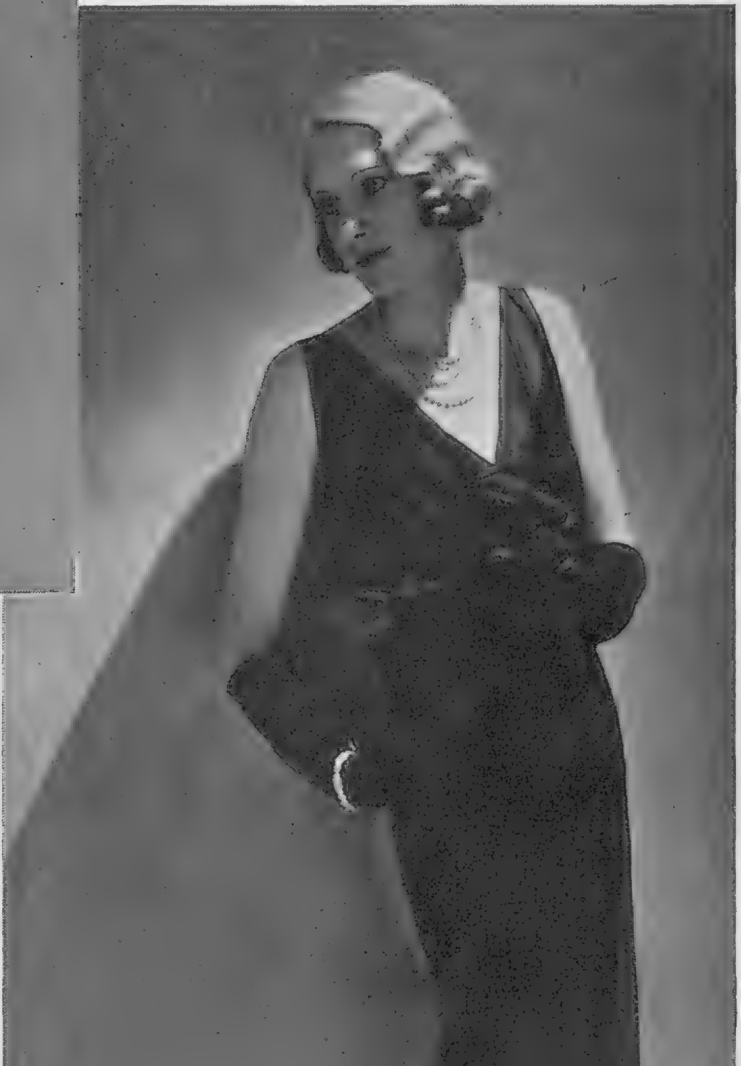
# COATS, CAPES and their DOUBLE DUTIES

## By MADGE GARLAND

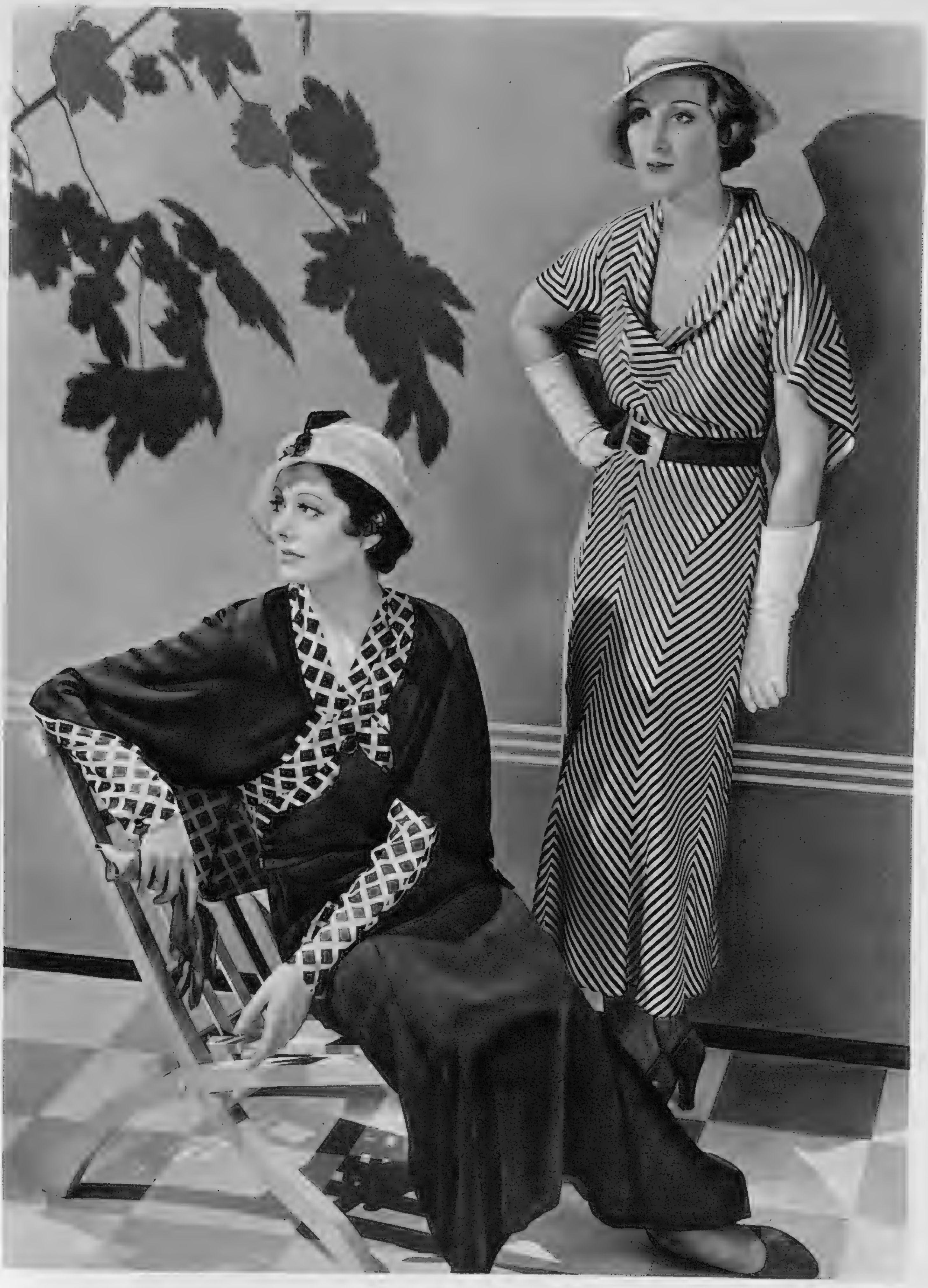
THE summer of 1932 will probably be remembered as the year when London was reputed, even by Londoners, to be the gayest city in the world; when a woman first flew the Atlantic alone; when the Irish sweepstake reached the improbable total of £4,128,486, and, in the annals of fashion, when stripes beat spots. This really sensational victory, which culminated in a much-talked about striped dress at Ascot, was heralded in by a host of minor hints, such as the woollen materials last winter which insisted on a discreet self-colour stripe and the striped jersey hats and scarves with which Agnès greeted what by force of habit we call spring.

One of the most popular striped dresses of the year is illustrated on the opposite page, and the gaiety of its bright blue and white stripes is sufficient excuse for the success of this and a host of similar models. Our designers have learnt that stripes used on the diagonal can give excellent results, and the legend that they are "difficult to wear" has been finally forgotten.

Another characteristic of this season is the cinema dress, that clever compromise between pleasing those men who never wish to change in the evening and those women who always do. A gown of moderate length, of some dark colour, preferably black, extremely simple in line, sleeveless and with a moderate décolletage —any woman can look smart in such a garment at any restaurant, if the cinema is preceded by a dinner or followed by a supper, but with the addition of a short, very simple coat the ensemble is so tailored and sensible that even the most sack-suited of husbands finds small grounds for grumbling. Some of these two-occasion costumes replace the little coat by a cape or short wrap, and these are often lined with a contrasting colour. Afternoon costumes also include these reversible capes, using the patterned crêpe de Chine of the accompanying dress for one side and a plain dark material for the other.



Without the short black crêpe de Chine coat the black gown is suitable for dinner or supper occasions, and the black turban of crinkled crêpe can easily be pulled off without disturbing the hair. Long black gloves add to the air of formality



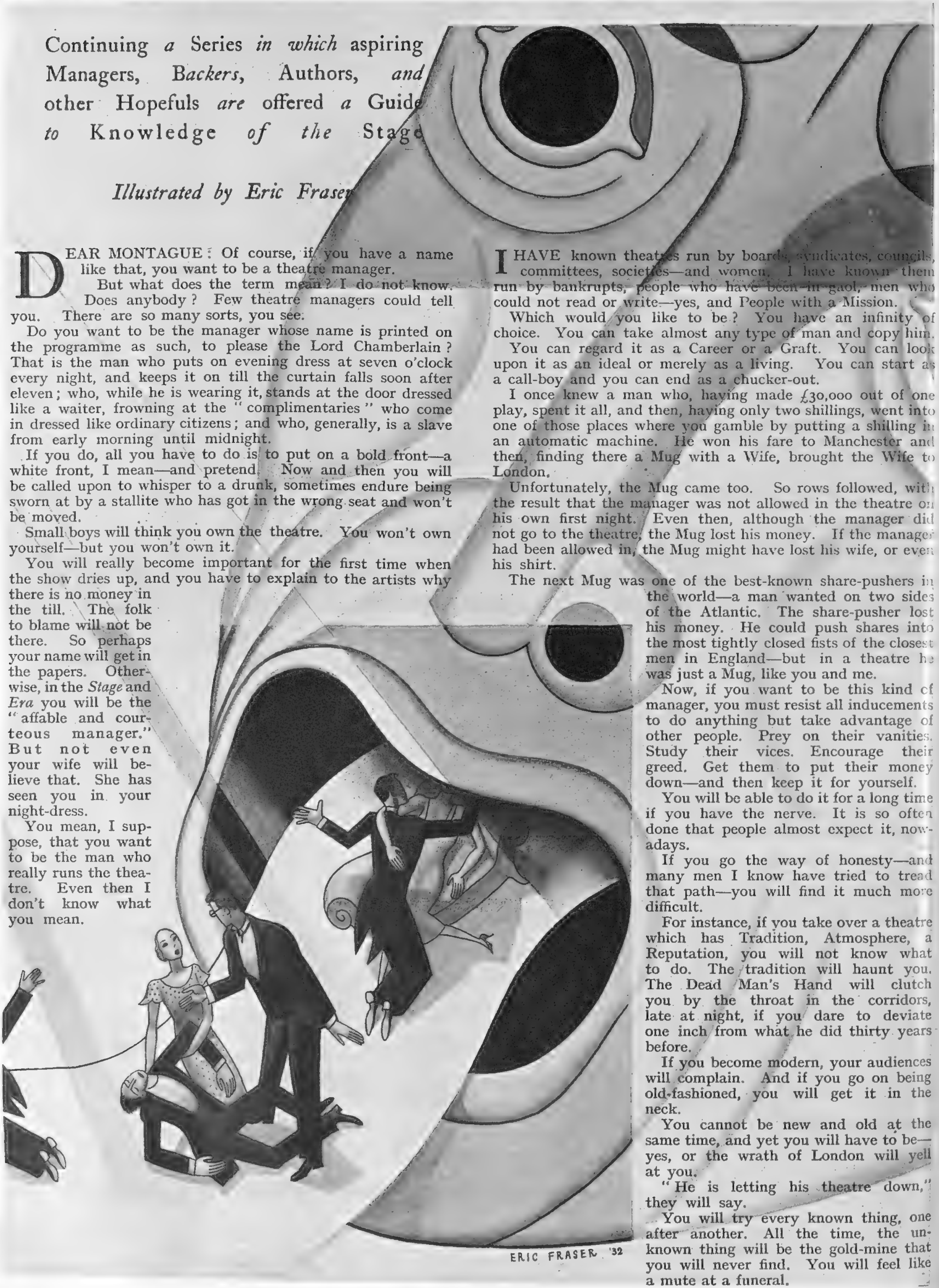
*Shaw Wildman*

THE seated figure is wearing a reddish-brown costume of which the upper part of the dress is made of checked crêpe-de-Chine. Over this is worn a reversible cape which ties around the waist. The standing figure is wearing a royal blue and white striped crêpe-de-Chine gown which makes a clever and becoming use of its stripes. Both these costumes and the accompanying hats of white straw come from the Maison Ross

# *Open* Letters *to the* "Would-be's"

### Continuing *a* Series *in which* aspiring Managers, *Backers*, Authors, *and* other Hopefuls *are* offered *a* Guide *to* Knowledge *of the* Stage

*Illustrated by Eric Fraser*



DEAR MONTAGUE: Of course, if you have a name like that, you want to be a theatre manager.

But what does the term mean? I do not know. Does anybody? Few theatre managers could tell you. There are so many sorts, you see.

Do you want to be the manager whose name is printed on the programme as such, to please the Lord Chamberlain? That is the man who puts on evening dress at seven o'clock every night, and keeps it on till the curtain falls soon after eleven; who, while he is wearing it, stands at the door dressed like a waiter, frowning at the "complimentaries" who come in dressed like ordinary citizens; and who, generally, is a slave from early morning until midnight.

If you do, all you have to do is to put on a bold front—a white front, I mean—and pretend. Now and then you will be called upon to whisper to a drunk, sometimes endure being sworn at by a stallite who has got in the wrong seat and won't be moved.

Small boys will think you own the theatre. You won't own yourself—but you won't own it.

You will really become important for the first time when the show dries up, and you have to explain to the artists why there is no money in the till. The folk to blame will not be there. So perhaps your name will get in the papers. Otherwise, in the *Stage* and *Era* you will be the "affable and courteous manager." But not even your wife will believe that. She has seen you in your night-dress.

You mean, I suppose, that you want to be the man who really runs the theatre. Even then I don't know what you mean.

I HAVE known theatres run by boards, syndicates, councils, committees, societies—and women. I have known them run by bankrupts, people who have been in gaol, men who could not read or write—yes, and People with a Mission.

Which would you like to be? You have an infinity of choice. You can take almost any type of man and copy him.

You can regard it as a Career or a Graft. You can look upon it as an ideal or merely as a living. You can start as a call-boy and you can end as a chucker-out.

I once knew a man who, having made £30,000 out of one play, spent it all, and then, having only two shillings, went into one of those places where you gamble by putting a shilling in an automatic machine. He won his fare to Manchester and then, finding there a Mug with a Wife, brought the Wife to London.

Unfortunately, the Mug came too. So rows followed, with the result that the manager was not allowed in the theatre on his own first night. Even then, although the manager did not go to the theatre, the Mug lost his money. If the manager had been allowed in, the Mug might have lost his wife, or even his shirt.

The next Mug was one of the best-known share-pushers in the world—a man wanted on two sides of the Atlantic. The share-pusher lost his money. He could push shares into the most tightly closed fists of the closest men in England—but in a theatre he was just a Mug, like you and me.

Now, if you want to be this kind of manager, you must resist all inducements to do anything but take advantage of other people. Prey on their vanities. Study their vices. Encourage their greed. Get them to put their money down—and then keep it for yourself.

You will be able to do it for a long time if you have the nerve. It is so often done that people almost expect it, nowadays.

If you go the way of honesty—and many men I know have tried to tread that path—you will find it much more difficult.

For instance, if you take over a theatre which has Tradition, Atmosphere, a Reputation, you will not know what to do. The tradition will haunt you. The Dead Man's Hand will clutch you by the throat in the corridors, late at night, if you dare to deviate one inch from what he did thirty years before.

If you become modern, your audiences will complain. And if you go on being old-fashioned, you will get it in the neck.

You cannot be new and old at the same time, and yet you will have to be—yes, or the wrath of London will yell at you.

"He is letting his theatre down," they will say.

You will try every known thing, one after another. All the time, the unknown thing will be the gold-mine that you will never find. You will feel like a mute at a funeral.

# of the Theatre: No. 7—The Manager

## By
## Hannen Swaffer

THERE are two kinds of managers—those who suffer from tradition, and those who suffer from extradition.

This other kind is common all over the world. It includes the sweepings of Europe—yes, and of other continents.

These are the exploiters, the enemies of the theatre, the profiteers, the rack-renters.

You will never be one of these. You have not got the nerve. No, and you have not got the ignorance.

Now, I have known a manager—you could be one of this kind if you really tried—who, knowing so little of world-famous plays, and therefore wanting to produce some, asked me for the names of some of them.

When I mentioned Strindberg to him, he asked me how to spell it. When I told him to put down "Peer Gynt," by Ibsen, he did not know what I was talking about. I mentioned Hauptmann, and he did not know how to write it down. Nor did he know Brieux's name!

Yet all the time this man was posing as a highbrow manager. He was quite seriously interviewed by the London newspapers. He was running a theatre in the West End. I have even seen published his photograph having supper with a famous literary personage. And I remember two of the best-known authors in the whole of the British Empire consulting him as to the dramatisation of their works.

They did not know that, when he had offered to him the acting version of one of the most notable books ever written since writing began, he had not heard its name.

Yes, and I have known a manager who once ran several theatres in London at the same time, so ignorant of stage productions, after twenty years of it, that, not long ago, when he saw a scene-painter standing by an unfinished set and heard him say: "Yes, I shall stipple that part in the morning," he replied: *"But aren't you going to paint it?"*

NOW you begin to understand why you may find it easier not to learn anything about the theatre, as did the managers who are now passing, one by one, but merely to go abroad and buy a ready-made something or other, finished and complete, so that you can just bring it to London, just as it was before, and then bang a drum.

Every time you hear a man say: "Art is international," talk to him about Christopher Marlowe, or Sheridan, or Congreve, and you will hear him say, "What?"

He runs abroad because he knows nothing of the drama at home. He brings here foreign artists because he could not discover one that had not been found before.

There is a Sarah Siddons somewhere in England—yes, always—not ready-made, I mean, but lacking development and the proper direction.

There is always a potential Pinero. For all you know, there may be another Shaw. But many people of artistic or literary possbilities need guidance. The ones who can do it all always come through.

But if you look carefully into the history of most famous actors and actresses, and nearly all the best-known playwrights, you go back to a time when a little bit of luck, an hour of guidance, or a careful collaboration lifted them from the mass.

There is room to-day in England for a Manager. You are not he, or I should know by now, for you would have burst forth, knocked something down, or screamed loudly in your hate and your disgust. You would have banged your head against the walls. You might have died of the banging. But if you had lived, you would also have Arrived.

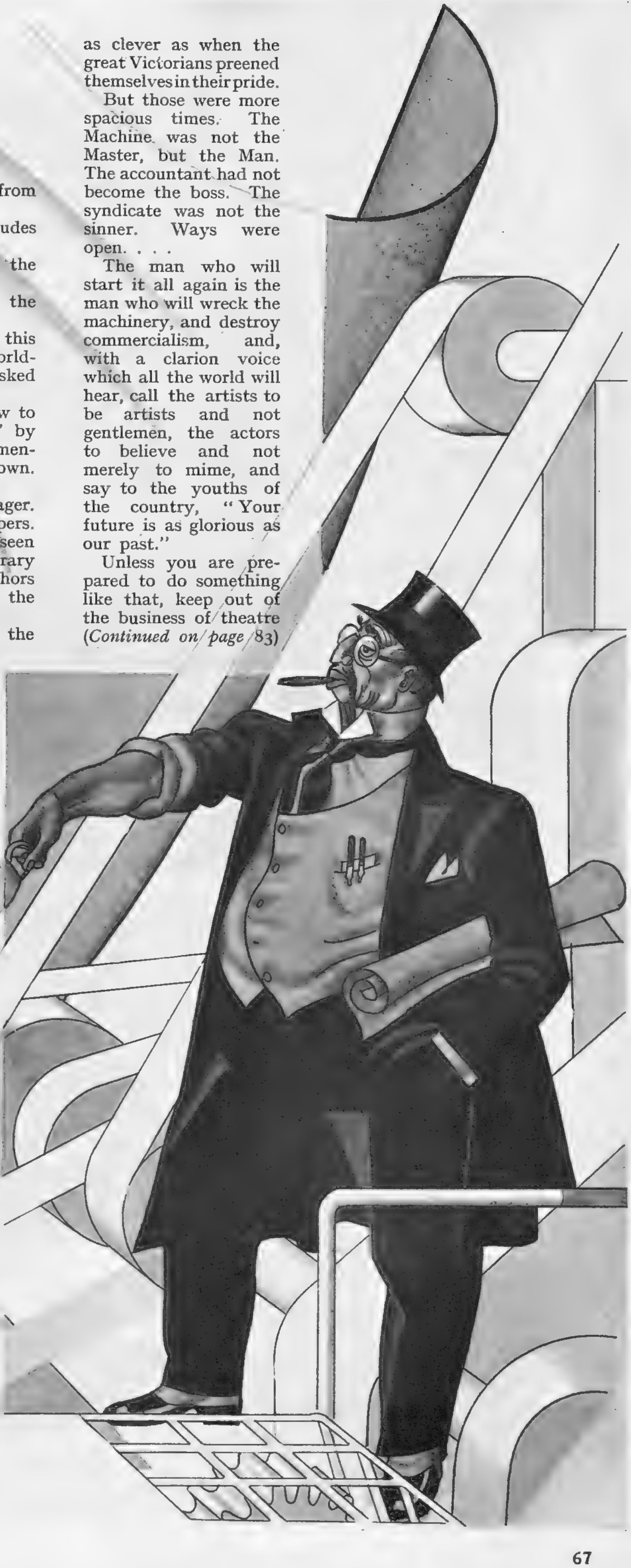
All over the country there is as much brain as ever there was on these islands. People are just as clever as when the great Victorians preened themselves in their pride.

But those were more spacious times. The Machine was not the Master, but the Man. The accountant had not become the boss. The syndicate was not the sinner. Ways were open. . . .

The man who will start it all again is the man who will wreck the machinery, and destroy commercialism, and, with a clarion voice which all the world will hear, call the artists to be artists and not gentlemen, the actors to believe and not merely to mime, and say to the youths of the country, "Your future is as glorious as our past."

Unless you are prepared to do something like that, keep out of the business of theatre

(*Continued on page 83*)

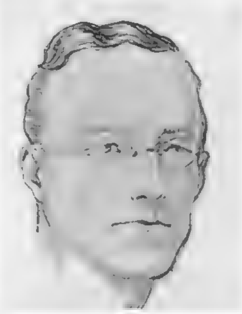


# BOOKS:

*Reviewed by*

*Arnold Palmer*

## More Gore



*R. C. Woodthorpe*

### "The Public School Murder"

*By R. C. Woodthorpe* (Nicholson & Watson; 7s. 6d.)

THIS is a good, level-headed, well-written story of life in a public school. The school is so unfortunate as to lose its Headmaster, shot through the head. The elucidation of the mystery surrounding the crime is logical and exciting, and Mr. Woodthorpe is to be congratulated on a neat piece of work. But he deserves even warmer congratulations on having written something better than a good murder story. He has written a good school story, which, as hundreds of unsuccessful novels have proved, is a very difficult thing to do.

### "The Man Without a Face"

*By Clifton Robbins* (Benn; 7s. 6d.)

MR. ROBBINS'S crime is a "swell" crime—a most elaborate murder, complete with foreigners and a superb adventuress, which, as all proper crimes should do, necessitates a trip to the Continent before it is finally cleared up. Working on familiar lines, the author gives us a Holmes and a Watson. They are called Clay Harrison and Henry. Mr. Harrison is very successful, but I must confess that I think that that purist, Holmes, would have been horrified by his methods. His deductions are often based on the flimsiest evidence. That they are always right merely proves that he is a very lucky young man. Perhaps a successful detective has to be.

### "East and West of Soho"

*By Carlyle Maynard*

(Hamlin Publishing Co.; 7s. 6d.)

IT is not easy to swallow this tale, for the plot, like the author's style of writing, is a little too rich. Mr. Maynard knows his London very well, and this makes a promising basis on which he may yet build up a reputation. But even mystery novels are still novels. As a novelist, Mr. Maynard has a good deal to learn.

*EDGAR WALLACE at work with his secretary, his fatal visit*

*CHARLES WILLIAMS, author of "The Greater Trumps." (Right) Kurt Heuser, author of "The Inner Journey," a powerful, steamy story of the African forests*

IT is depressing to read a bad book, but it is actively painful to read a good book which you cannot understand. I cannot understand *The Greater Trumps*, by Charles Williams (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.). I cannot make head or tail of it, and yet I am firmly convinced that Mr. Williams is a real writer. There are parts of this novel which are masterly. There are other portions which are so confused that readers will ask themselves whether the author has gone as far as he might in the preliminary work of clarifying his ideas. The novel deals with magic cards, gipsy lore, secret rites, and the rest of it; so that even a John Stuart Mill would have difficulty in making all things clear. I don't mind being mystified over the cards, since I have never studied them. But when I find Mr. Williams utterly unable to make me acquainted with the mental processes of his characters, I am not so ready to take all the blame.

Here is a description of the relations existing between an aunt and her niece:

> Their natures answered each other across the years. But between them lay the experience of responsibility, that burden which is only given in order to be relinquished, that task put into the hands of man in order that his own choice may render it back to his creator, that yoke which, once wholly lifted and put on, is immediately no longer to be worn. Sybil had lifted and relinquished it; from the freedom of a love more single than Nancy's she smiled at the young initiate who from afar in her untrained innocence beheld the conclusion of all initiations.

I have read this passage a great many times without discovering any meaning in it. It is true that a little mystification is half the fun of a dark, wild romance such as Mr. Williams has chosen to write. But I don't think he is trying to mystify me in the paragraph I have quoted. I think he is trying to tell me something; and, if that assumption is right, he has failed. Either he has forgotten all about me

## Brave New Worlds

### "A Scientist Among the Soviets"

*By Julian Huxley* (Chatto & Windus; 3s. 6d.)

A VISIT to Soviet Russia must be, for a scientist, like a glimpse of heaven. Here the lover of experiment can see the World's Greatest Experiment in process, spawning smaller experiments as it goes. What is the object of all these experiments? The national prosperity of Russia? The happiness of the majority of Russian men and women? The gratification of the experimenters' love of experimenting? Professor Huxley was enjoying himself so tremendously that he never seems to have asked himself these questions. It was enough for him that, wherever he went or gazed, there was a lovely new experiment going on. It is not quite enough for the reader who has not yet freed himself from the idea that the State is an agglomeration of individuals. What, for instance, happens to the Russian who craves for solitude, or would merely like to be alone? This longing, which is as common as gregariousness, is ignored by the Professor save in one fleeting allusion. Then he uses a beautiful expression. He calls it "just lounging about." Mr. Aldous will enjoy that phrase.

### "Sidelights" *By G. K. Chesterton*

(Sheed & Ward; 6s.)

THE full title of Mr. Chesterton's book is ***Sidelights on New London and Newer York, and Other Essays.*** There are eight essays on English themes, fourteen on American, and a final batch of six on literary topics. The splendour of Mr. Chesterton's prose, the vigour of his mind, remain unabated. He has a great reputation, but, even now, it hardly equals his deserts. Perhaps he writes too much—not for the quality of his work, but for the belief it fosters that it has only an ephemeral value. The belief is erroneous. Mr. Chesterton has run a good race for the immortal garland; the dust and the heat are more dear to him than the prize; and consequently he keeps his place, year after year, amongst the leaders.

# The Mind *of* Edgar Wallace: What Method *can* do

*Bob Curtis. A portrait taken during to Hollywood*

## "The Invincible Adam"

*By G. S. Viereck and P. Eldridge*

(Duckworth ; 8s. 6d.)

*G. S. Viereck*

THIS is the concluding volume of the saga which began with *My First Two Thousand Years* and was continued in *Salome, the Wandering Jewess.* It tells the story through the ages of Kotikokura, the Ape-man, the representative of the animal kingdom and the forces of Nature, and thus completes the long, allegorical history of the religions of mankind.

Is that a correct description of it ? It is hard to say. This new version of the legend of the Wandering Jew is a curious mixture of *Tarzan* and the *Outline of History* ; and, like both ingredients, it has toured the world. In it, real imagination mingles with Hollywood pretentiousness and tabloid knowledge, and it is to be feared that it owes some at least of its popularity to its less estimable qualities. It is certain to be devoured by the kind of reader who likes to pretend that he is improving his mind while he is actually indulging his senses, and like all such writings it is, for that reason, slightly suspect. Such history as it presents should not be taken very seriously. As a flight of the imagination, it is entitled to more respect. As literature, it may be labelled Metro-Goldwyn, but hardly paramount.

in the excitement of his news, or he has despised the work of sub-editing. I might have quoted any of fifty passages equally cryptic. It says much for Mr. Williams that, even so, I am deeply impressed by his novel. He is an original and powerful writer ; that is to say, he has an original and powerful mind.

A wonderful contrast to Mr. Williams presents himself in Mr. Compton Mackenzie. Mr. Mackenzie's new book, *Unconsidered Trifles* (Secker ; 6s.), is not one of his important works, since it consists of a selection of newspaper articles on all manner of topics. But the contrast does not lie solely in profundity. Mr. Mackenzie's writing is as neat, light and dapper as Mr. Williams's is splendid and stormy. Mr. Mackenzie has a precise mind. If ever it is strewn and littered with wild dreams, I imagine that he is not happy until he has acted as his own charwoman, and removed all traces of the chaos.

*MR. COMPTON MACKENIZE photographed outside the door of his island home, Eilan Aigus, near Beauly*

Some people may complain that the room is so tidy that they hardly like to sit down. Still, it is Mr. Mackenzie's room, and at least he does know where to find things, anything he wants, at a moment's notice.

Edgar Wallace's mind, too, was a marvel of tidiness. It had some of the qualities of a dynamo, for it could be switched on to any one of a variety of purposes in succession, and might always be relied upon to give smooth and highly efficient service. It is a matter of genuine regret that it was not more often applied to work worthy of it. For this, the public is partly to blame. Edgar Wallace wrote one really good book, an autobiographical volume called *People* ; and it must, I think, have been a complete failure. Although it was written after he had made his name, I never come across anyone who has heard of it, much less read it. Now another autobiographical volume bears his name—*My Hollywood Diary* (Hutchinson ; 7s. 6d.). This consists of the daily notes he made for Mrs. Wallace during his last and fatal trip. It will no doubt have a big sale, which will be due to the descriptions of life at Beverly Hills and of the large-faced folk who live there. But the interest of the book lies, for me, in its revelation of the most unusual man who wrote it.

It is not enough to say of him that he was industrious. He was capable of getting through three to four times as much work as the ordinarily industrious man. I remember seeing him one afternoon on a racecourse far from London, where he was collecting information for his racing articles. Already, that day, he had written the last chapter of a novel and attended the rehearsal of a play, besides making a journey of two hours or more. One of his Hollywood notes runs : "Yesterday I wrote four articles and a part of the new scenario. I had a long sleep in the afternoon." It is safe to guess that every one of those articles was sensible and acute. He had a wonderfully aware mind ; he was as observant as Arnold Bennett, whom he resembled, indeed, in more ways than one. His diary, loose and unedited as it is, is full of evidence of the shrewdness of his brain and the quickness of his eye. If he alludes, for instance, to a

(*Continued on page* 84.)

# FILM THRILLS

### By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

JUST before the start of the great motor-race, which abounds with thrills, smashes and drama. James Cagney and Frank McHugh in "The Crowd Roars"

Top: BORIS KARLOFF as the Monster in "Frankenstein," and (left) Frankenstein's assistant in the act of stealing the brain which is put into the Monster

## The Flying Ace and the Motor Speed-Bogey as Hair-raisers and Blood-

WE were promised, or threatened with, hair-raising thrills on the screen this year, and we have had them; but I suggest that it has not been the painstakingly reconstructed bogeys and macabre unrealities of Victorian conception that have supplied the most measurable palpitations, but the blood-curdling exploits of stunt aviators and daring speed-track drivers.

The most nerve-shattering and memorable films of the year were not the American interpretation of "Mrs. Percy B. Shelley's" morbid, imaginative creation, "Frankenstein," nor Robert Louis Stevenson's nightmare, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"; not Edgar Allan Poe's pseudo-scientific experimentalist, Dr. Mirakle, and the murderous ape in "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," or even "Dracula," Bram Stoker's nineteenth-century vampire—albeit slightly more exciting than the New World, feminised version of the blood-sucker! The real thrills have been supplied by the helmeted heroes of modern adventure in the air and on the speed track in "The Lost Squadron," made from the story by Dick Grace, one of the last survivors of Hollywood's famous "Death Squadron," who achieved his most spectacular and, reputedly, his last crash doubling for Richard Dix in this picture, and "The Crowd Roars," the unique presentation of motor-racing thrills and horrors in which a number of well-known professional racing drivers took part.

The two other films which have proved outstanding popular successes, as well as masterpieces of technical achievement, have been the brilliant German film, "Kameradschaft," based on the mining disaster in the Ruhr, when the national feud between the Germans and French was obliterated by the greater human impulse towards saving fellow-men in danger and distress, and "Men Like These," the epic (there will be no other word until Esperanto is established!) of the submarine service.

IT is stupid and unimaginative to ascribe the reactions to subjects like these to sadistic complications. This kind of adventure is the woof and weave of modern life. Its heroes are men who live dangerously and die gloriously. Much more sadistic in essence was the imaginative wallowing of the comfortable, complacent Victorians in the horrid activities of a monstrous mechanism, imbued with the worst of human

# —ANCIENT and MODERN

*MAKING a film within a film: Von Stroheim as the ruthless director who engineers crashes for his stunt fliers*

*ONE of the most spectacular crashes of Dick Grace's career: a nose dive into the sea in "The Lost Squadron"*

passions, in the attacks on a beautiful young woman by a blood-sucking vampire, or children trampled to death by the loathsome Hyde and the murder of inoffensive young women by a hairy ape!

Such concepts may have been necessary for the titillation of sensation in people grown plump and prosperous to shake them out of the lethargy engendered by overworked digestive functions. They were on a par with the "bogeys" invented by Victorian nursemaids to intimidate their charges into obedience. Nursery discipline and the inculcation of fear are obsolete (we need all our powers of rebellion and courage to survive nowadays); but if an unscrupulous "lady-nurse," in order to secure uninterrupted perusal of a book by a Huxley, a Sitwell, or Professor Jeans, resorts to terrification, doubtless she threatens her recalcitrant charges with encephalitis lethargica, to dock their hormones or split their atoms!

But, nevertheless, Hollywood, under-estimating the adult proclivities of older civilisations, has disinterred the decently buried imaginings of the last century's "shockers" in the hope of making modern flesh creep. These pictures have given great opportunity to "masters of make-up," and a chance to the

## Track Driver Beat the Victorian curdlers for Modernist Audiences

directors and camera-men to show the scope of the screen in presenting the unpresentable, the eerie and the macabre. If 1932 audiences have not responded altogether appropriately to the horror which walks by night, stealthily, silently, in horrid guise, they have at least derived amusement, tempered with interest in technical achievement, from these efforts.

As the monster in "Frankenstein," Boris Karloff, English-born in spite of his Russian name, added two inches to his already considerable height of six foot two: in his next picture, in which his make-up is to be hideous beyond description, Universal informs us that he will add another four inches, which would seem to confirm the poet who wrote:

"Each man makes his own stature, build himself:"
But there is a proverb:
"Men are not measured by inches"!

Our conception of Men is better fulfilled by those masters of reality, not make-up, masters of life and death, who command our thrilled admiration in the air and on the motor race track.

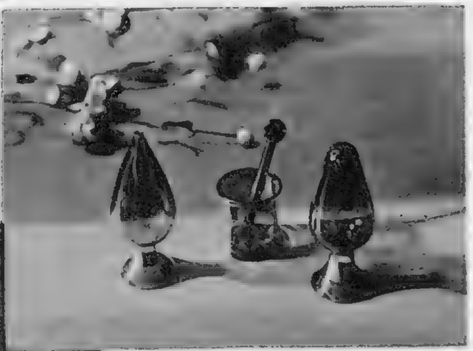
(*Continued on page* 84.)

*DOROTHY JORDAN and Joel McCrea as the lovers, and sole surviving principals, in the story of Hollywood's air films, "The Lost Squadron"*

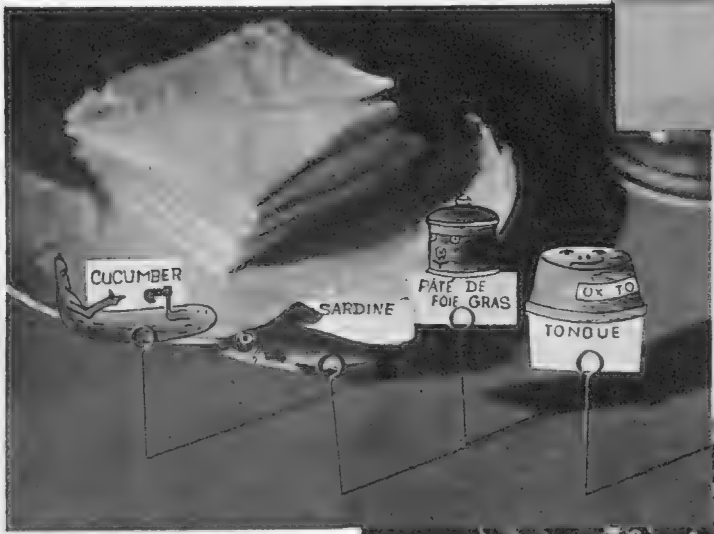
# What I *have* Bought *this* Month

*THE names and addresses of firms from which articles described on these pages can be obtained will be supplied to any interested reader on receipt of a postcard addressed to the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2*

*IT is difficult to believe that these mats are made of paper, for they are an almost perfect reproduction of hand-made lace*

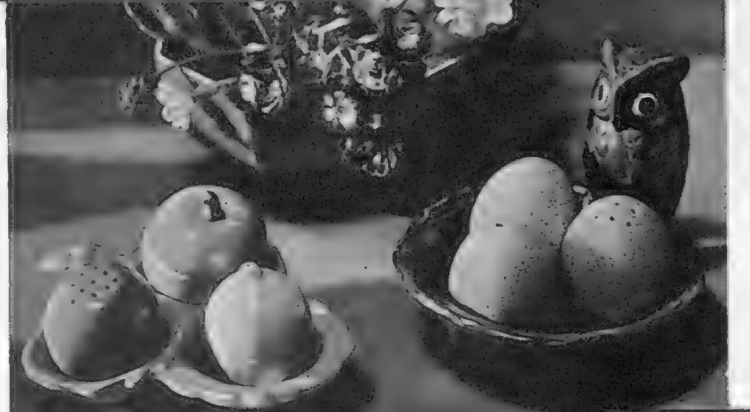


*A GLASS cruet set of attractive design. It is available in four different colourings — ruby, amber, Bristol blue and pale apple-green*



*THESE attractive sandwich indicators would cause amusement whenever they were used. One shilling is the price of the set of four*

*(Below)*
*HERE are the cruets you need for luncheon in your country cottage. The cruet on the left of the picture costs 2/11, and 5/- is the price of the owl cruet*



DURING the hot weather egg and salad dishes are always popular, especially in the country, and so I determined to hunt in the shops until I found a cruet which would "go" with these vegetarian dishes and, at the same time, be suitable for country use. I found the two cruets illustrated here, and as they were so attractive, and also inexpensive, I decided to buy them both. The cruet on the left of the picture has a green stand, and the condiment holders are in the form of a lemon, orange and apple. The other cruet represents a dark-brown owl sitting on the edge of a nest full of eggs. The latter, which are pale-blue speckled with brown, hold the condiments. The price of the owl cruet is 5/-, and the other one, 2/11.

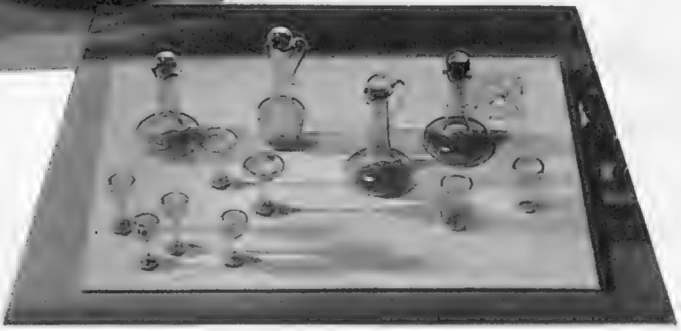
IF you are fond of miniature things the set of decanters, wine glasses and tumblers which is illustrated on this page will fascinate you. You can judge how tiny the pieces are by comparing them with the postage stamp. The whole set is standing on an ordinary court-size envelope, and even then there is plenty of room for more. This tiny set is made of English glass in a lovely shade of pale delphinium-blue, and it is really a charming ornament, each piece being perfect in shape and design. The nursery folk would find it a welcome addition to the dolls' house. The set complete costs 6/6.

THE table mats, although made of paper, are extremely effective, and look just like hand-made lace. These mats are economical in use, for when dirty they only need wiping over with a damp cloth and they are spotless once more. Both sizes cost 9d. per packet, but contain different quantities. There are twenty-two of the small size in the packet, but only twelve of the larger size.

SUMMER time is picnic time, and picnic time means sandwiches, so you will need one or two sets of these jolly sandwich indicators. They are so amusing — and inexpensive, for a shilling is the price asked for a card of four. In addition to the indicators in the photograph, other sets can be bought for different varieties of sandwiches, such as smoked salmon, shrimp, ham, chicken; and tomato, caviare, egg and cress, salmon.

BECAUSE it is elusive, glass is always intriguing, whatever form it takes. In the cruet illustrated on this page it is shown in one of its newest forms. As you will see, the design of each piece is extremely artistic and pleasing. These fascinating sets are made in four different colourings, ruby, amber, old Bristol blue and pale apple-green, so they can be bought to harmonise with most colour-schemes. They are very easy to keep clean, for the mustard pot has a wide top, and when the salt and pepper casters need washing the water can be poured right through if the corks are taken out. Three shillings and elevenpence is the amazingly low price of these attractive glass cruets.

I HAVE also bought what I consider every well-kept home should contain, particularly during the summer months—a Shell Tox sprayer. This health gun, which costs only 5s. complete, ejects a very fine mist of Shell Tox, which, although sufficient to kill whole regiments of flies, is at the same time absolutely harmless to everything except insects and their eggs and is also odourless. Not only should you spray your rooms, but it is a good idea to spray the garbage tin, that horrid breeding place of flies, in order to prevent them from hatching.



*HOW small this miniature glass set is can be judged by comparing the various pieces with the stamp on the corner of the envelope. Perfectly made, these decanters and glasses are in a pale shade of delphinium blue*

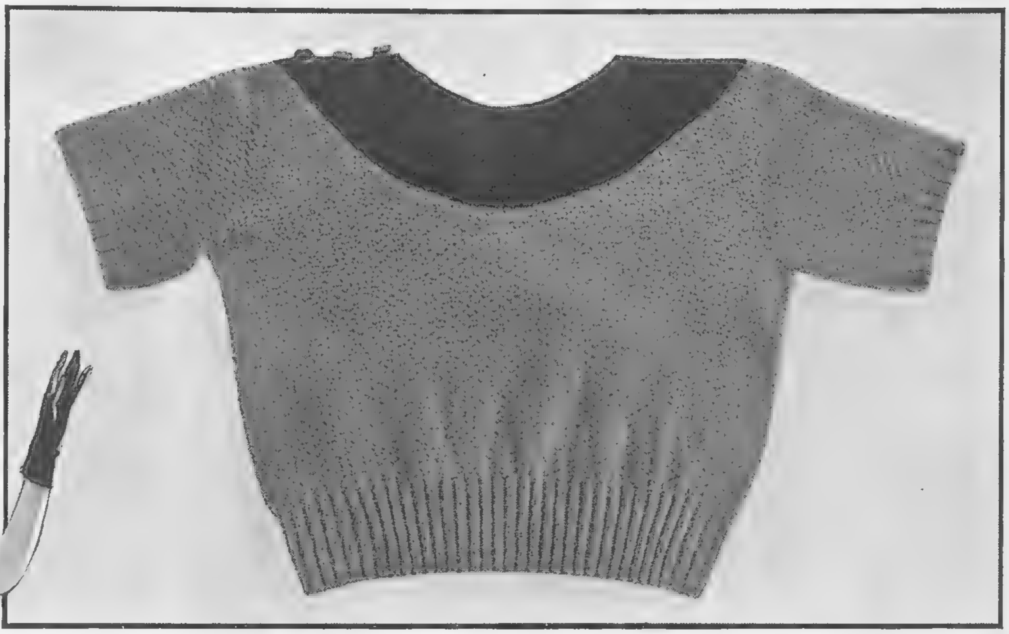
# YOU *can easily make this* Yoked Jumper...

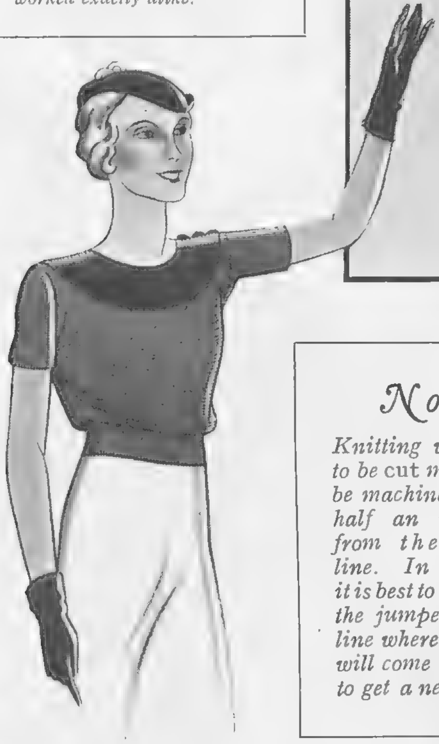
### Materials Required

*6 ozs. tomato red Lister's "Lislama" 2-ply Crochet Wool.*
*2 ozs. Navy Blue ditto.*
*1 pair No. 10 bone knitting needles.*
*4 No. 15 (9 inch) steel needles.*
*A fine crochet hook.*
*3 fancy buttons.*

### Measurements When Pressed

*Bust, 36 inches.*
*Length from shoulder to lower edge of ribbing, 17 inches.*
*Length of short sleeve, 7 inches from shoulder.*
*The front and back are worked exactly alike.*





### Note

*Knitting which is to be cut must first be machined about half an inch in from the cutting line. In this case it is best to machine the jumper on the line where the yoke will come in order to get a neat effect.*

THE newest jumper always has a contrasting yoke, and no one could wish for a smarter combination than tomato red and navy blue.

The round yoke is not only attractive, but gives the jumper a well-fitting line.

The original jumper had the body and sleeves worked in tomato red in a pretty double moss-stitch pattern, with a navy yoke in single moss-stitch worked on fine steel needles. The yoke is sewn to the main part of the jumper which is made in the first place with a square neck, and cut away afterwards.

### *The Front and Back*

Cast on 144 stitches in red, and knit one row into the back of the stitch, then work ribbing of 2 plain, 2 purl for 3 inches.

The next four rows constitute the double moss-stitch pattern.

*1st row.*—Plain row. *2nd row.*—2 plain, 2 purl. *3rd row.*—Plain row. *4th row.*—2 purl, 2 plain.

Repeat these four rows for a depth of 9 inches, finishing with a pattern row.

Now commence to decrease for the armholes.

*1st row.*—Cast off 8 stitches, knit across row. *2nd row.*—Cast off 10 stitches, moss-stitch pattern, to end of row. *3rd row.*—Cast off 2, knit to end of row. *4th row.*—Cast off 2, moss-st. patt. to end of row. *5th row.*—Cast off 2, knit to end. *6th row.*—Cast off 2, moss-st. patt. *7th row.*—Cast off 2, knit to end.

Continue straight up on the armhole edge for 1 inch, again finishing on a pattern row. Now cast off for the neck opening as follows:—

*Next row.*—Knit 32, cast off 52, knit 32.

Now work up each shoulder piece separately, on the 32 stitches, for 3½ inches, making the straight edge of the armhole 4½ inches deep. Cast off.

### *Sleeves*

Cast on 94 stitches, knit into the back of the stitch for the first row, then work 8 rows of ribbing (2 plain, 2 purl).

Work the moss-stitch pattern as you have done for the main part of the jumper, for 3¾ inches, finishing on a pattern row.

*Next row.*—Cast off 8 stitches, knit across row.

*Next row.*—Cast off 10 st., moss-st. patt. to end of row.

* *Next row.*—Cast off 2, knit across row.

*Next row.*—Cast off 2, moss-st. patt.*

Repeat from * to * until there are only 20 st. on the needle. Cast off. Make a 2nd sleeve to match.

### *The Blue Yoke*

This is worked in two pieces.

Using two of the steel needles, cast on 16 stitches. Knit one row into the back of the stitch.

Now work in single moss-stitch (1 pl. 1 purl over 1 purl 1 plain) adding 1 st. at the beginning and end of every row, for 3 inches, measuring up from the centre 16 st. Continue in the same way, but increasing only at the beginning of each row, until the work is 4½ inches deep.

*Next row.*—Continue as usual, but cast off 16 st. in the centre. Now work up each side separately, putting the side which is not being worked on to a third needle.

Increase on the outside, and still only at the *beginning* and decrease 1 st. at the neck edge at the *beginning and end* of each row for 30 rows. Cast off. Work up the other side to correspond.

The other half of the yoke is worked the same except for the last 8 rows on one shoulder, which are worked in ribbing of 4 plain, 4 purl. This is where the buttons are sewn on for fastening.

### *Making Up*

Press all the pieces of knitting carefully with a warm iron over a damp cloth—using the iron lightly so that you do not flatten the moss-stitch pattern. The yoke especially must be very carefully pressed to keep a good circular shape.

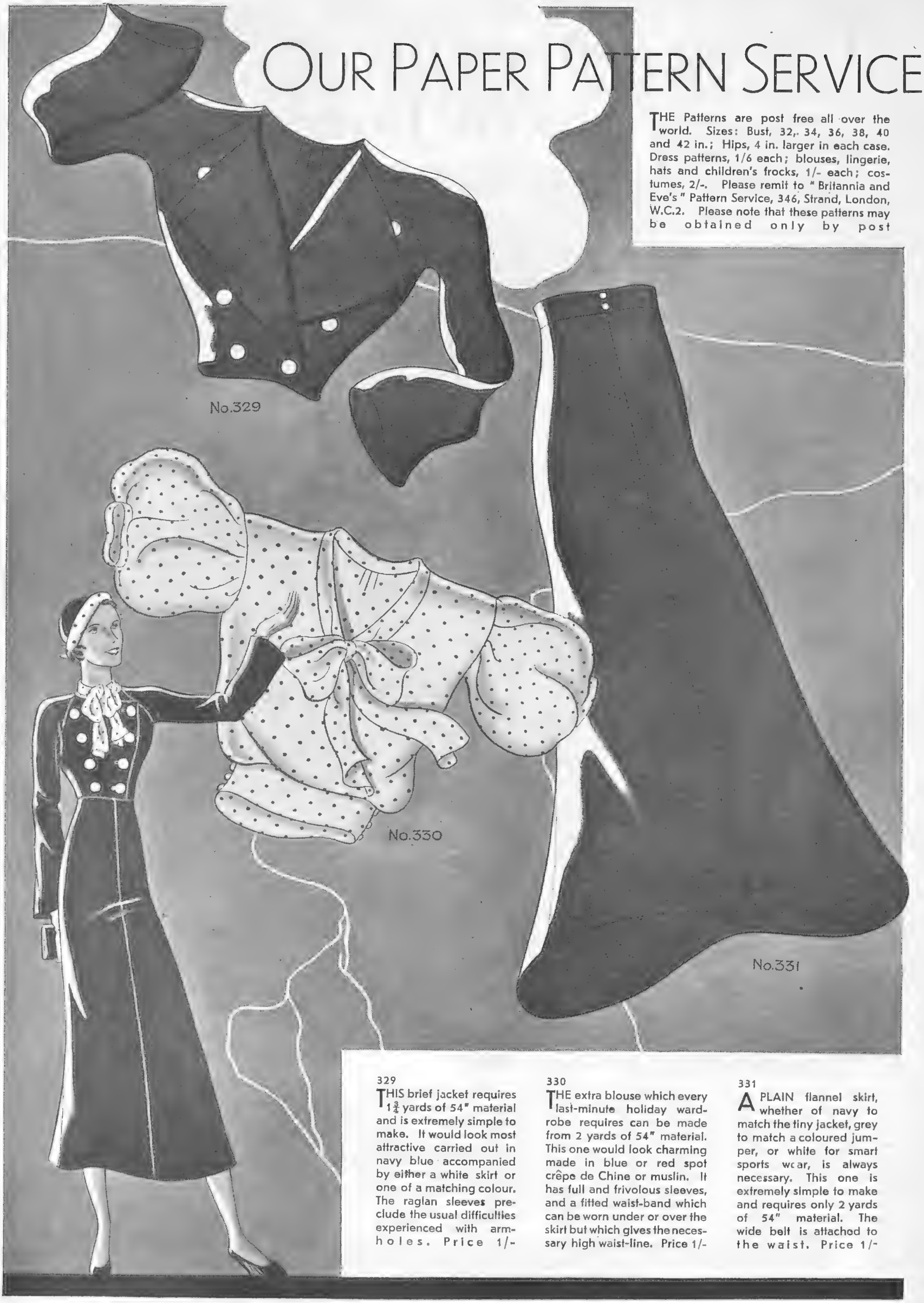
Sew up the side and shoulder seams of the jumper, join the sleeve seams, and inset the sleeves to the jumper. Sew up one shoulder seam of the yoke allowing ½ inch turning. Sew three little matching buttons on the ribbing edge of the other side.

Work 1 row of d.c. with a fine steel crochet hook round the neck, and along the other edge. This gives a firm finish. Work three loop buttonholes.

The only thing that remains to be done is to attach the yoke to the jumper. Pin it on, and then try on the jumper to see that it is correct. Turn in about ½ inch turning on the yoke and tack firmly, cut away the surplus red knitting, and then stitch either by hand or machine. If by hand, it must be done very firmly to prevent any risk of the knitting which has been cut from coming undone.

# OUR PAPER PATTERN SERVICE

THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips, 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/6 each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia and Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post



329

THIS brief jacket requires 1¾ yards of 54" material and is extremely simple to make. It would look most attractive carried out in navy blue accompanied by either a white skirt or one of a matching colour. The raglan sleeves preclude the usual difficulties experienced with armholes. Price 1/-

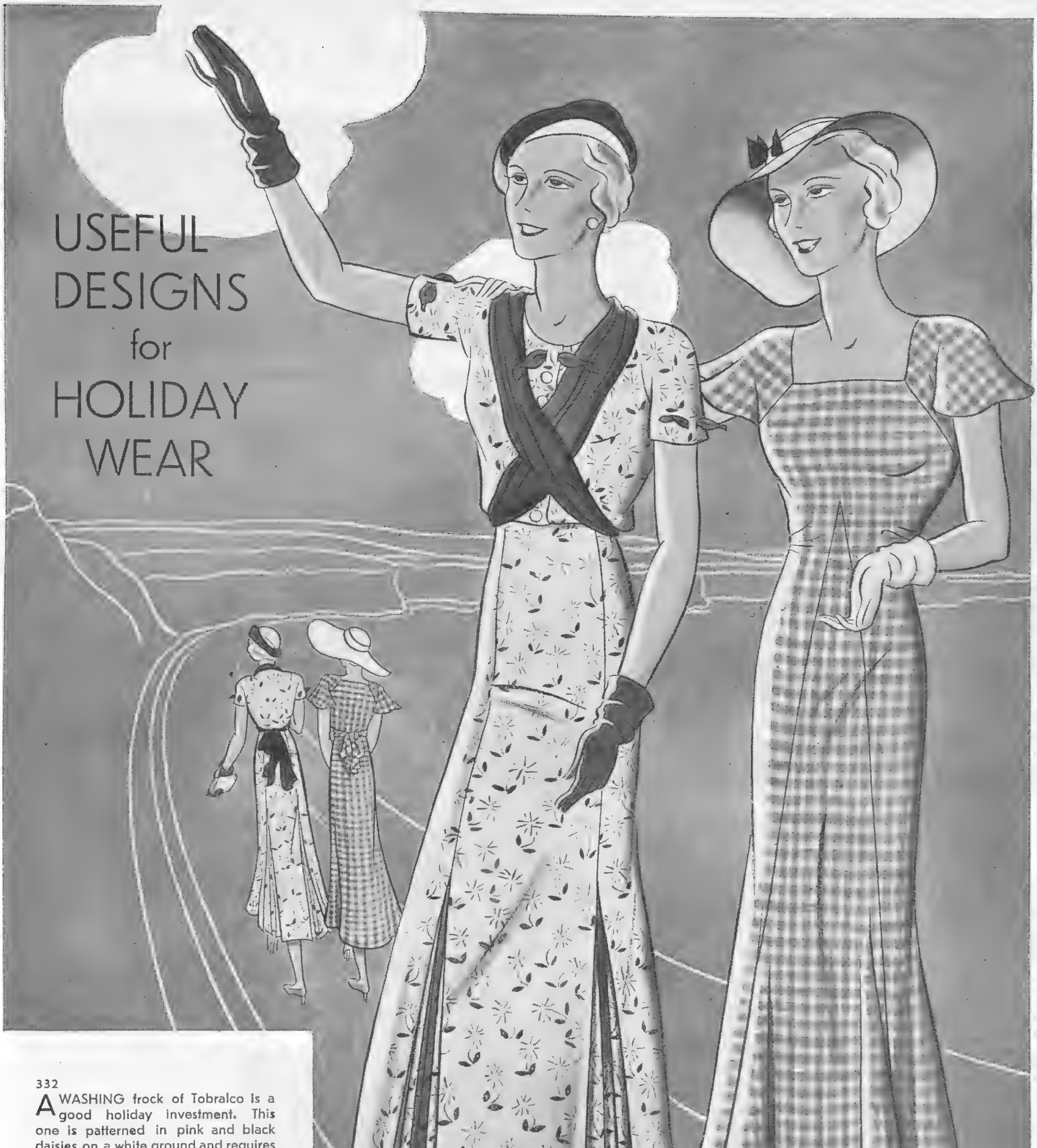
330

THE extra blouse which every last-minute holiday wardrobe requires can be made from 2 yards of 54" material. This one would look charming made in blue or red spot crêpe de Chine or muslin. It has full and frivolous sleeves, and a fitted waist-band which can be worn under or over the skirt but which gives the necessary high waist-line. Price 1/-

331

A PLAIN flannel skirt, whether of navy to match the tiny jacket, grey to match a coloured jumper, or white for smart sports wear, is always necessary. This one is extremely simple to make and requires only 2 yards of 54" material. The wide belt is attached to the waist. Price 1/-

# USEFUL DESIGNS for HOLIDAY WEAR



332

A WASHING frock of Tobralco is a good holiday investment. This one is patterned in pink and black daisies on a white ground and requires 4 yards of 38" material. The skirt has four sections of pleats, and the simple bodice buttons in front. Over this is worn a coloured fichu which ties behind. Price 1/-

333

PINK and white check Tobralco makes this pretty beach frock which has little flared capes instead of sleeves. The skirt is cut in shaped sections, and there is no belt in front though a sash from under either arm ties in a bow behind. 3¾ yards of 38" material is required. Price 1/-

# *Summer Luncheons*—COLD

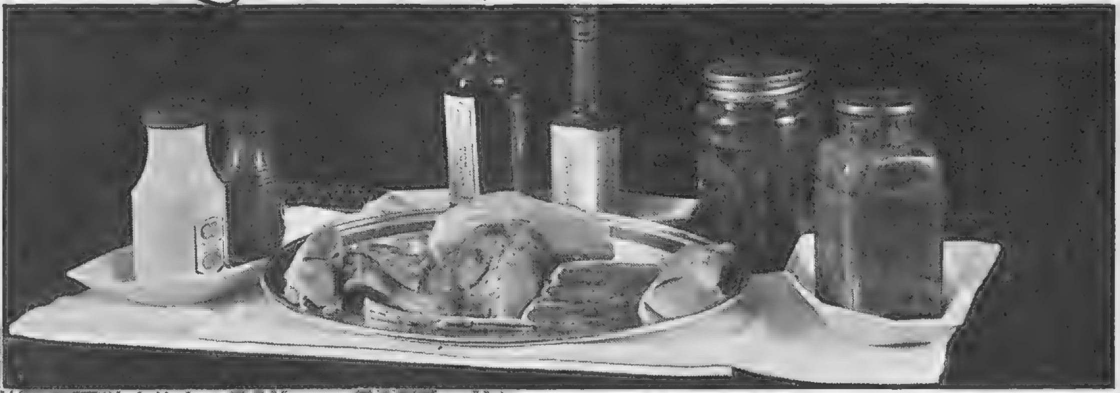
### *By* A. H.

*Right:*

*AN assortment of cold meats served with various sauces and pickles is always welcome on a hot day*

*Below:*

*LET us eat as much fruit and cream during the summer weather as we can; with cheeses of the creamy kind they provide the perfect finish to a meal*



ALTHOUGH many people look forward to the summer as a time for delicious cold meals, there are still a large number who prefer hot dishes—to match the weather. I remember overhearing an amusing discussion between a famous actress and the head waiter at a very well-known restaurant. It was a really hot day, and the waiter was "out to please."

"A little iced consommé to begin with, and then a nice wing of chicken in jelly, and some cold asparagus to finish with?" The lady listened with growing impatience, and when he had finished she put her foot down.

"Now, look here, young man, I'm accustomed to having my lunch hot at home, and I intend to have it hot here!" and there the matter ended.

However, as the weather is not to be depended upon, it is as well to be prepared for everything, and so we have arranged suggestions for two menus, one for a hot luncheon and the other one cold.

## *Eggs in Jelly*

Eggs in jelly can be garnished with many things: ham, grated cheese, tomatoes, asparagus tips, etc. First poach your eggs, one for each person. It is advisable to put a little salt and a little vinegar into the boiling water which keeps the eggs white and prevents the white from spreading. When the eggs are ready, remove them and put them in a warm place to dry; then place each egg carefully into a little china ramikin, in which you have placed your garnish: a little piece of lean ham, a slice of tomato, etc. Place another piece of garnish on top and pour over enough liquid jelly to fill the ramikin, and put them to set in a very cold place.

*MENU*
*for a Cold Luncheon*

*Eggs in Jelly*

—

*Cold Meats*
*Sautée Potatoes*

—

*Fruit and Cream*

—

*Cheese*

## *Calf's Foot Jelly*

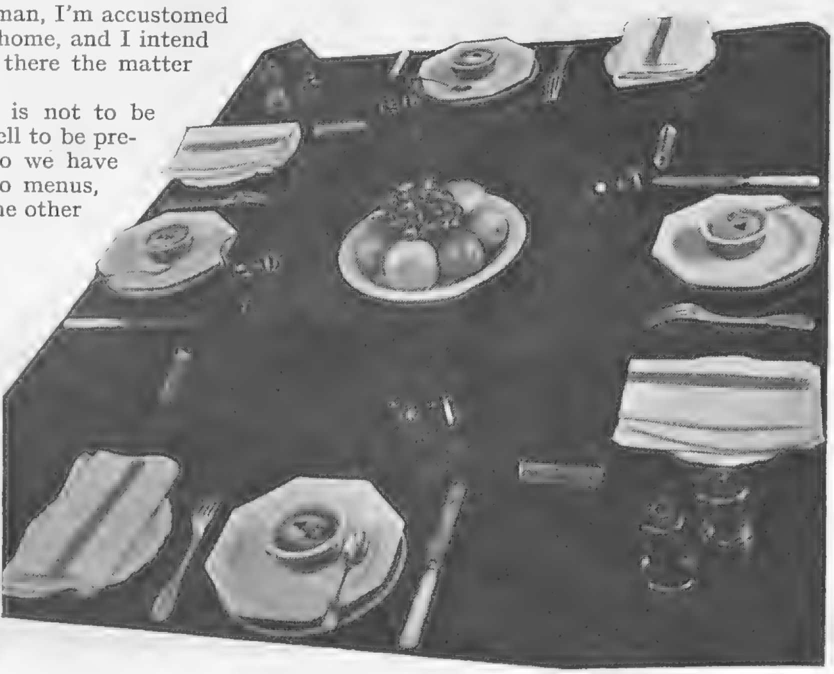
There are many ways of preparing the jelly, but the best is, of course, with calf's foot, which is extremely simple to make. Put one calf's foot into a saucepan with a quart of water or clarified stock, and season with salt, pepper and a bunch of parsley. Bring to the boil and simmer very slowly for six or seven hours, skimming when necessary. You test the jelly in the ordinary way by dropping a small quantity on to a cold plate. The jelly should be very clear, and if this is at all doubtful, you can clarify it by putting in the beaten white of an egg, which will drop to the bottom, gathering all sediment with it.

## *Cold Meats*

A collection of cold meats is always welcome on a hot day. A few slices of ham, beef, or cold chicken, arranged on a large dish, and served with a selection of mustard and pickles and accompanied by *sautée* potatoes, will revive the most jaded appetite.

## *Sautée Potatoes*

Boil in their skins some potatoes of the soapy kind, and when they are half cooked, peel them, let them cool and cut them into neat rounds. Finish cooking them in hot butter, tossing or turning them frequently, so that they are delicately and evenly browned. Put into a hot serving dish and sprinkle with salt and chopped parsley. They should not be kept waiting.

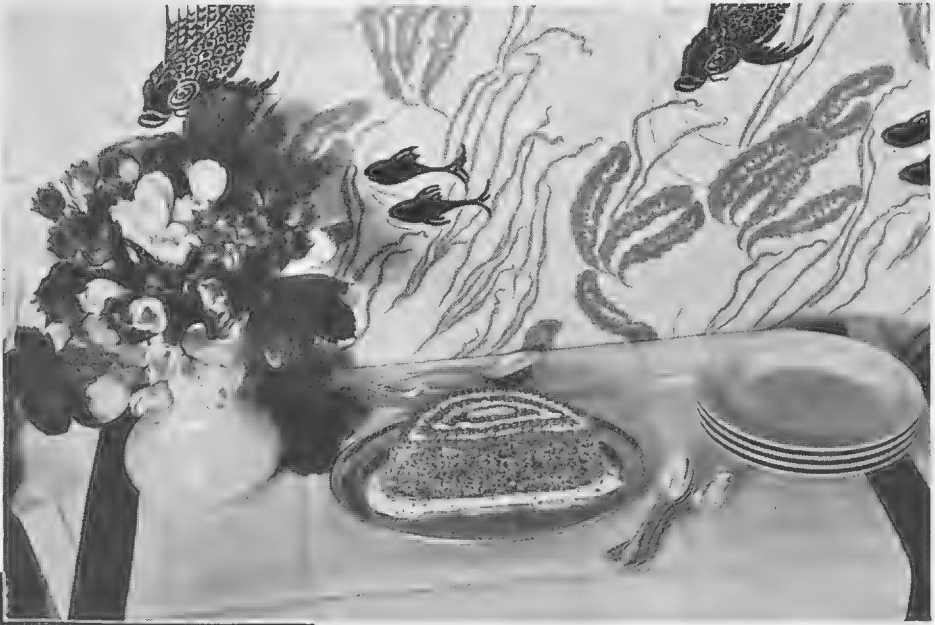


*NOTHING can be better than eggs in jelly for the first course of a summer luncheon*

# *Summer Luncheons*—HOT

*MENU*
*for a Hot Luncheon*
*Scrambled Eggs with Haddock*
—
*Vegetable Curry*
—
*Salad*
—
*Summer Suet Pudding*

## ADAIR



*SUMMER suet pudding filled with fresh fruit and served cold is an unusual sweet*

*A LIGHT vegetable curry is appetising during the warm weather. The mashed potato covering provides a change from the usual rice*

### *Scrambled Eggs with Haddock*

Parboil a smoked haddock in water, throw away most of the water, and finish cooking in milk and a little butter, adding some pepper. When the haddock is cooked, flake it and add the pieces to the scrambled eggs, prepared in the following manner. Break the eggs (two for each person) into a bowl with salt and pepper, beat lightly with a fork—not too much, but enough to have the yolks and whites well mixed. Meanwhile put a piece of butter into a very thick saucepan (if your pans are not very thick, it is better to put the saucepan containing the eggs into a larger one with boiling water), melt the butter and pour in the eggs. Cook very slowly, stirring all the time, and as soon as the eggs are thick and creamy they are ready. Most people cook them too much and—this is fatal—too quickly. Scrambled eggs should be served the moment they are ready.

*IN the article on this page mention is made of shredded suet in connection with the recipe for cold suet pudding. Our readers are probably aware that the best shredded suet on the market is the well-known brand of Atora, which in all well-run households has superseded the old-fashioned chopped suet*

### *Vegetable and Fruit Curry*

Curry is an extremely pleasant dish for the hot weather, especially the following one, which contains no meat and is made only with vegetables and fruit.

Peel and cut into small pieces one pound of onions and cook them in butter or bacon fat, until they are quite soft, without browning them. This is obtained by cooking the onions very slowly. Meanwhile peel and cut into pieces one pound of tomatoes, adding them to the onions. Add salt and cook together for 10 minutes, when you put in two bananas and an apple peeled and chopped. Simmer for another ten minutes or so and then add curry powder to taste. The dish must then simmer for at least half an hour. Add a tablespoonful of sugar, the same quantity of whatever jam you have open and the juice of an orange. Mix well together and stir in a breakfast cupful of boiling water, cook until all the water has evaporated and repeat this process several times. When you have to serve the curry, don't add any more water, as it must be as dry as possible. At the last minute break in one egg and stir it vigorously in, so that all trace of egg disappears. Put the curry into a fireproof serving dish and cover it with a thin layer of mashed potatoes, which makes a pleasing change from the usual rice. The dish may or may not be browned in the oven, according to taste.

It is always a good plan to serve after curry, a plain crisp lettuce salad, to be eaten by itself.

### *Summer Suet Pudding*

Line a greased mould with a paste made in the following manner: Put into a mixing bowl three-quarters of a pound of flour, 6 oz. of shredded suet, a good pinch of salt and a tablespoonful of baking powder. Mix well together and then add little by little about three-quarters of a tumblerful of cold water or enough to make a stiff paste. Work well but lightly, with the hands, and then roll out.

Having lined the mould with this paste, fill it with whatever fruit you are using: currants, gooseberries, loganberries, etc. Add sugar to taste, cover with another piece of paste which you seal down and bake in a moderate oven for two hours. Let the pudding get cold, and then turn it out very carefully on to a dish. This is extremely difficult to do, as the weight of the fruit makes the crust very easy to break; but by going slowly and easing the crust with a palette knife, it can be done. The top of the pudding may be decorated with whipped cream.

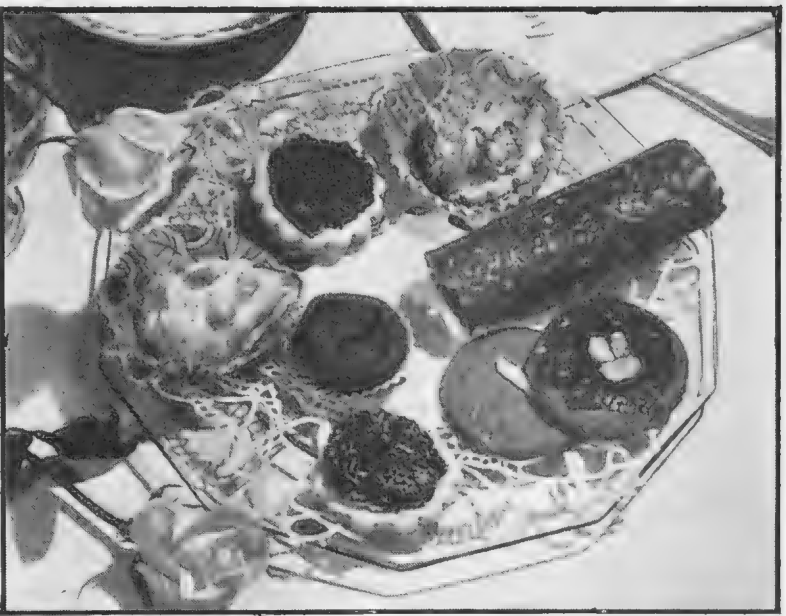
This is an unusual dish which should be seen more often for, apart from being delicious to taste, it contains much healthy nourishment.

# HOME-MADE BISCUITS FOR TENNIS TEAS

## Some quickly made extras for the indoor or outdoor tea-party

### By Judith Silburn

IT is often a perplexing task to achieve variety in the tea menu. Sandwiches, as a rule, present no great difficulty, but small cakes need thinking out if the hostess wishes to avoid a monotony of "fancy pastries."



HOME-MADE biscuits are particularly suitable for tennis tea parties, as they are easily handled

Home-made biscuits are particularly suitable for parties, as they are small and easily handled. Any of the following biscuits can be made quite easily at home.

RUB in the butter with the finger-tips; fingers should be used with all biscuit making

### *Chocolate Bouchées*

Sift ½ lb. flour with a pinch of salt, ¼ teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda and 2 oz. grated chocolate. Rub in 3½ oz. of butter with the finger-tips and mix to a paste with black treacle and a little milk. Grease diminutive round moulds, fill with the mixture and bake carefully in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes. Turn out and place in small paper cases. If liked, these chocolate biscuits may be coated with chocolate icing, or they may be merely garnished with candied violets.

N.B.—Some people like to add ½ teaspoonful of ground ginger and a little lemon essence to this mixture.

COAT the biscuits with chocolate icing and add chocolate raspings to decorate

### *Shortbread Biscuits*

Place ½ lb. flour (good light pastry flour is needed) on the board and mix well with 2 oz. of caster sugar, which should be quite free from lumps. Take 4 oz. of fresh butter, squeeze in a floured muslin to get rid of any superfluous moisture, and put the butter in the centre of flour and sugar. Chop up the butter with a knife, and when flour and butter are well mixed, knead the ingredients carefully into a ball of paste. No liquid should be added, as this amount of fat provides sufficient moisture for the kneading. Roll out on a floured board to the thickness of ¼ inch. Stamp out in rounds and bake on a floured baking-tin until a light golden brown. The oven should be moderate heat for these biscuits, and do not use a heat deflector, otherwise they will become too dark in colour.

These biscuits may be used as the foundation for several varieties of fancy biscuits, as follows:—

1. CHOCOLATE-COATED BISCUITS. Coat with chocolate icing (see below) and garnish with candied violets, etc.
2. CHOCOLATE SANDWICHES. Two biscuits sandwiched together with the chocolate icing, coated on top with more icing and then sprinkled with chocolate raspings.
3. FONDANT BISCUITS. Sandwich with fondant mixture and coat with coloured icing.
4. COCOANUT CAKES. Smear each biscuit with a little white of egg and place a small cocoanut cone (see below) on each one.
5. MERINGUE BISCUITS. Whip up a white of egg with 2 oz. of caster sugar, place a small dollop of meringue on each biscuit and bake in the oven until the meringue is quite crisp. Coat the meringue with icing and raspings.

N.B.—By varying the shape of the biscuits other dainties can be made with this same mixture—e.g., ring biscuits.

### *Cocoanut Cones*

Whip up one white of egg as stiffly as possible and add 4 oz. of caster sugar mixed with 3 oz. of desiccated cocoanut. Form into cones and place on wafer paper. Damp a sheet of kitchen paper, lay this on a thick board and place the cones on top. Bake in a very slow oven. The cones should be a pale golden colour and quite crisp when cooked.

### *Meringues*

Whip one white of egg to a stiff froth, add 3 oz. of caster (*Continued on page 110*)

# MARKETING WITH METHOD

## Good Housekeeping consists in obtaining the maximum variety and health value for the minimum expenditure

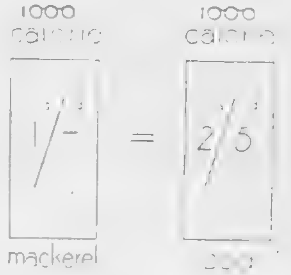
### By J. S. Bainbridge, M.Sc.

CORNED BEEF
4d
5
7
6

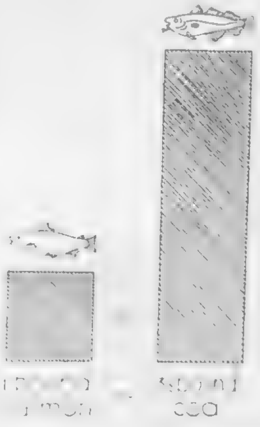
WITH an average family containing three adults, it is possible to provide a satisfactory diet for 10s. to 12s. per head per week. Although it would lack variety, such a diet could be as balanced, and as physiologically sound, as one costing 30s. a week. Economic housekeeping does not consist so much in keeping expenditure down to the barest subsistence level, however, as in securing as varied and attractive a choice as possible with the available housekeeping allowance, whatever that figure may be. Since all foodstuffs are at their best and cheapest when they are in season, it follows that efficient housekeeping implies taking advantage of seasonal changes and the bargains which result from these.

Every housekeeper should, therefore, make or obtain a list showing when foods are in season and at their best, and should use this as a guide for her marketing.

All foodstuffs fall naturally into one of two classes—perishable goods which can only be stored for a very limited period, and dry goods, using this term to include the best range of packeted, canned and bottled goods now on the market. Prices of the latter do not vary appreciably from month to month, and they need not further be discussed. It is, however, worth while to note that sales of bankrupt stocks and bulk purchases, etc., often make it possible to restock the shelves of the emergency larder with tinned goods at advantageous prices.



Marketing with method also involves, or should involve, the encouragement of shopkeepers who store and deliver their goods hygienically, even if this slightly increases the food bills. Milk in sealed cartons, bread wrapped in sealed grease-proof packets so that it is untouched by hand, and shopkeepers who appreciate the value of refrigerators and the damage to health which may be caused by such pests as the house-fly are examples of this kind of service.

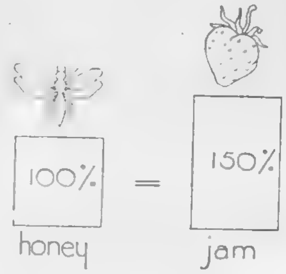


A number of foods, such as beef, cod, shell-fish, cabbages, onions and potatoes, are in season throughout the year, although they may vary in price from month to month. As regards these foods, it is a good plan for readers who live in London or the Home Counties to get a weekly provision price list such as that issued by several of the large stores. These large concerns periodically offer "Empire crates" and other advertising lines at bargain prices, but even if it is not possible to deal to any extent with the firm issuing the list, the current prices quoted for fish, meats and fruit, etc., will serve as a useful guide in local shopping.

The more important seasonal foods available during July are as follows :—

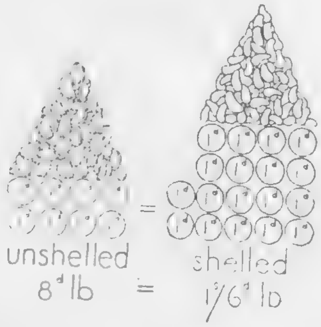
*Meat :* Lamb, venison (buck). *Game and Poultry :* Ducklings, guinea-fowl. *Fish :* Eels, hake, herrings, mackerel, salmon, trout, white-bait. *Vegetables :* Artichokes (globe), asparagus, beans (broad), cauliflower, cresses, peas (green), potatoes (new), spinach, vegetable marrows. *Fruit :* Apricots, bilberries, cherries, crab apples, currants (red, black and white), figs, gooseberries, loganberries, melons, naartjes, nectarines, peaches, pears, raspberries, rhubarb, strawberries.

All tuber vegetables, when fresh, are firm to the touch and unwrinkled.



THE fat of lamb should always be firm, white and waxy in colour. In fresh lamb the veins in the neck-end of the forequarter are bluish in colour—a greenish tinge to the veins indicates that the meat is stale.

The bills and feet of a duckling are yellow in colour—a reddish tint is a sign of age—and the feet are pliable and limp. The breast-bone should be quite soft and the beak brittle.



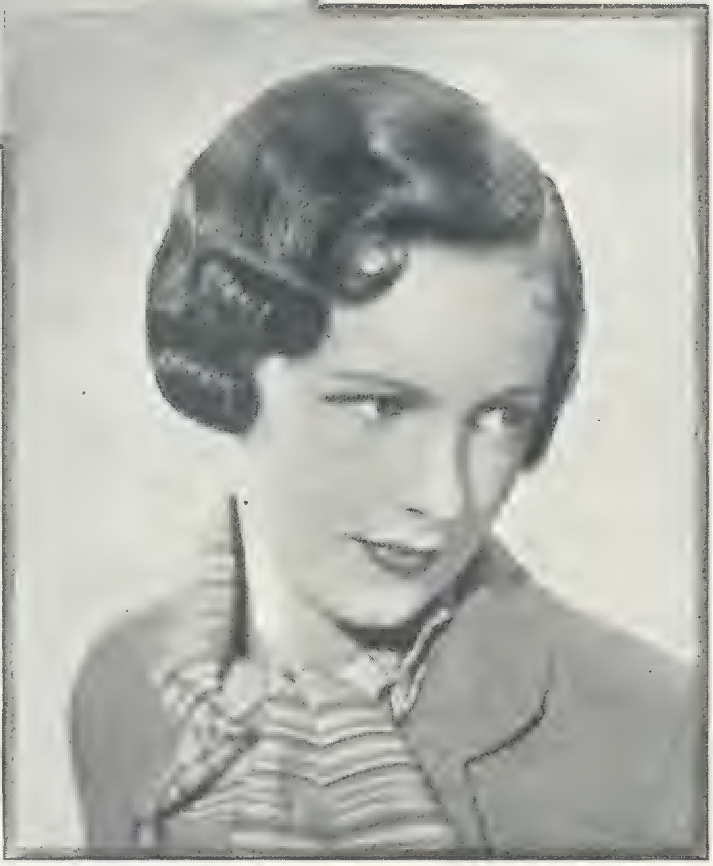
Hake is very similar in appearance to cod, except that it has a small curved fin on the back of the head. Hake is an excellent fish to use for made-up dishes because the flesh leaves the bones easily and cleanly. Mackerel should be pearly-white underneath, with the markings very bright and clear, and must be used quite fresh, because they are very oily and deteriorate rapidly. They are not a suitable food for children. Salmon, in spite of its comparatively high price, is an economical food. The flesh is solid and compact, and there is little waste. Since one pound of salmon has the same food value as three and a half pounds of cod, it will be realised that the price difference cancels out.

The food value of the salmon, compared with that of the cod, provides a good example of the fact that the value of a foodstuff cannot always be accurately judged from its price. The amount of waste in the shape of bones, skin or shells, etc., should always be taken into account when the food value of any article is being assessed. On this basis many of the cuts of meat which are usually regarded as being economical—because they are cheap—are found to be quite expensive. Because of the waste, for example, beef brisket at 7d. a lb. is very little, if any, cheaper than boneless top side at 1s. 1d. Again, with cod at 6d. a lb. a 1,000 calorie portion would cost 2s. 5d., whereas a shillingsworth of mackerel (also at 6d. a lb.) would have the same fuel value. Shelled Brazil nuts at 1s. 6d. to 1s. 9d. a lb. are as cheap as the unshelled variety at 8d. to 9d., and, of course, require no troublesome preparation. Honey at the same price as jam has a food value nearly 50 per cent. higher.

# Headlines...

## Putting *Curls* in their place—*and* keeping them there

*By "Chrysis"*



*SMOOTH curls which lie close to the head and which form a most becoming frame to the face are the chief features of this new coiffure by Vasco*

AS a rule I concentrate in these columns on the more serious and scientific aspects of beauty culture, but I think no apology is needed if this month I describe some, and one in particular, of the latest developments in the art of hairdressing. I say "art" advisedly, since the poets and artists, lovers and modistes of the world are agreed about the infinite importance of a woman's head. Its appearance rather than its content is our theme!

The history of the development of the hairdresser's art and woman's "hair-consciousness" during the last twenty years would make a treatise in itself, the history of a revolution as sensational as any of the political and social changes which have taken place and more certainly progressive.

Within the memory of the scarcely middle-aged there have been the teapot handle, the frizzed fringe, the padded and back-combed monstrosities on which picture hats precariously perched. We have seen the passing of the hair pin and the hat pin and the many-pronged crimping iron. The first sign of regeneration came with the marcel wave, then the marvellous invention of permanent waving, the epoch-making decision of women *en bloc* to cut off their hair, the bob, the shingle, the crop, back to half-long Burne-Jones curls—a lovely frame for fresh young faces, but making older women look like St. John the Baptist crying in the wilderness! Anita Loos created the Blonde—thousands of them—then the world of women came off the gold standard and went platinum, and the brunettes in self-defence became wind-blown.

The *colour* of a woman's hair is her own business and that of her hairdresser; as to style, I think that straight hair barely turned at its rather ragged ends and all brushed forward from the back of the head is too eccentric and "difficult" a fashion to last. It suits only certain types, dark women better than fair, and those possessed of *gaminerie*. What next, then? We cannot "stay put" in regard to hairdressing, that is the final symptom of age, the one thing women will not take up—until it becomes so obsolete as to provide a new sensation!

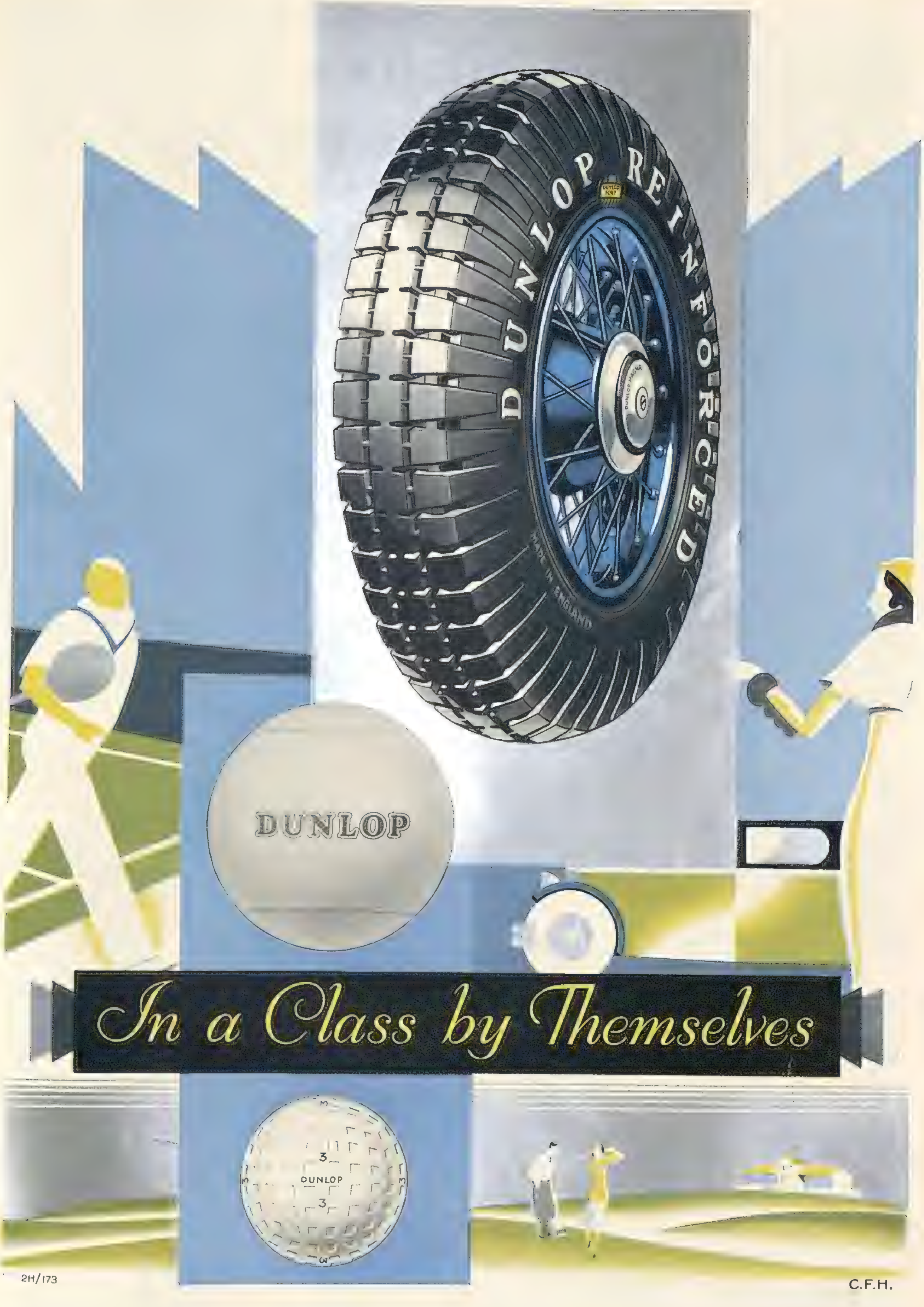
There is a law which governs these things, a synchronisation between the fashion in clothes, in figures and in faces which epitomises the taste of the moment. This summer there has been a definite movement away from the brisk and brusque, the grotesque and striking towards femininity, softness, suggestiveness and beauty, in all these fields. The diaphanous revealing frocks of exquisite texture and the little tilted hats called for beautifully dressed hair, soft, appealing curls and lines, and so a new fashion was born.

AN artist in hairdressing spent months evolving it in its perfection. For thirty years he has been studying the English woman, her type of beauty and her psychological needs. He decided that the time had come when she was tired of looking just "too amusing," and was evincing a desire to look lovely as well as smart. But how to get away from what he calls those "run away lines," the monotonous "harrowed," back and forth of the marcel wave? If those "windswept" ends were softly, flatly curled around the face, if the hair was moulded to the small head which is *de rigueur*, and locks arranged individually, with a graceful movement, or a soft wave or a few delicious curls, flat against the head, the effect would be charming, well cared-for, individual—*when the hair was first arranged thus by an artist.* It remained to invent a method by which this coiffure would retain its beauty and *chic* and be impervious to subsequent amateur arrangement.

This he has attained by a special method of treating and shaping every lock and curl and wave with scissors and razor so that each is *independent* and, once set, will fall back naturally into its own shape and place no matter how much it is ruffled or combed afterwards.

Was I right to speak of modern hairdressing as an art?

*The name and address of the coiffeur who specialises in the plastic method of hair-dressing described in the accompanying article will be sent to any interested reader on receipt of a post-card. Write to the Woman Editor, "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2.*


DUNLOP REINFORCED
DUNLOP FORT
DUNLOP MAGNA
MADE IN ENGLAND
DUNLOP
In a Class by Themselves
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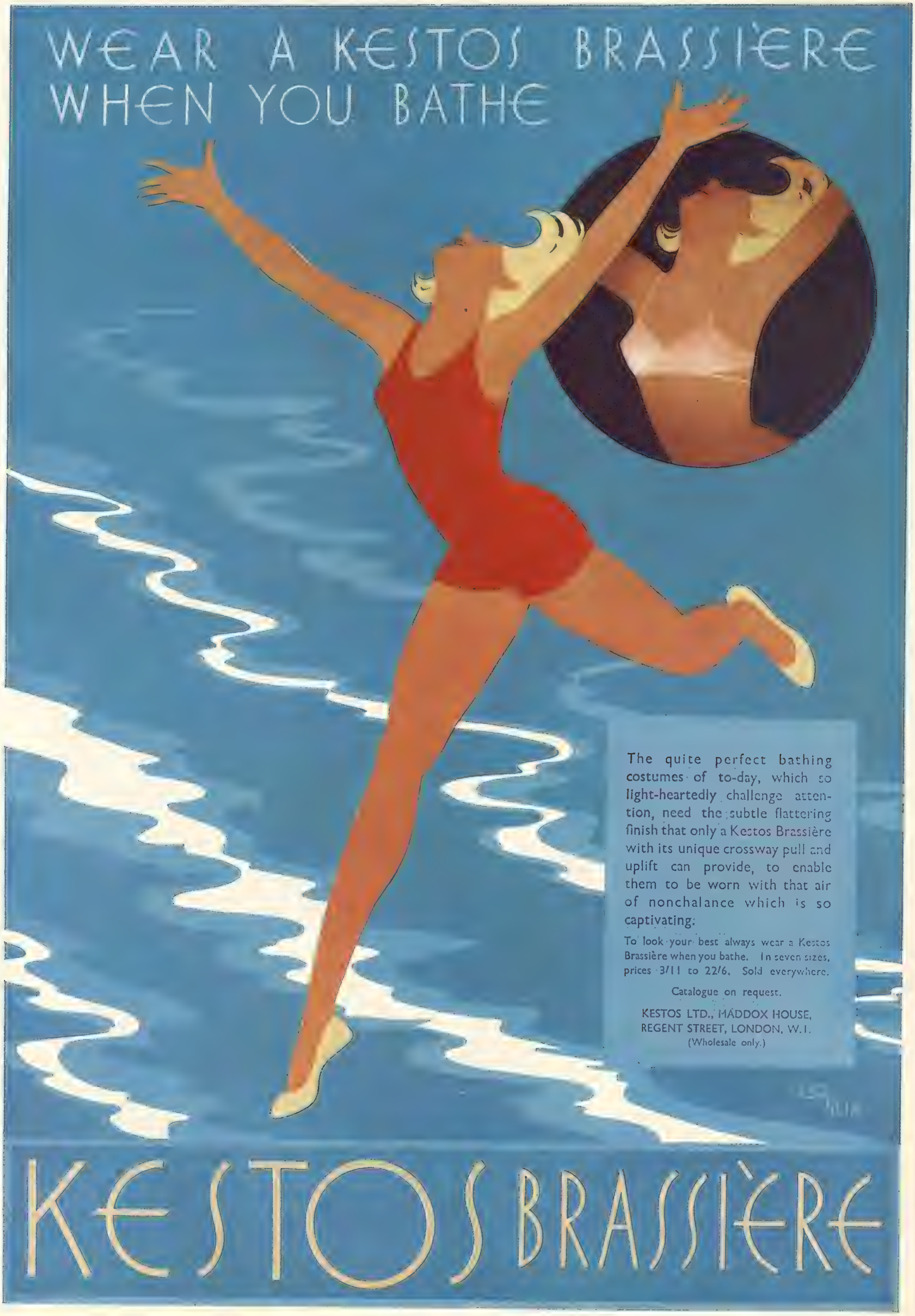
DUNLOP
3
2H/173
C.F.H.



The quite perfect bathing costumes of to-day, which so light-heartedly challenge attention, need the subtle flattering finish that only a Kestos Brassière with its unique crossway pull and uplift can provide, to enable them to be worn with that air of nonchalance which is so captivating.

To look your best always wear a Kestos Brassière when you bathe. In seven sizes, prices 3/11 to 22/6. Sold everywhere.

Catalogue on request.

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REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.
(Wholesale only.)

# Far Eastern Nights Out

(*Continued from page 17*)

we were examined through another grille and admitted. As we entered I noticed a young Chinese lying on a couch in a cubicle, while a dainty little creature in plum-coloured silk prepared his opium pipe.

Then we came to a larger room, with low blackwood chairs and quaintly designed wallpaper. A girl sat at a table playing screeching notes on a peculiar stringed instrument, while a long-gowned Chinese listened intently.

A mauve silk gown clung to her figure from her dainty ankles to the white throat. She looked the last word in sophistication—pale oval face, red small lips and dark eyes with an expression faintly suggestive, faintly alluring, with that indefiniteness which only the Chinese women can achieve.

She finished playing and with a graceful bow left the room. I couldn't help following her with my eyes. Her movements were slow, sinuous, and her lithe young body showed up in the tight-fitting gown.

When she had gone, the mystery of this strange club was explained to me. She was one of the singing girls of China, and I was in a club patronised by Chinese millionaires.

These girls are trained from childhood to understand men; some are gay conversationalists, others musicians. They reach maturity under a chaperon, who shows them off in these clubs. Their object is to attract rich men, who take them as concubines, according to Chinese custom.

The wooing is, however, a long process, supervised by the chaperon, who visits the club with them and waits in an adjoining room. Visits must be paid to the girl's house and presents bought, then perhaps in six months, maybe a year, when the girl and chaperon have carefully assessed the suitor's assets, she may consent to become a concubine.

The suitor makes one condition—the girl must come to him unsullied by contact with other men. Otherwise the chaperon will have to pay forfeit.

AFTER Hong Kong, with its old-world habits and queer Chinese philosophy, it was funny to visit Manila, where the lights of Broadway burn brightly in the China sea. Unlike its parent, this American colony of the Philippines knows nothing of prohibition.

There is a blaze of café life all night, and the gaudy electric signs look queerly out of place against the old churches and gateways, the relics of early Spanish civilisation. It is a peculiar mixture, that of the Asiatic and Spanish, with a thin coating of the United States.

The women have all the Spanish beauty of feature, with the American girl's taste for dress. Their voices are soft and they look rather languid, but they are very wide-awake young women, from daily contact with the quicker wits of the new world.

You may dine and dance at a dozen different places in Manila any time between ten at night and four in the morning. And you will meet the strangest types in the world there, for there is very little of the colour bar left.

Shanghai has always known the tension of strife that threatens its existence; yet it thrives the while, adding every year something new in the cabaret line. There's the Little Club, the Casanova, and a host of other places, where dancing continues until dawn and breakfast is served as the early sun is gilding the quaint old junks in the Whangpo.

Someone told me when I arrived at the Astor House hotel that I must not go out of the International Settlement at night, otherwise the authorities could not be responsible for my safety. Kidnappings and armed robberies are only too frequent.

Nevertheless the friend who offered to show me round—an American who has lived some years on the China coast—insisted that we must disobey the usual customs and also that we must travel by ricksha.

"The only way to see Shanghai," he said, as we bowled along behind two scampering Hokien boys, "is to loll back in a ricksha, close to the sights and sounds that make up its appeal."

It was after twelve when we were pulled into a mews, and a commissionaire in a blue and white uniform nodded to my friend.

"How're things to-night, Jock?"

"Pretty slow—slump again," grinned the commissionaire, who I was surprised to find was an Englishman. I learned afterwards that he had been a rubber planter a year ago, before the slump came, but was afraid to come home to unemployment.

Inside I saw the queerest gathering I ever saw in my life. As Shanghai was only just emerging from the cold season, most people were wearing woollen clothing. There was a sprinkling of dinner jackets and lounge suits among Japanese kimonos and American service uniforms.

But the strangest sight of all was a tall young Englishman in plus fours dancing with a small Chinese girl in high-collared flowered gown. There was an amused twinkle in her almond-shaped eyes.

I bought a ticket and picked a partner. She was one of those vivid-looking Russian girls, jet black curly hair, dead white face and large eyes. There was that hint of music in her voice so peculiar to Russians.

As we left the place at dawn, when the screech of ship's sirens could be heard rolling up the Whangpo, I noticed an old woman outside, with a bundle of morning papers under her arm.

My partner disengaged her arm from mine and, searching in her bag, threw her a silver dollar. The old woman accepted with a bare nodding of the head, gazing at the outcoming revellers, speculatively, hungrily, but with a veiled contempt on her wrinkled face.

"She used to dance at the best theatre in Moscow," said my partner, nodding in her direction. "But that doesn't matter in Shanghai."

WHAT a difference over in Tokyo, where, like everything else in Japan, the night life is the most orderly in the world. The Geisha girl has bobbed her hair and dances tangos, but she knows that she is a Japanese at heart, despite everything, and must consent to have cabarets closed sharp at eleven o'clock.

The cabaret quarter is like a corner in fairyland. I walked down streets with rows of coloured lanterns hanging from every window. I entered cafés that looked for all the world as if they had come out of "Alice in Wonderland."

Small dainty buildings, every one a different colour, some chocolate, brown, mauve and green, where the purple glow of a sign in Japanese characters invites you to enter. Inside a young Japanese girl will serve you with beer and entertain you with American gramophone music. And I noticed that girls are mostly dressed in kimonos and the men in lounge suits. The men don't like Western dress for women.

When eleven o'clock tolls, the lights in the fairyland streets go out and you can hear the clatter of hundreds of wooden clogs outside. Everyone is going home.

# Open Letters *to the* Would-be's *of the* Theatre

(*Continued from page 67*)

management. There are quite enough ghouls, sharks and adventurers.

There are quite enough people with their names on the hoardings. There are quite enough money-grabbers. There are too many people who, having been bankrupt once, will take other people to Carey Street with them next time.

The day of the actor-manager has gone. Perhaps it is as well—perhaps not. . . . He choked off competitors by giving them long contracts at small salaries and smaller parts. He could only see himself in something and his wife in something else. He knew his job, 'tis true. But authors were his slaves, and he produced his own plays so that he could stand in the centre, always under the limes.

Plays improved when he went, and production improved also.

But he was followed by strange folk—the kind of man, for instance, who showmanised the theatre until it was a sort of circus. He thought he looked like the ringmaster. Really he was the clown. He thought he was the lion. Really, he was an ass, disguised.

There came in, too, the business man—that is, the man who knew every business except the one he was in. Sometimes he thought the theatre was a grocer's shop, sometimes a wool factory sometimes a cotton mill. He thought you could churn out successes in the way his machines had rolled out miles of cloth, or belched out thousands of tomato tins.

He judged artists by how much they got. He did not know what they could do. He ran after the same thing everybody else was chasing. Everywhere around him, were artists trying to survive, smaller managers with ideas in which they believed. Whenever he could, he charged them rent.

Yes, you can be an author who becomes a manager in order to put on his own play when everybody else has said "No," and you can lose your money that way. You can become an accountant first and then, because you know how to count the profits someone else has made, think you can make the profits before others count them. You can be an actor who becomes a manager so that he can play the leading part. You can be the husband of an actress whom no one else will star.

You can be one of those managers who read three or four plays a day for a whole year and miss a "Tons of Money" or a "Journey's End." You can be a man who goes to an author who has written one success and who, therefore, is expected never to write a failure.

You can make a fortune or you can lose a fortune. You can do it for publicity or you can do it secretly, using someone else's name.

You can do anything and you can do nothing. You can be too honest and go bankrupt, or you can be too dishonest and make a fortune.

You can be, as a theatre manager, anything you like—a fool, a genius, a gentleman, yes, or a man who has been to gaol. I have known all these kinds.

But, for heaven's sake, do not go into it unless you believe in something. And, if you believe in something, you do not want me to tell you whether this is true or not.

I might not know.

But, I warn you. Once you are in it, you will be in it until people throw you out. You will have joined in a business, a profession, and a game, which will get into your blood.

You will meet some of the most charming people in the world and some of the most despicable people on earth. At first, you will not know which is which. You may never find out.

You will love it.

There is always a new excitement. You will always win the Derby Sweep, next year.

You may know nothing about it and make a fortune and you may know all about it and die broke.

You will be bored to tears and you will be so excited that riding the Grand National winner will seem tame, if you ever do that afterwards.

The best thing you do may fail and the worst thing you do may make your name.

No, do not do it, my boy. You are safer in the grocery trade.—Yours.

END

"I'm glad you agree"

"YOU'RE quite right . . . it needs more than appeal to my vanity to make *me* change *my* soap.
I look at it this way. Any soap will cleanse. Many soaps will look after the complexion. But Wright's Coal Tar Soap—my soap—guards health as well. Its antiseptic properties do *that*. And how amazingly refreshing Wright's is on a warm day.
So here, briefly, is why I use Wright's:—It keeps my skin smooth and lovely—protects me against infection, and refreshes when the weather's hot. What soap can do more than that?"

WRIGHT'S
COAL
TAR
SOAP
*6d. per tablet*
*British Made*

SAPO CARBONIS
WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP
DETERGENS

# Films (*Continued from page 71*)

"The Lost Squadron," in spite of a melodramatic plot, a love interest kept well within bounds, and the sensational flying sequences, contains ideas: it is an indictment, two indictments in fact; and it is also a eulogy of courage and of friendship.

The picture opens with a final air battle immediately before the sirens—modern equivalent of more musical and seraphic instruments—sound the note of peace, at 11 a.m., on November 11th, 1918. Three friends, all that are left of their squadron, return to America, to public acclamation, civic welcome and promises. One finds that he has lost his fortune, another his job, the third his girl. This is indictment number one.

Down and out, two of them "jump" the train to Hollywood, where they discover their friend, the possessor of a "kid sister" and a dangerous thirst, established as a stunt flier for the films. The hero's faithless sweetheart is now a film star and the wife of a brutal German director. The two friends both join the "death squad" and fall in love with the "kid sister," known as the Pest. Indictment number two concerns the ruthlessness of film directors who ask men to risk their lives for a "few bucks" in order to get spectacular shots, pander to bloodthirsty fans and enhance directorial reputations. But this is considerably weakened by making the film director a villain of the deepest dye who pours acid on the controls of the plane he intends his wife's ex-lover shall fly in order to satisfy his jealous hatred of the heroic Captain Gibson, ensure his death as well as super-thrilling shots for his war picture. This part is played by Von Stroheim, growing corpulent, more shaven, Teutonic and raucous than ever with courageously unmitigated ruffianism. This exaggeration may secure immunity from the rancour of the genial German directors, who have italicised *art* in the film industry! Dix is starred; he is a little heavy both physically and histrionically nowadays, but a sound actor. The love interest is sympathetically supplied by Dorothy Jordan, Hollywood's least spoiled *ingénue*, and the stalwart and pleasing young Joel Macrae.

The "high spots" of the film are Dick Grace's spectacular nose dive, at high speed, into the sea, doubling for Richard Dix, and the crash, in flames, of the plane which has been tampered with in which the Pest's brother meets his death instead of the man Director Von Fürst intended to kill. After this the film descends to melodrama—the murder of the director by the youngest of the three friends, police investigations, blood stains and the final sacrifice of Gibson to save the boy from the consequences of his act, that he and the Pest may live happily ever after. This final crash should complete the picture, but there is a lamentable last shot of ghostly aeroplanes and their heroic flyers among the clouds.

The friendship and sacrifice theme appears in "The Crowd Roars" when one of the racing drivers, knowing of the feud between two brothers, deliberately interposes himself and his car between them during a furious race with the result that his car is hit, bursts into flames and he is burned to death. The sequences showing this episode are horrific. The skill with which the excitement, sense of speed, danger and fear are maintained during the race track scenes is astounding.

There is some notably good characterisation in this picture. The brothers, at first devoted, who become enemies through feminine complications and are finally re-united by their common devotion to the "sport" to which they have devoted their lives, are well differentiated by James Cagney and Eric Linden, a young and quite promising actor. Cagney has come rapidly to the fore because of his straightforward and naturalistic method of playing "tough" and humorous parts. In this film he has to forgo the humorous appeal and to be "tougher" than ever. His methods and manners with women are deplorable. He looks common and behaves with violent vulgarity. But even in the early sequences which he takes with commendable quietness, one senses the strength and courage as well as the ruthless courage essential to the character he is playing. He is one of the younger school who, without any particular looks or charm, succeeds because he is really an actor; he puts his part before himself, there is no gallery play and this gift of getting into the skin of a character is likely to secure a more lasting success than any exploitation of profiles and sex appeal.

It is difficult to imagine how any future films can combine the human element and portraiture of a certain phase of modern American life, with thrills and horrors more thoroughly than is done in "The Crowd Roars," but owing to the success of this picture we are threatened with a spate of motor racing pictures from Hollywood!

Certainly recent films have shown that the talkies need not be static. Carl Laemmle junior has announced that with his last picture. "The Doomed Battalion," he has "put the motion back into motion pictures" . . ." it is really alive and moves up and down mountains in action of the most whirlwind description." It is interesting that he ascribes this undoubted development to the vast improvements which have lately been effected in portable equipment for the recording of sound.

It would seem that noise as well as speed is one of the potent stimuli of sensation and certainly the roar of the engines of planes and cars as well as the roar of the crowd add to the excitement one experiences during the two pictures I have described. It may be fatiguing but it is not soporific.

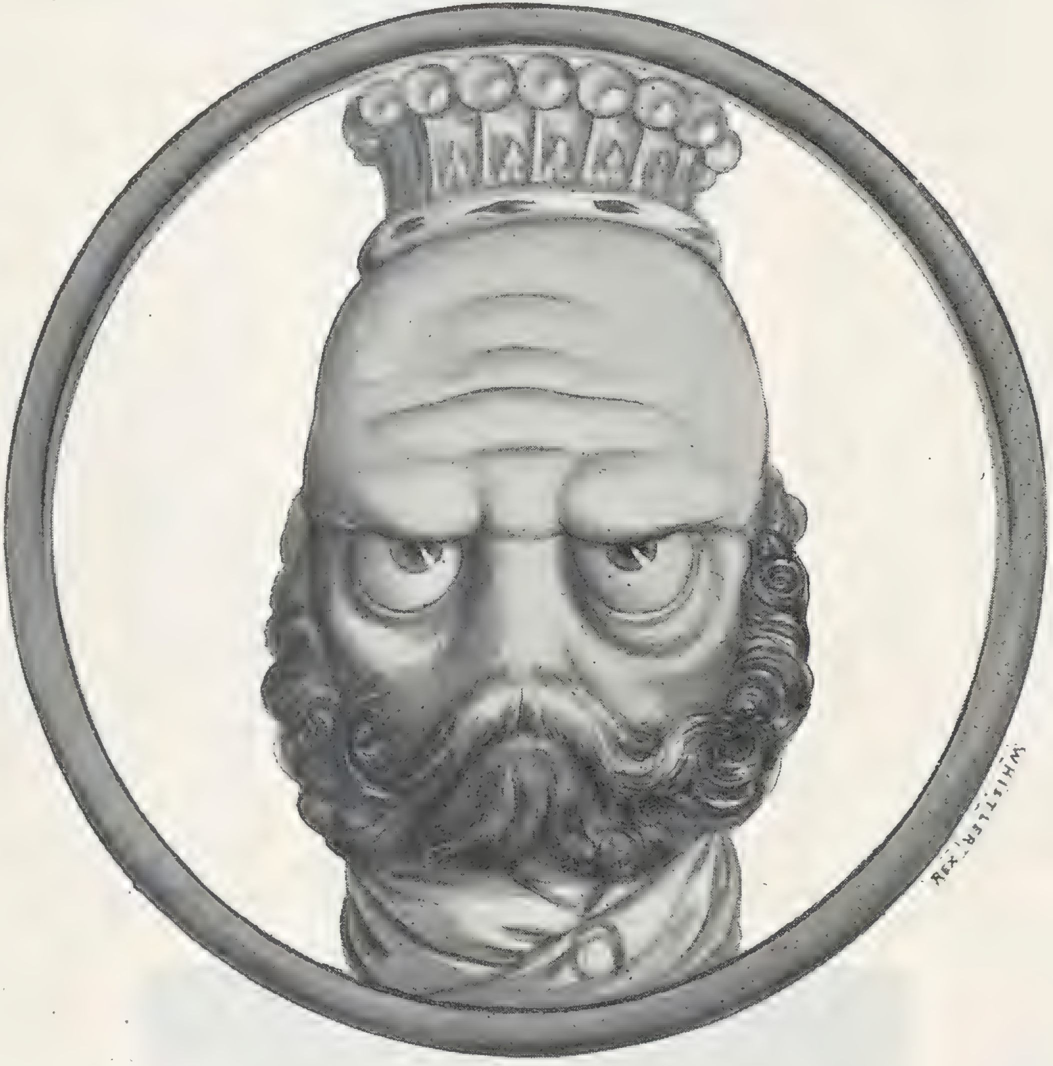
END

# Books (*Continued from page 69*)

programme girl, he gives a detailed description of her uniform; and you have no doubt that he had also stored up in his mind's eye the colour of the doorkeeper's eyes and the registration number of Mr. Fairbanks's car. Within a week of his arrival, he seems to have had the whole of Hollywood, socially and municipally, at his finger-tips. In his spare time, he was turning out scenarios at a rate which Hollywood had never previously known. The amazing thing is that he gives no impression of strain or of working at high pressure. He refused a certain number of invitations on the ground that he was "busy." But he always had plenty of time to do the things he wanted to do. It is perhaps worth adding that, by means of frequent and immense cables, he kept in close touch with the preparations for the production of *The Green Pack* in London.

Fiction demands a few more words before my space is exhausted. Readers who like a novel to be unlike other novels should make a note of *The Inner Journey*, a powerful, steamy story of the African forests. It is translated from the German of Kurt Heuser, and is published by Secker at 7s. 6d. I do not know anything about Herr Heuser, but I should like to read his other works. He has an utterly unstandardised mind. Another new novel, *Plummers Cut*, by Basil Maine (Harmsworth; 7s. 6d.), will appeal to a different type of reader. It tells a story of mission work in Rotherhithe. Mr. Maine earns my respect by his earnestness rather than by his skill. He devotes the first twelve pages to explaining the character of his hero. There are various ways of making a character live, but Mr. Maine's method is not among them. After this rather dull beginning, however, the story gathers momentum, or at least accelerates slightly its dignified gait.

END



*This nobleman is wondering what he can be sure of in these days—*

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# Eve's Figleaf

(Continued from page 25)

resting in a little Basque fishing village, takes a fisherman lover. He is killed in a fight over her. Back in Paris she wears his beret, has it copied in fine black skin and flaunts it at night in her favourite grills. It is perceived to be unexpectedly jaunty, alluring, smart, with a sadistic hint at the exhibition of a male scalp. Abruptly all the women, from Hollywood to Berlin and from Scarborough to Sydney, are wearing berets.

Again, in a fashionable Paris restaurant, a courtesan is bitten in the wrist by an infuriated dancer whose Grand Duke she has stolen. She ties a gay handkerchief over the wound after her assailant has been thrown out, goes on supping and dancing. Next night an authentic smart set Parisienne who has witnessed the incident appears at a Faubourg St. Germaine reception with a coloured *mouchoir* tied round her left wrist. It is one of those provocative whims that the most respectable women indulge in, hinting at possibilities. . . . An English duchess transports the whim across the Channel; and that season all the women, from the debs to the hard-dancing fifty-year-olds, sport coloured hankies, either tied round wrists or tucked into barbaric bangles. And they have no idea what it is all about.

A fashion of the moment was launched by a platinum blonde who came across to Monte Carlo beach in the speed-boat of a Greek gambler. She wore *crêpe de chine* pyjama legs, a short-sleeved shirt, and round her waist a gay bandana. When she got back to her cubicle after swimming she found someone had snitched her pyjama top. Experience had taught this young woman that it never pays to make trouble. So she put on her trousers. She folded her bandana into a triangle, spread it across her front, tied the top points round her pearl necklace, and the ends round her waist at the back. The triangular piece of stuff neatly covered breasts and tummy, leaving the back bare; and thus she emerged for lunch. Dozens of ultra-smarts saw the eyes of their escorts wandering in her direction. They gazed intently, seeking the secret of the latest summer beach fashion, and saw how it was done. Simple, *chic*, and naughty.

Next day several women appeared in pyjama legs with nothing above but a neatly secured handkerchief. Before the month was out the costume was almost *de rigueur* from Antibes to Beauvallon.

The news sped to Paris, and there, by one of those miracles of alchemy which they know so well how to perform in the fashion laboratory, the new handkerchief idea was applied to elaborate evening frocks in nice time for the new autumn fashions.

MODERN woman is synthetic. A few outstanding young designers have given her the hall-marked line and aspect whereby historians through the ages will recognise her.

How came it that the Molyneuxes, the Hartnells, could crash in upon the preserves of the established old monarchs, the Patous, Paquins, Revilles? The same instinct that caused an odd medley of human beings, collected to consider designs for a new Shakespeare memorial theatre, to select the one submitted by an obscure young architect named Elizabeth Scott, operated in the case of the newcomers to the fashion game after the war. The women who saw the frocks designed by the unknowns recognised in their mysterious distinction the apt expression of the post-war age. Only these young designers could sense so strongly the sap of a new springtime rising in the world. They brought to women's clothes the same fundamental feeling which, at work in men in other fields, produced the streamlined sports car, straight-line architecture, and every other striking linear manifestation of the latter-day world. In fact, the difference in fundamentals between Malcolm Campbell's "Blue Bird," a Hartnell day frock, a Schneider Cup seaplane, a Schiaparelli pyjama suit, Greta Garbo, a Larue hat, the Europa, a Chanel evening robe, and the great cream mass of the Dorchester hotel, is almost nil.

Modistes do not habitually hire beautiful girls at high prices to display their goods. Why should they, when they can hang their clothes on celebrities of the high world, the half world and the sports world for nothing? There is the Countess of Y, so young, soignée, lovely, and so broke. She is one of the best-dressed women who catch the cameraman's eye at Ascot. She puts on a dazzling evening gown and is photographed for the illustrated weeklies. She graciously consents to lead the mannequin parade at the charity ball at Claridge's or the Mayfair. Women, Americans especially, ask: "Who dresses her?" Never any secret about that. "It is X, of London and Paris, you know." "Thanks. I must drop in."

There is Miss A, the pretty young tennis champion, so dashing and so much in the camera's eye. You see her at Le Touquet. She skips down to the sea in a peignoir gorgeous as a peacock's tail, and under it a vivid silken bathing suit. You find her again, in sweater and sports suits of a new cut, among the English county women, with their precise voices and still more precise ideas, munching Scotch scones at teatime at the golf-club house at Biarritz. She bobs up at the hotel dance at San Sebastian, where the *maître* in person hands out coloured balloons with an air as who would say: "Caramba! Are we going it?" "Always so smart," people say. "Where does she get her clothes? At Y's? I must try them."

There is Shanghai Lily. In a pure white satin gown of a new cut, and green sandals with gaga heels of a type never seen before, she makes all the other women in the Casino at Deauville merge into a background for her beauty and chic. Wherever you find assembled Argentine wheat kings, Egyptian cotton princes, Chilean nitrate barons, polished blackmailers, American bears, Greek bulls, French exchange gamblers, and raddled millionairesses with a gigolo in tow and a husband in the cemetery—there you will find Shanghai Lily, with her sated eyes and her clothes which compel attention and are always just so much (but no more) ahead of the prevailing fashion that the rich women feel their inferiority complex coming on again, and set to work to find out where that woman gets her things. Shanghai Lily pays for her clothes about as frequently as a professional golfer pays for a ball or a club. Most of the time she is dressed, free, for the advertisement: like the pretty and broke Countess, like the tennis player.

Each one of these mannequins has special qualifications. The great thing is that she goes about, is known, meets crowds of people, knows crowds more, pulls. Mere good looks, a flat stomach and a slim figure, are as the pebbles on the sea-shore. Ask any film crowd agent.

BUT there are always and everywhere exceptions. Long before I made inquiry into the fashion business and the mannequin angle of it, I went down to play in the Sporting Club at Monte Carlo one night, and my attention was arrested by an unescorted girl who had paused in her restless roaming of the rooms to perch on a stool in the bar and consume a hard-boiled egg and beer. "Who's the girl in the black bob and the frock?" There were other frocks there, but when this girl was around you wouldn't have noticed them. "That," said my companion, who knew all such things and persons, "is A's girl. She shows his frocks around."

Two years later I was in New York, and lunching at Pierre's, I saw the girl once more. She was still the only woman you would notice in a crowd; but she had a new air, more assured, less defiant, and she had acquired jewels. I made the inquiry again. Mrs. S? It conveyed nothing to me. "Copper, mainly," an editor who was with us supplied. I thought that was quick work, and, in the South again last summer, I made a point of getting the story.

Australian-born of English parents, Tours-educated, she early acquired sophistication, ideas and a dislike of the dull round of hard-up English county life to which she returned at seventeen. A cotton magnate's son came up to shoot with friends and met her, black-haired, bored, magnolia-skinned, unusual, on the golf course. He persuaded her to work on her parents to let her get a job in town. She did. He found her the job, mannequin at five pounds a week in a famous house. He paid the salary: they knew him well, an excellent client. She lived with relatives at first, but her real home was the apartment he took for her. In the winter he took her South, bought her a lot of clothes at the Monte Carlo establishment of a great Paris *couturier*.

In due course, another girl cropped up in her lover's life. There was a row, a split; the fashion house regretted it had no further use for her services. She collected all her spare cash, took a header down to Monte Carlo, got hold of the astute man who ran the shop where her erstwhile lover had paid some heavy bills, and made him a proposition. She had money enough to last her two or three months, but she wanted clothes and a passport to the smart stamping grounds as his mannequin. If she won, he would share in the stakes she would collect. If she lost, he would not be out of pocket, since she wanted no pay.

He agreed. She worked hard. Tea dances at the Negresco in Nice. Cocktail bar at Cannes. Casino, Hermitage, yacht parties, parades—at everything, and always on show. She pulled out inside two months, having found her lonely, susceptible man of wealth (but whether he was the copper man she married or whether that one came after, seems uncertain), and before she went her companion bought her a trunkful of clothes.

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*Section on left shows ageing skin: surface wrinkled and dry scales peeling off, poor layer of active tissue, cells shrunk to three rows.*

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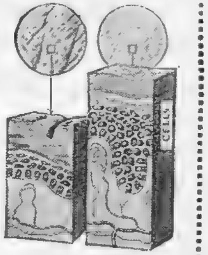

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VICHY ETAT

## Oxford's College Gardens

(*Continued from page* 27)

garden is in spring, when the bank sloping from the terrace is thick with bluebells and cow parsley. In the angle of the steps and the Bodleian buildings is a little formal garden with a lily pond. Beyond is a beautiful view of Wren's massive buttresses and the lovely windows between them. For years a nuthatch has nested near by, and there are always wagtails on the lawn. It is generally believed that the terrace was made in the early years of the eighteenth century. The tree in the further corner is "Heber's horse-chestnut," so called because it shaded Reginald Heber's rooms in Brasenose. This tree stretches almost across Brasenose Lane, and according to the well-known tradition Exeter will bump Brasenose when the tree touches the wall of the latter college. (This actually happened in 1895.) The views from Exeter are unique, but to most folk the garden itself is most familiar as seen from the windows of the Bodleian. In my student days I always contrived to get a seat where I could look down on this garden. It is lovely at all times, not least in winter, when the dead leaves lying on the bank accentuate the fascinating curves of the path (said to have been drawn by Hogarth to illustrate the line of beauty) and through the leafless trees one sees the spire of S. Mary's and Brasenose.

At All Souls there is now only the Warden's garden, a garden which is at its best when the spring-flowering shrubs planted against the wall are in bloom. The wall against which the shrubs are grown consists of the butt ends of the Manciple's house (which takes one straight back to the *Canterbury Tales*) and the old brewhouse. All Souls has the most famous of Oxford sundials—Sir Christopher Wren's. It is now on the south face of the Codrington Library. This sundial was erected in 1653, and shows by its rays and half-rays the time to a moment. Its solemn motto runs "Periunt et imputantur." The dial is still painted blue and gold, and it is interesting to remember that these were the favourite colours for sundials in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, for blue and gold symbolised eternity.

MAGDALEN has no college garden, but what can compare with Magdalen walks? To Oxford men, even those who have seen the fairest of earth's cities and buildings, Magdalen abides always a place of which there is no counterpart and for ever inimitable. The roar of modern traffic thunders past her gates, but Magdalen remains lost in fifteenth-century dreams. Centuries lie between her cloisters of the Middle Ages and her deer park of the eighteenth century, yet Magdalen is an harmonious whole. And the beauty of the cloisters! Like those at New College, they are the last reminders of the old monastic gardens. Lovely at all times, they are perhaps most beautiful on a windless night after a fall of snow. Half of the cloisters are then bathed in silvery moonlight, the other obscured in deep shadows, the moonbeams pouring down on the soft carpet of snow, whilst the grotesques outlined in white look even more curious than in the broad light of day. These figures date from about 1509, and they are unique. Memories of Magdalen walks are full of bird life and colour—the robins' songs in April, the view of Wolsey's tower when the daffodils are in bloom, Addison's Walk when spring has thrown her veil of pale green over the trees, the gentle movements of the deer, on a hot June afternoon, browsing beneath the great elms, the glory of autumn flowers in the beds on either side of the entrance to the walks.

The President's garden at Corpus is one of the smallest and most charming in Oxford, full of flowers and bees. This garden is bounded on one side by part of the city wall, and has the largest bastion (now a peaceful tool shed) where the wall curves and formerly enclosed (*Continued on page* 90)

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S. Frideswide's Priory. This plot has been a garden for well over four centuries and for how much longer we do not know.

UNTIL four years ago the only gardens at Christ Church were private gardens, the most noted being the Dean's, where Lewis Carroll played with Alice and possibly invented the immortal story. However, what was formerly a cabbage patch, with some apple trees in it, has been made the college garden. It is wonderful what has been done in this short time, but it is naturally lacking in the atmosphere of the past.

One of the loveliest views in Oxford is the wonderful architecture of the Cathedral and the varied beauty of the other buildings seen in glimpses through the apple blossom.

Trinity garden is chiefly noted for its beautiful lawn and the lime tree walk. The lime tree walk was planted in 1713, and it is at its loveliest when the fresh young leaves shine like pale green fire against the sombre yews. Some of the trees are now in a very precarious condition, but their barks have been carefully bound up, which it is hoped will preserve them. And what of S. John's gardens, the beauty of which never fails to impress even the most hurried tourist? There is probably no one who does not know the famous garden front, even if only from pictures. When Charles I and Henrietta Maria, accompanied by Prince Rupert, then a high-spirited lad of sixteen, visited S. John's, these gardens were already two centuries old, for they had belonged to the Bernardine monks. The rock garden is now one of the most noted features—a glory of colour in spring and full of treasures from all parts of the world, many of them sent by celebrated gardeners.

Wadham has been noted for its garden for nearly two centuries, but for forty years after its foundation the only gardens were the two strips in front, for on the north side all the land beyond the narrow lane by the college wall was let. The great feature of the garden in olden days was the vast mound with a figure of Atlas on top " holding a world curiously gilded." During the latter years of the eighteenth century the old formal garden was swept away and the grounds laid out in the new landscape fashion.

Pembroke has but little left of its old gardens. The Master's garden, however, is a little gem with its background of mullion windows and a glow of colour with the border of petunias and begonias, and the variegated ivy behind; under the windows lupins and larkspurs, and along the edges of the sunk garden with its standard roses pansies, daisies, and aubrietias, and golden yews at the top of the steps.

Part of Worcester garden is dominated by the atmosphere of the fifteenth-century Benedictine monks, and the transition to the eighteenth century in the further part near the lake is abrupt. Worcester is chiefly a tree and water garden, the trees beautifully placed and many of them the largest of their kind in Oxford.

The women's colleges maintain the Oxford tradition of lawns. The gardens of both Lady Margaret Hall and Somerville have large tree-shaded lawns, and the charm of S. Hilda's garden is the lawn sloping to the river. The upper end of Lady Margaret Hall garden is an orchard, beautiful in spring when the trees are in bloom and the birds in full song. The lawn stretches to the backwater, bordered with sedge and meadowsweet, beyond which are the Parks. Somerville stands just off a busy thoroughfare, and it is surprising to walk through the archway and come on a sunlit lawn and large trees. Of the women's colleges, S. Hugh's has the most interesting garden. It is a garden full of treasures. In late spring and early summer the loveliest part is the terrace. Naturally everyone thinks their own college the most beautiful, and S. Hilda's, with its waterway and views of Merton and within sound of all the bells, is, I think, the loveliest although the smallest of the women's college gardens.

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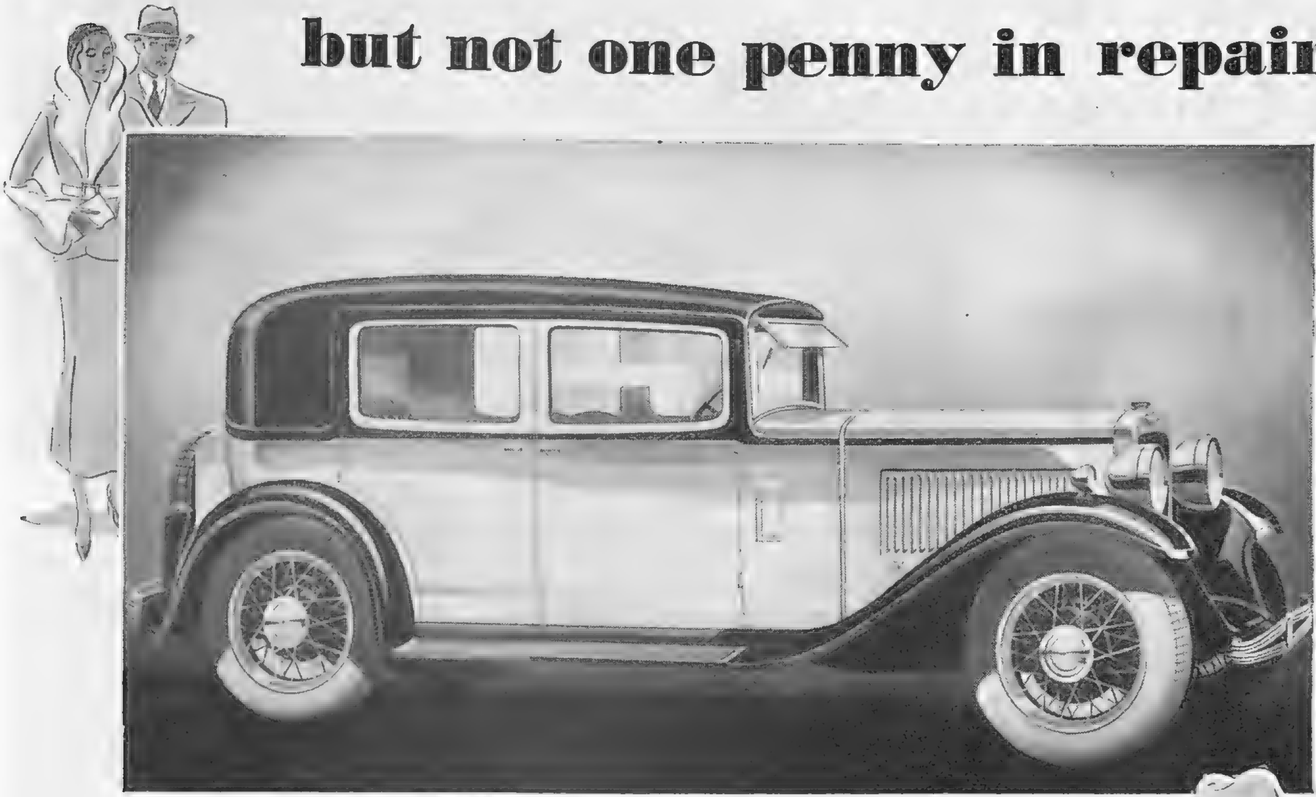

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# The Earl of Cardigan describes the 10 *h.p.* CROSSLEY

## *A Light Car of Remarkable Efficiency*

*THE Crossley Ten "Torquay" Sports Saloon*

IT is, I think, always an interesting event when a firm, having previously specialised in cars of high or medium power, turns for the first time to light car construction. This, if I am not mistaken, is the case with the Crossley company at the present moment. Its earlier products were mostly of about 20 h.p., and, although 14 and 16 h.p. models were produced from time to time, these were not " light cars " as the term is popularly understood.

The question is : how will the designer, within the limits imposed by a tiny power unit, be able to maintain the standards of comfort and performance to which he is accustomed ? In the case of the Crossley " Ten," the answer is—by means of a fairly long wheel-base, a particularly vigorous little engine with a specially designed cylinder head, and a skilfully planned four-speed gearbox.

The relatively long wheel-base, in my opinion, is such a complete success that it seems astonishing that other makers have not adopted it. The usual practice in small four-seaters is for the coachwork to overhang the chassis at the back to a considerable extent. Why ? The Crossley, with its 9 ft. wheel-base, apparently loses nothing in performance, and gains substantially in appearance, roominess, springing comfort and steadiness at speed.

The Family Saloon which I tested, selling at £265, has ample leg-room and accommodation for four six-foot adults. But for one defect, I would give it full marks in its own class. For some reason, however, the seat cushions have been designed so that they do not slope uniformly from front to back, but have their lowest point about a third of the distance from the back. When sitting well back in the seat, as one usually does in driving, I found this to be not at all in accordance with my anatomical structure, and this was also the experience of my passenger.

It so chanced that my test run, which prompted these observations, was on this occasion a long and rather arduous one, but this fact also served to impress me very strongly with two most admirable features of the chassis. One was the exceptional sturdiness of the engine, which lends itself to hard driving to an extent which is amazing in a 10 h.p. car of the " family " type.

The maximum speed of over 60 m.p.h. is, of course, an indication of unusual power, but even more remarkable to me was the fact that speeds of 50 and even 55 m.p.h. could be maintained for considerable periods without, apparently, imposing any unreasonable strain. Although the engine, naturally, became rather more audible when " revving " at so high a rate, it was never " fussy," and showed no trace of a vibration period. The best proof of this is that I, who never willingly push an engine above the speed at which it seems comfortable, found myself cruising frequently with the speedometer needle in the " fifties."

THE other outstanding feature, to my mind, was the gearbox. This is an almost ideal unit to use in conjunction with a 10 h.p. engine. I have heard a well-known designer say, " Never give a high third gear to the ordinary driver. You will never get him to change down above 10 m.p.h. ; at that speed your third gear will not be fully efficient, and he will have to change again to second. He had better get into a really low gear right away."

This is a very common viewpoint, but it is not shared by the designer of the Crossley " Ten." He gives us a genuinely high third gear—one in which the car will exceed 50 m.p.h., and I, for one, take off my hat to him for doing so. On hills, put this little car into third gear at 30 mp.h., and it will, I believe, pass the majority of 16 h.p. " sixes." The gearbox fulfils absolutely its one essential duty—to permit the engine to develop its full power at almost any road speed.

In this way the problem of combining low horse-power, roomy coachwork and efficient running qualities has been tackled fairly and squarely. " Everything on top gear," although it sounds sweetly in the ears of the motor salesman and of some of his unthinking clients, is a thoroughly bad motto for the makers of a 10 h.p. car. It implies all that is worst in light car construction—ultra-low gearing, excessive engine " revs," and a power unit of the " buzz-box " variety.

ON long hills, therefore, one is spared the depressing choice between letting the engine slog along at 25 m.p.h. in top, or race violently at the same speed in third gear. One changes down with confidence (the gears engage quite easily), accelerates to 40 m.p.h. or more in the high third, and changes back into top gear at a pace at which full power is instantly available.

When I add that the steering is excellent, that the springing is unusually good for a car of this size, and that the roadholding qualities leave nothing to be desired, it will be seen that high average speeds can readily be attained. Indeed, I should find it hard to name a 10 h.p. car (apart from sports models) capable of more sturdy and vigorous performance.

### *This Month's Motoring Hint*

### Keeping to the Left

I NOTICE that many writers on motoring topics devote considerable space to urging their readers not to drive on the crown of the road. A few days ago I saw a motorist who had evidently taken this advice to heart. He drove with great steadiness about one foot out from the left hand kerb.

Personally, I question whether this is really wise. Dogs and children often run across the road (to say nothing of their elders and supposedly betters), and on these occasions it is well to have as much space as possible in which to manœuvre. The more distance I have between myself and the solid kerbstones, the better able I feel to deal with any emergency which may arise.

It takes but a moment, after all, to pull in to the left when someone wishes to overtake. This movement, by the way, should be made absolutely distinct and definite. Do not swerve in to the left, but put the wheel over in such a way that the man behind sees clearly that you have heard him and are prepared for him to pass. An unmistakable movement of this sort is as good as, or better than, the usual vague " come on " signal.

# DANGEROUS NEW ROADS

## The Old Narrow Ones Were Safer

### By the Earl of Cardigan

*Some of our broadest and straightest roads are the most productive of serious accidents. A portion of the new road to Brighton from London*

IT seems that, in official quarters, a good deal of alarm and despondency prevails over the steadily increasing toll of accidents for which the motorist is, directly or indirectly, held responsible. There is a feeling that it is all very unreasonable, and indeed ungrateful, for has not the motorist been provided by a paternal Government with wide, straight roads, white lines and coloured lights? Has not the speed limit, which previously irked him, been removed? Have not the manufacturers given him non-skid tyres, four-wheel brakes and patent signalling devices?

It *does* seem ungrateful, I admit, that we motorists should accept all these blessings of modern ingenuity and science and yet continue to get into trouble rather more frequently than ever. It seems even more ungrateful that I, for one, should express the opinion that motoring was a less hazardous business in the days before most of these modern improvements existed.

I do, however, genuinely believe that the broad modern highway has inherent dangers not less grave than those of the old narrow twisting road. I think I can demonstrate this if we may start by imagining any typical section of main road in the condition which was normal about ten years ago.

This stretch of road, then, is steeply cambered, rather slippery in wet weather, and just wide enough for two cars to pass each other safely at a normal speed. It has no footpath, but is bordered by a grass bank surmounted by a hedge. It runs straight ahead for about one hundred yards, after which it takes a sharp bend to the right, our vision being completely obscured at this point by the curving bank and sprawling hedgerow.

Dangerous? Of course it was dangerous! Any fool could see that! This, in fact, was the one great merit of this type of road. Any fool—and there were plenty of them even in those days—*could* see how dangerous it was.

There is a car ahead of us; dare we overtake it? One hundred yards is not much, and our acceleration is indifferent. Could we not draw back in time if something appeared round that bend? It is doubtful; our rear-wheel brakes are not too good, and it would be unpleasant to apply them sharply on so steep a camber. Better wait; there is a nice stretch of quite two hundred yards beyond these awkward bends. That, I believe, is how the majority of us used to think on the main road of ten years ago.

Let us look at this same stretch of road to-day. Our sharp bend is now a very gentle curve. We can (or can't we?) see right round it by looking through the modern wire fence. The road is bordered by a solid concrete kerb, beyond which is a footpath. The surface looks fine, which is a good thing; we have never learned to skid, and that kerb is just the right height to overturn a skidding car. The footpath also looks fine; we need not beware (or need we?) of stray pedestrians in the road.

What a fine broad road it is! Three cars could pass abreast on it. Four cars could almost pass abreast, or shall we say three cars and a bicycle? Anyway, it is a fine broad road.

What about this car ahead of us, and what about this pedestrian who, with the perversity of his species, is not walking on the footpath after all? We can pass them right enough. We can practically see that the road beyond is clear, and there would be pretty well room enough even if it wasn't. That, I suggest is the outlook of many people on the main road of to-day.

MY theory seems, at any rate, to be borne out by the established fact that some of our broadest and straightest roads are the most productive of serious accidents. More- (*Continued on page* 94)

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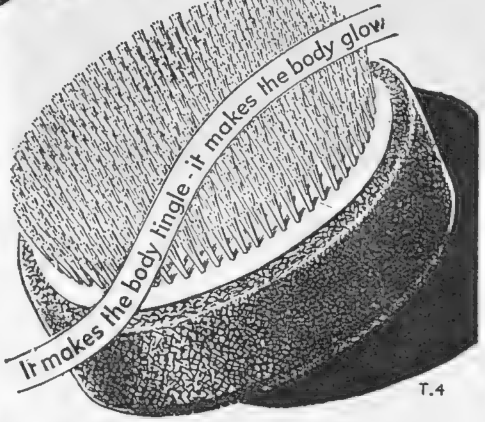
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## Dangerous *New* Roads

(*Continued from page* 93)

over, this cannot be explained away on the ground that wider roads encourage higher speeds. The Great West Road is probably the most spacious in the country, yet I have never observed that users of it indulge in exceptionally high speeds. I fancy that the average speed is higher on the much narrower Great North Road.

No, the truth is that on a very broad road it is extremely difficult for the inexpert eye to estimate how many lines of traffic can safely be accommodated. Three vehicles may be abreast, and a fourth may attempt to squeeze past. There is barely room enough, but all goes well until the innermost vehicle swerves outward to avoid a dog. The second vehicle is alarmed, and follows suit. The third vehicle swerves out in its turn, and each exaggerates the initial movement towards the offside of the road.

The fourth vehicle swerves out, sees an obstruction looming up, swerves in again. . . . Another serious accident takes place on this wide, modern road.

It is, of course, easy to criticise, and exceedingly difficult to find a practical solution. I do suggest, however, that the road of indeterminate width must henceforth be regarded as a failure.

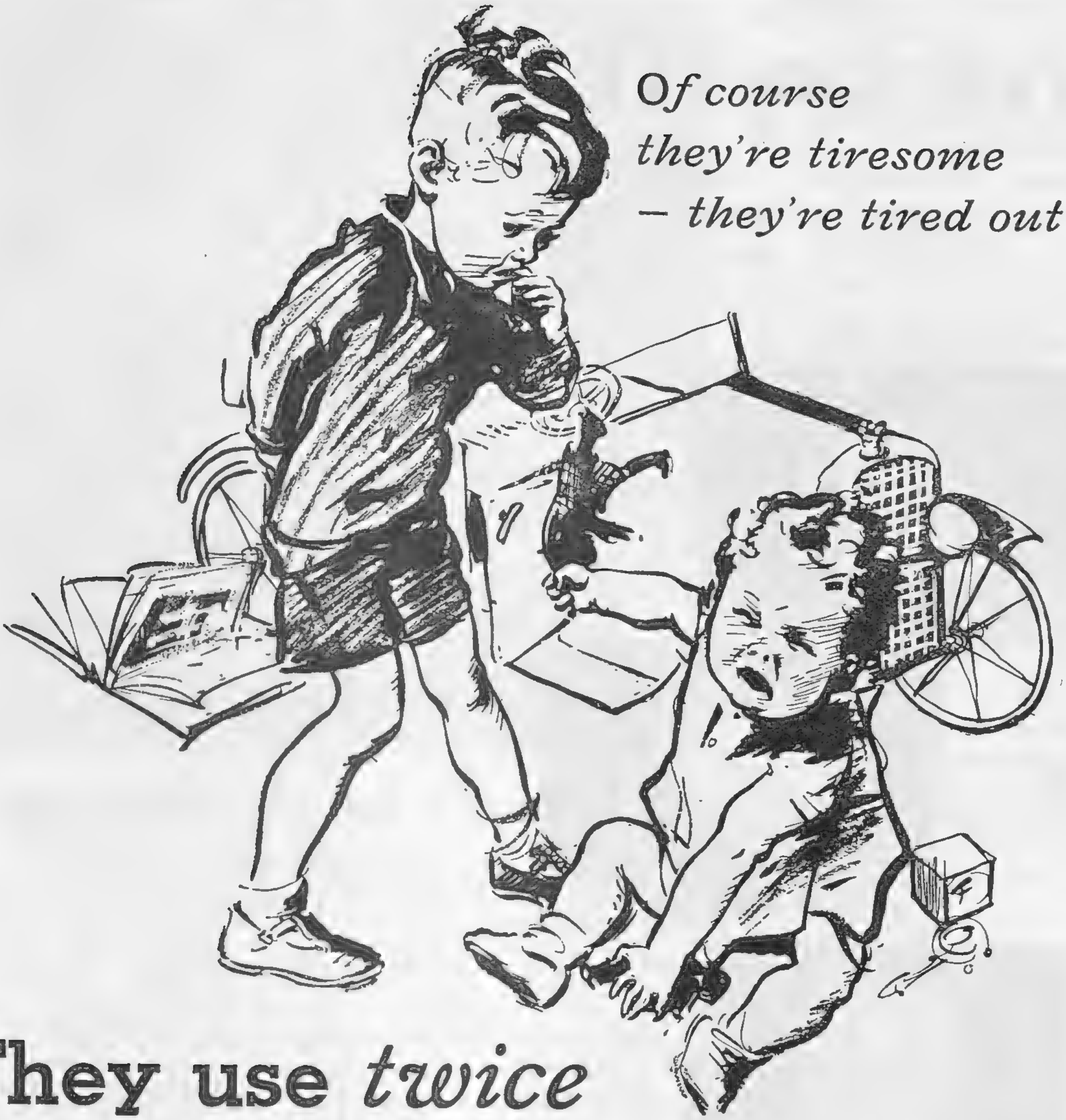
It often happens that a slow vehicle is travelling south, followed by a faster one. Another slow vehicle, also followed by a faster one, is travelling north. The slow vehicles are opposite to one another, and both the faster ones wish to overtake. There is room on the crown of the road for only one of these faster vehicles, and which of them has the priority? This is a question to which there is no satisfactory answer.

Shall we, I wonder, eventually abandon the wide road altogether, and build in its place two parallel roads of the old-fashioned size? This would undoubtedly be a solution, for each would be a one-way road, and each would be just broad enough to permit one vehicle at a time to overtake in comfort. There would be a footpath in the centre, and pedestrians would be compelled by law to walk upon it. Then, perhaps, we might reasonably expect that motorists, "though fools, should not err therein."

## Oranges *for* Health

THE interest taken by the average housewife in the true food value of the dishes which she sets before her family has enormously increased during the last decade. The knowledge that "strengthening" food does not necessarily mean a rather raw steak, and that "healthy" food is not limited to a few dull dishes and still duller puddings, has materially increased the pleasures of the table in the average household as well as the health of the nation as a whole. Perhaps the most striking difference between the table of to-day and that of a generation ago is the amount and variety of fruit which is to be found on it, although all doctors are agreed that our consumption of fruit is still far below what it should be. One of the most health-giving of all fruits is the orange, for it contains just what in our northern sunless land we lack—vitamins which can only reside in a fruit ripened beneath a sunny sky. Its tonic value is far in excess of its content, and to begin the day with a glass of pure orange juice is to lay up a store of vitality. The branded mark of the "Three Ring Orange" will guarantee that you receive the maximum value for your money.

Oranges are often considered to be acid fruits, but these South African oranges are often prescribed in cases of acidity, because they have an alkaline reaction after digestion, and thereby counteract acidity. They should also be included in baby's diet because they supplement the vitamin deficiency sometimes found in milk and are important factors in the prevention of disease.



*Of course they're tiresome – they're tired out*

# They use *twice* the energy you do

JUST growing up is almost a day's work to children — everyday! And then think of all they do as well: the tots at play — the others doing schoolwork, sports and endless tearing about.

It's bound to show: sometimes they are fretful, sometimes a bit backward — often one of them has a whole bad term at school.

And then someone says "they're growing too fast!" But ask a doctor and he will tell you, "actually it is undernourishment."

It isn't that the children aren't getting all they *want* to eat — but there's something they *need* and just *don't get enough of* in ordinary meals. That "something" is energy-food. So the doctor says "give them Horlick's — it's the best nourishment they can have — and, in addition, it makes them get more benefit from the rest of their food, and they like it."

Start today to give Horlick's Malted Milk to your children — they take to it because of its creamy flavour. Chemists and grocers everywhere have Horlick's in sealed glass bottles in four sizes, from 2/-, and water is all you have to add. Horlick's Malted Milk Co. Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

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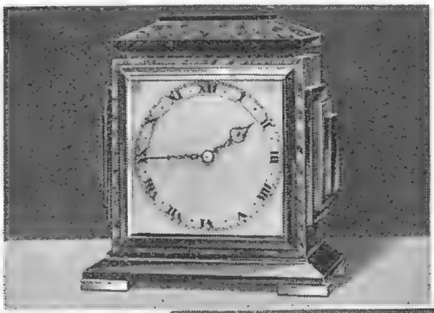

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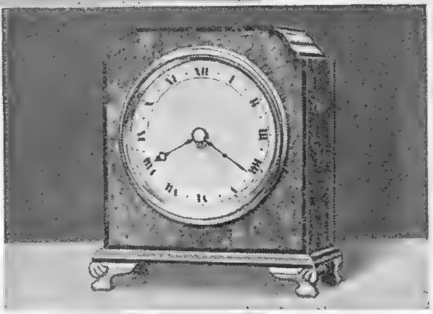

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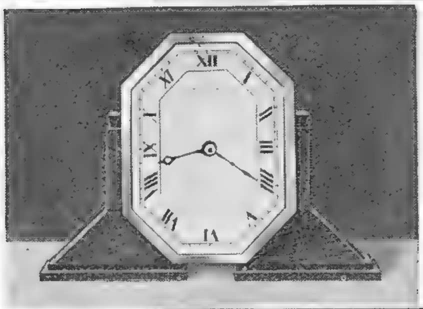

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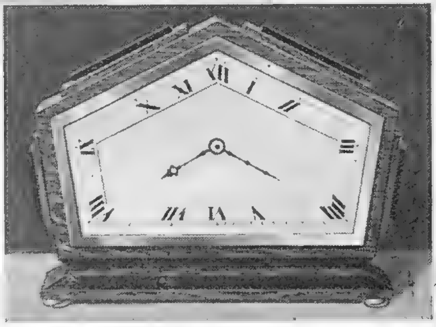

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## The Perfect Day

*(Continued from page 23)*

months of petty speculation, he was recapturing the thrill of a considerable gamble. His clean-shaven face was flushed; he was confident, exhilarated. Twenty pounds—three months' earnings! The excitement was so great that he even forgot about Sarah. He bought a cigar—very different from the Havanas that he used to purloin when he was in service, but the flavour contributed to his ebullient sense of prosperity. The good old times had come back. Ruddigore. . . ! He drank three pints of beer on end, and on an empty stomach, as he waited for the first *Racing Special* to confirm his good fortune.

It came, and once more he cursed Sarah for having broken his glasses. The barman, a sportsman like himself, read the stop-press column out loud: "Two o'clock. Epsom Spring Handicap. First—Ruddigore. . . ."

"What price, Walter?" Mr. Sullivan demanded tremulously.

"Fifty to one," read the barman.

"Fifty to one! Well, I didn't do bad getting forty."

"You mean to say you backed Ruddigore? What did you have on?"

"Ten shillings." Magnificently Mr. Sullivan showed him the betting slip.

"Ten shillings? Why, that means twenty pounds! Well, you are a lucky one!"

Mr. Sullivan was thinking. On Wednesdays the barber's shop closed at two, and was opened again in the evening for the sale of tobacco. He couldn't collect his winnings till evening came. He confided this difficulty to the barman. "I happen to be a bit short at the moment. You might lend me a couple of pounds till he opens the shop," he suggested casually.

"Well, I guess I can manage that all right," said the barman cheerfully.

Mr. Sullivan stood him a drink to celebrate the occasion.

EVEN the face of Nature had brightened in honour of Ruddigore's victory. The miserable rain of the morning had blown away; a spring sun shone; a brisk wind dried the pavements. The warm air of the pub had taken the damp out of his clothes and Mr. Sullivan's leaky boots. The beer had performed the same service for his spirits. It was a happy man, at peace with the world, a spruce, erect and jocular sportsman, who gaily swung up the stairs and entered the kitchen. Sarah gaped at him. A look of horror and distrust came into her eyes.

"Gilbert, you've been drinking," she said.

"Been drinking?" he cried. "That's a good one! I've been drinking, have I? Come on, Sarah, get out your best clothes! We're going off on a spree."

"Going off on a spree, are you? I know better than that. You're going to bed to sleep it off, or your name's not Sullivan. Come on, now. No nonsense, Gilbert!"

In answer to this challenge Mr. Sullivan caught her up in his arms and gave her a smacking kiss.

"I knew it. . . . Beer!" she said.

"Three pints of the best," Mr. Sullivan answered gloriously. "Now put on your best hat. You and me are off on a beano!"

"Sullivan," she said. "If you're not drunk, you've gone potty. What's the meaning of this?"

"The meaning of this," said Mr. Sullivan, "is Ruddigore." He laughed in her blank face. "It's a ruddy coup, Sarah," he said—he pronounced it "coop"—"it's a ruddy bonanza! Forty to one . . . twenty pounds! Now buck up, put your hat on. We're going for a drive, you and me! Be a sportsman!"

To an accompaniment of light-hearted badinage, she put on her Sunday clothes. Mr. Sullivan was amorously inclined, punctuating the process with embraces that she coyly avoided. He hadn't behaved like this since the days of their honeymoon. And all the time, between jokes, he was hurrying her up. By the time she was

*(Continued on page 98)*

# "Of course I save a shilling

*. . . and my teeth actually gain by it"*

THE money two people save in a year will buy one of the following:

| | |
|---|---|
| 18 gallons of petrol | 2 seats at a Theatre |
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A pair of children's boots or shoes

A jumper, pair of gloves, etc. etc. etc.

There are a great many things you can buy —these are just suggestions.

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dressed, she was just as excited as he was. With his arm round her waist he bundled her out of the bedroom.

"Come on, slowcoach!" he said. "Stir a leg, or we'll miss all the fun!"

At the top of the stairs she hesitated.

"I've forgotten my umbrella!"

"Umbrella be damned!" said Mr. Sullivan hurriedly. "The sun is shining."

"I could use it as a sunshade," said Sarah reluctantly.

"Oh, drop that! Come on!"

She wondered why, at the foot of the stairs, Mr. Sullivan suddenly stopped and rocked with laughter.

"What's the matter, silly?" she said.

But he only went on laughing; and Sarah, for no particular reason, felt bound to laugh with him.

IT was, she said, just like the good old times. What a figure of a man, in spite of his clothes, Mr. Sullivan was! Anybody with half an eye in their heads could see he was somebody. The way in which he hailed a cab and showed her into it, with the lavish courtesy which once he had bestowed on duchesses! The sun shone brilliantly through the rain-washed air. The cabman touched his hat, as Mr. Sullivan gave him his lordly directions. They drove through a park, where birds were singing blithely and smart nursemaids wheeled pink and white babies that blinked at the sun. The squalid Sarah of the wet morning was deliberately forgotten. She was Mrs. George Gilbert Sullivan, accustomed to the society of elegant ladies, driving out in a victoria with the handsomest man—she had always declared it—the handsomest, most distinguished-looking man she had ever met. Faults he might have—who hadn't?—but there it was! Nobody could sit up and walk with such dignity as he did! There flashed across Sarah's mind a vision of Mr. Sullivan as she had seen him crossing the kitchen that morning. He had walked with a stiff leg, and she had scoffed at him, brutally.

"How's the rheumatism, love?" she enquired. "Is your knee all right now?"

And once more Mr. Sullivan, inexplicably, burst out laughing.

By Mr. Sullivan's direction the cab was taking them to a public house on the edge of the country, much frequented by beanfeasters, and kept by another retired butler, an acquaintance of his palmy days. A jovial, prosperous fellow, he received the Sullivans boisterously. Mr. Sullivan insisted on standing him whisky on the strength of his "coup." Mrs. Sullivan and the innkeeper's wife, being ladies, drank port wine. They passed an extremely refined and enjoyable afternoon together, talking about the landlord's late master, the Marquis of Clun.

AT half-past six, when the sun had set, they decided it was time to think of going home. Sarah, indeed, would have been glad to stay longer; but Mr. Sullivan, in spite of what he had drunk, was keeping an eye on the time. He remembered that the barber's shop would not be open after eight, and meant to make no mistake about collecting his money. They bade an affectionate farewell to the innkeepers. It was a privilege, Sarah said, to meet such high-class people. The women kissed impulsively; the men shook hands, again and again. As a last inspiration Mr. Sullivan ran back and fetched two bottles of stout to cheer their way home. They opened them at once to save trouble.

On the homeward journey George Gilbert was more dignified than ever. His stately, if somewhat somnolent, calm contrasted strongly with Sarah's ardent flutterings. They were coming, as the song said, to the end of a perfect day. Its memory filled her with warm, soft emotions. She threw the empty stout bottle into the hedge. She would like, she thought, to hold her George's hand; to feel, in the dusk, like those two young people on the river. She wanted to make amends for the bad temper she had shown, only that morning, by little displays of tenderness.

Mr. Sullivan, on the other hand, wanted to go to sleep. On this day of all days nobody could say he hadn't earned it; so she left him alone.

As the lights of the town sprang up around them, Mr. Sullivan awoke. He tapped the cabdriver imperiously on the back.

"Just pull up at the barber's shop at the corner of Foss Street," he said.

"Very good, sir," All the footmen, she remembered, used to call Mr. Sullivan "Sir." The cab drew up alongside the pavement. Mr. Sullivan descended. No sooner had he left her than Sarah realised that something was wrong. Not only was the little shop shut; the shutters were up. He peered through the cracks in them to see if there was a light inside. Not a glimmer! He beat on the door; but nobody answered. It was locked and padlocked outside.

The sight of the padlock made Mr. Sullivan go red in the neck. It was disquieting. In a flurry of alarm he knocked up the next-door neighbour. A surly man came to the door in his shirt-sleeves. "Who's that? What is it?" he growled.

"Mr. Harris, the barber," said George Gilbert, politely. "I see the shop's shut. I suppose you don't happen to know where he's gone, or when he's likely to be back?"

"Yes, I do," said the neighbour. "I know both. He's gone to London, where he came from. He's left in a hurry, and he's not coming back any more. He's sold the business. As a matter of fact, my son's bought it. Want anything else?"

Mr. Sullivan didn't. He had got a lot more than he'd bargained for. He'd been welshed! Twenty pounds . . . and the best part of two of them spent already—to say nothing of the ten shillings of his stake! He doubted if he had enough of the barman's loan left to pay the cabman. He only hoped that Sarah had not realised the full meaning of what had happened. With a superb composure, the legacy of years of service in the very best families, he returned to his seat at Sarah's side. Again he tapped the cabman on the back:

"Home, driver!" he said. . . .

At that moment the two storms burst: the first from a thundercloud which had covered the sky at nightfall and, suddenly descending, drenched them to the skin as they sat; the second, in a torrent no less vigorous, from Sarah's outraged lips. Mr. Sullivan helplessly bowed his head to both of them; for each, in its way, was entirely irresistible. When, like drowned rats, they escaped from the lashings of heaven and crawled dejectedly up the narrow stairs, the lash of Sarah's tongue still whirled round his head. *Why* hadn't he collected the money before they went out? *Why* hadn't he told her the barber's shop was shut? *Why* hadn't he called at the police-station? *Why* hadn't he had the sense to ask the shirt-sleeved neighbour for the barber's address?

"Oh, go out in the rain and get it yourself if you want it!" he shouted angrily.

"That's right, let all the neighbours hear you swearing at me!" she provoked him. "As a matter of fact, since you've gone stupid, that's just what I'm going to do. You wait a moment!"

She jammed on her hat again, and flung into the bedroom precipitately. When Mr. Sullivan heard her flop down on her knees and go scratching under the bed he knew that the worst was to come. "Well, if it comes, it comes!" he thought, recklessly. "In for a penny, in for a pound!" For twenty pounds, to be exact. . . . .

Like a black squall she burst into the room again.

"My umbrella!" she gasped. "It's gone! Where's my umbrella? What have you done with it?" The melting creature of an hour ago had become a tigress. "You've taken it . . . don't tell me a lie! . . . You've took my umbrella!" And she burst into tears.

"Oh, drop that!" said Mr. Sullivan, brutally. He didn't mean to be brutal. But the thought of her blessed umbrella compared with his twenty pounds! He took her by the shoulders and shook her till she stopped crying. Then his heart softened.

"Look here, Sarah," he said persuasively, "have we had a perfect day or haven't we? Have we had a rare spree and a first-class blow-out, or have we not? If you've any sense left in your head you'll count your blessings—cut your losses, like I do, be game! Don't spoil my lucky day!"

"Lucky?" she wailed indignantly. "Where's my umbrella?"

The woman was beyond all reason! Unsporting! Ungrateful!

"Well, if you want it, you can damn well get it," said Mr. Sullivan indignantly. "Here you are! I'm ready for bed."

And he left her, superbly, gaping at a rain-soaked pawnticket.

END

# A *New* Front Door

(*Continued from page* 51)

eighteenth-century character in white or cream-painted wood. This can be as simple or elaborate as taste and pocket dictate. Charming examples can be found by the score in the older districts of London—Chelsea, Westminster, Bloomsbury, Hampstead—while gathered together in Maids of Honour Green, Richmond, is a treasure of gems from which to choose.

In the country also our old market and cathedral towns are full of lovely doorways of many periods.

The quest should be interesting and exciting and, once found, a rough sketch or snapshot of the example is all that the local builder needs to start him on his work. It is a simpler and more satisfactory plan, however, to send him to look at it, and make his own drawing and take measurements, if he is within reasonable distance of the doorway which he is to copy.

Where a good door has been mutilated with hideous panels of coloured or frosted glass in order to give light to a small hall, the necessary light can often be obtained by the use of a decorative fanlight and the door can be restored to a dignified four or six panelled design.

For houses of a Tudor character, a solid oak door is the most suitable. It should not be painted or varnished and will take on a lovely silvery colour after exposure to the weather. In this style the interest is in the door itself rather than in its decorative surroundings. Added effect can be given by dividing the door into small panels, or by using large iron studs and decorative wrought-iron hinges.

Houses in the very modern style always have a doorway designed *en suite*, and so comment on those from me is unnecessary.

A flat, however, which has been decorated inside in a modern way may have its dull and ordinary front door replaced by one which is without mouldings, and made in one panel of veneered plywood of some interesting grain, or painted a bright blue or green. A shiny black door with a cut-glass handle or chromium-plated letter-box and doorknob is very smart.

ALL this may sound rather costly and extravagant. But stop and think. Many women, when things look black and the inner pockets of their handbags feel flat and thin, will go out and buy a new frock and hat. But how long do they last?

If you save your money for improvements to your house, these things will live for longer than you do.

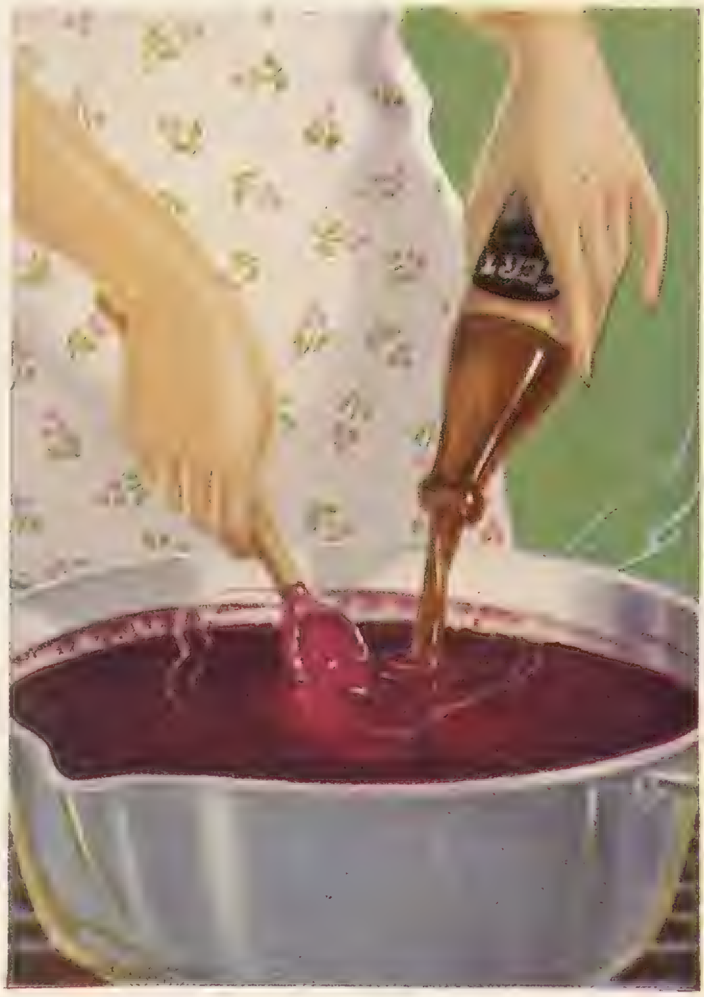
Think of the men, too. Many a "daily breader," arriving home feeling hard-up and depressed, would be cheered by the sight of the new entrance to his house, and feel himself once more a man of property and substance.

END

# JULY—now for Jams!

## *the amazing new Certo method:—*

ONE MINUTE'S BOIL ★ PERFECT SET ★ TASTE OF THE FRESH FRUIT
CLEAR, SPARKLING COLOUR ★ AND FAR MORE JAM PER LB. OF FRUIT



It is a fact that thousands of experienced jam-makers have discarded their old family recipes in favour of the Certo method. Why? Because the Certo method gives better tasting, better colour jam with less work—so little work, in fact, that it sounds too good to be true. Look at this typical recipe:

### RASPBERRY JAM
### LOGANBERRY JAM

*2 lbs berries.* *2¾ lbs. sugar.*
*½ bottle Certo.*

Use only fully ripened berries. Crush berries and measure with sugar into large preserving pan, mix, and bring to a full rolling boil over hottest fire. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard 1 minute. Remove from fire and stir in Certo. Then stir and skim by turns for five minutes to cool slightly, to prevent floating fruit. Pour quickly. Cover hot jam at once with the usual waxed paper circles. When jam is cold cover with large tops of parchment, grease-proof, or gummed transparent paper. Makes about 5 lbs. jam.

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CANADA
CERTO

**FREE!** *Send at once, now while fruit is cheap, for the special free Certo Recipe Booklet which gives you full instructions for all-the-year-round jams and jellies, including:—*

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*Raspberry Jam*
*Loganberry Jam*
*Blackcurrant Jam*
*and Jelly*
*and Autumn preserves.*

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38, Upper Ground Street, London, S.E.1.

## *WHAT* CERTO *IS . . .*

Certo is just pure *pectin*. Pectin is the natural, tasteless jellying substance in fruits. It is extracted from fruits in which it is abundant, concentrated, and bottled. Certo contains no gelatine, no chemicals, no preservatives.

### *AND WHAT IT DOES*

By the ordinary method you boil down your jam until the small amount of natural pectin is sufficient to jell what remains. With Certo just the opposite happens. You put in the right amount of pectin (Certo) and so save all the delicious natural juice and the fresh fruit colour and flavour. Read the recipe to see how you make Raspberry Jam. Try the Certo method.

CERTO DOES NOT ADD TO THE COST PER LB. OF YOUR JAMS AND JELLIES BECAUSE YOU *GET MORE PRESERVE.*
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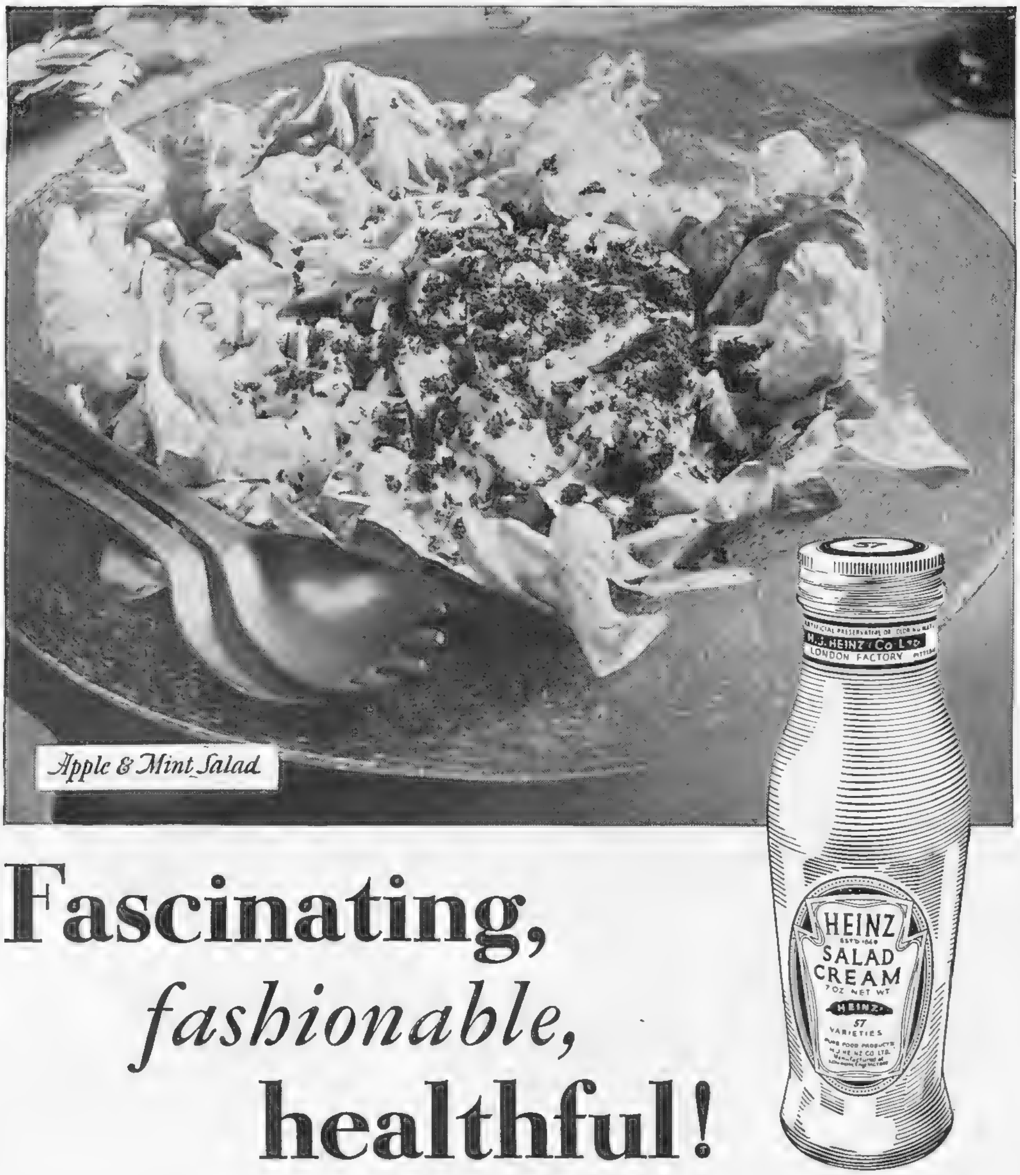

*Apple & Mint Salad*

# Fascinating,
# *fashionable,*
# healthful!

Have you tried these new and exciting fruit-and-vegetable salads? They are not merely fashionable — they are irresistible. Such delicious flavours and so charmingly decorative to the table!

Add to them the subtle 'tang' of Heinz Salad Cream and their intriguing flavours are perfected; while the new-laid eggs, pure olive oil and rich cream which form the basis of Heinz Salad Cream, convert them into a complete and scientifically 'balanced' diet.

They are inexpensive and quite simple to prepare—and expert dietitians say there's nothing better for the health and complexion. Just the light, dainty, but nourishing dish that energetic moderns demand.

You can buy Heinz Salad Cream from all good grocers at 6d., 10d. and 1/1½d. per bottle. (These prices do not apply in I.F.S.)

*TRY THESE THREE SALADS IN PLACE OF USUAL SWEETS:*

### *Apple and Mint Salad*

INGREDIENTS—1½ cupfuls diced apples, 1½ cupfuls chopped celery, 1½ teaspoonfuls chopped mint, ¼ teaspoonful salt, lettuce or batavia, Heinz Salad Cream.

INSTRUCTIONS—Mix the apple, celery and salt with enough Heinz Salad Cream to bind them together. Arrange on crisp lettuce or batavia leaves, sprinkle with chopped mint and serve with extra Heinz Salad Cream.

### *Raisin Salad*

INGREDIENTS—1 cupful of seeded or seedless raisins, 1 sliced banana, ½ cupful chopped celery, 1 orange, 1 cupful of apples cut into dice, lettuce, Heinz Salad Cream.

INSTRUCTIONS—Peel the orange, remove the pips and cut the flesh into rounds and then into thin strips. Mix all the fruit and celery together lightly with Heinz Salad Cream. Wash and dry the lettuce, arrange in a salad bowl or on individual plates, and place the fruit mixture on top.

### *Grapefruit Jelly Salad*

INGREDIENTS—¾ cupful grapefruit juice, ⅓ cupful water, ⅓ cupful sugar, 2 tablespoons cold water, 1½ tablespoons gelatine, 1 cream cheese, salt and pepper, a little cream or condensed milk, a little onion juice, lettuce, chopped nuts, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, Heinz Salad Cream.

INSTRUCTIONS—Boil the sugar with the two tablespoons of water for a few minutes. Dissolve the gelatine in the rest of the water, add this to the syrup, cool a little and add the grapefruit juice and a pinch of salt. Strain into a mould rinsed with cold water. Mix the cheese with the cream or milk, onion juice, lemon juice, salt and pepper, making a mixture soft enough to pipe through a forcing bag. Turn out the jelly when cold and set, place it on well washed and dried lettuce leaves. Pipe the cheese mixture round the mould, sprinkle chopped nuts on top and hand Heinz Salad Cream separately.

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# HEINZ *Salad Cream*

**57**

The product, the package and the name 'Salad Cream' were all originated by Heinz. Avoid the many inferior imitations.

*MADE IN LONDON*

# Big Business

(*Continued from page* 45)

incorporations and amalgamations. The movement started in 1851 with the taking over of Bate and Robins, of Stourbridge, and ended only a few years ago with the purchase of the share capital of the North of Scotland Bank; but it now has more than 200 branches at home and abroad.

*Lloyds Bank.*

It was at Birmingham, in 1865, that the firm of Lloyds and Co., which was then already a hundred years old, amalgamated with Moilliet and Son, another firm of high reputation, and brought into existence the famous banking company now known as Lloyds Bank, Limited. From that day to this the bank has steadily expanded and extended its operations over the country, amalgamating, one after another, literally scores of other banks.

The firm of P. and H. Williams, of Wednesbury, was the first to lose its identity in the new bank a few months after its foundation, and there followed, in fairly quick succession, the Warwick and Leamington Banking Co., the Shropshire Banking Company and the Coventry and Warwick Banking Co., Barnetts, Hoares and Co., and Bosanquet, Salt and Co. were taken over in 1884.

Then for four years there was a period of consolidation, but in 1888 the process of absorption was resumed, and year by year Lloyds Bank continued for a long period to take over the business of other banking firms.

This brings us to 1923, when the most recent amalgamation took place with the acquisition of the business of Cox and Co., the well-known army bankers, and of H. S. King and Co.

There are two banks which, although Lloyds effected a union of interest with them in 1918 by the purchase of their stock and their shares respectively, preserve their separate existence.

These are the National Bank of Scotland, Ltd., and the London and River Plate Bank (now the Bank of London and South America, Ltd.).

On the Continent, Lloyds Bank operates through Lloyds and National Provincial Foreign Bank, Ltd., which it owns in conjunction with the National Provincial Bank of England. Its agents and correspondents are scattered throughout the British Empire and all over the world.

The extraordinary growth of the Bank since 1865 can be judged by the increase of its authorised capital from £2,000,000 to £74,000,000 in 1928. This capital is larger than that of any other of the banks belonging to the " Big Five."

*Barclays.*

And now to number three on the list of the " Big Five."

Barclays Bank had the largest history behind it of any of the " Big Five." It is as far back as 1736 that we first hear of the name of Barclay in connection with the Bank. In that year a goldsmith named John Freame, who was practically the founder of the Bank, went into partnership with his brother-in-law James Barclay, whose descendants have been associated with the business ever since.

Two of the three firms, however, which eventually united to form the present limited company in 1896, had a much older origin. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton, Rauson, Bouverie and Co., of London and Brighton, were in existence before 1694. Gurney and Co., of Norwich began about 1650. The third firm, Jonathan Backhouse and Co., of Darlington, dates back no further than 1774.

The titles of these old firms contain the names of many famous British bankers, themselves members of ancient and well-known families. The Bevan family is of Welsh origin and is connected by marriage with the Barclays.

The Gurneys came over with William the Conqueror. One of (*Continued on page* 102)

It's too late now!

THE charm of sound, white natural teeth is lost to her. In her childhood she disliked the hard foods that are so good for the teeth, and her parents indulged her.

Don't make the same mistake with *your* children. When the first tiny tooth is due, give your baby "Ovaltine" Rusks to bite and chew. They help the teeth to come easily through the gums and keep them strong and healthy.

Right through childhood "Ovaltine" Rusks will give the biting exercise so essential to the correct formation of the mouth and the health of those first teeth, upon which depend the correct spacing and soundness of those that follow.

"Ovaltine" Rusks are made from the purest wheaten flour, retaining all its nutritive elements. The addition of a proportion of "Ovaltine" adds to their nutritive value, gives them a delicious flavour, and increases their digestibility.

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LEFT

*or*

RIGHT?

*They're both right when both hold*

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them, Francis Gurney, was a banker in the reign of James I.

His descendants established the Norwich bank in 1775. Later on the Gurneys also became associated by marriage with the Barclay family. The Backhouses had been doing a banking business in conjunction with their trade of linen and worsted manufacturing long before they started their bank as a separate institution in 1774.

When the joint stock company was formed in 1896, altogether 20 banks were absorbed in the combination, which was registered as Barclays Bank, Ltd. Its head office, at 54, Lombard Street, London, occupies the site on which the business of Barclay, Bevan, Tritton and Co., and its predecessors, had been constructed since 1728.

From 1896 to the present day, Barclays Bank, Ltd., as the undertaking was finally called in 1917, has taken over the businesses of no fewer than 42 banking firms and companies.

Thus, with its origin rooted deeply in the past, this great institution has been developed slowly but steadily in the course of three centuries, until it has become the colossal organisation which we know to-day, with branches, offices or agencies in almost every part of the world.

*National Provincial.*

The National Provincial Bank was founded in 1833. At this time the creation of joint stock banks had only recently been rendered legal.

The right of issuing notes, which was then a lucrative privilege, was then not accorded to joint stock banks conducting business within 65 miles of London. In order to secure this right, therefore, the new company confined its banking activities to the provinces, with only an administrative office in London to maintain control.

It was in Gloucester, on January 1st, 1834, that the first office of the National Provincial Bank was opened, and by 1838 the number of offices had increased to 60. It was not till 1866 that any business was carried on in London.

In that year an office opened in Bishopsgate, the directors having decided that the advantages of conducting business in London would outweigh those of retaining their note issue.

The privilege of a seat in the London Bankers' clearing house, which had hitherto been denied owing to the antagonism of the private banks to their joint stock rivals, was given to the bank at this time. The institution became a limited liability company in 1880.

In 1920 and 1924 respectively Coutts and Co., and Grindlay and Co., Ltd., became affiliated. Both these banks still continue business in their own names.

The National Provincial bank now has an authorised capital of £60,000,000, and has over 1,200 branches in London and the provinces.

*The Westminster.*

The London and Westminster Bank, as it was then known, commenced operations in March, 1834, with a paid-up capital of only £50,000, and with £30,000 in its tills.

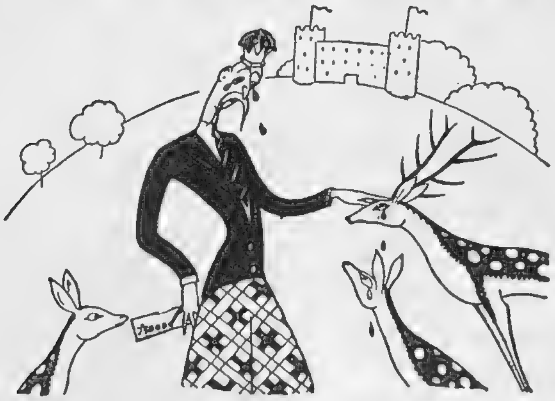
This bank had the distinction of being the pioneer of joint-stock banking in London. It was founded in the face of strenuous opposition, and only after a legal obstacle had been removed by Act of Parliament. The decision of the law officers was favourable to the pioneers.

The undertaking once more started on its career, admission to the London Bankers' Clearing House was soon secured, and the Bank became a limited liability company in 1880.

Thenceforward the progress of the company continued along the usual lines of expansion and amalgamation.

The short title, Westminster Bank, Ltd., was adopted in 1923, the foreign auxiliary becoming Westminster Foreign Bank, Ltd. Four years ago the bank had 970 offices, of which 189 were in the metropolitan area, and its authorised capital was £33,000,000.

# Abdulla's contribution to National Economy



WHEN DUKES ARE PARTING WITH THEIR ESTATES AND STOCKBROKERS WITH THEIR WIVES' PEARL NECKLACES, IT IS TIME THAT ABDULLA DID SOMETHING.

ABDULLA has done something. He has made it possible for these orphans of the blizzard to go on pampering their highly sensitised palates and yet look the Registrar in Bankruptcy squarely in the eye.

FOR TO-DAY they (and all of us) can buy the new Abdulla 'Salisbury' cigarettes —either Virginia or Turkish—and pay a mere shilling for a score of them. These cigarettes, it will be well understood, are not on the large side, because they inherit the Abdulla quality complex; but they are of fair proportions, and of a most excellent high virtue withal.

IF YOU happen to be neither a Duke nor a Stockbroker, but just one of those simple folk who ordinarily pay a shilling for their twenty cigarettes, you will not save money by buying these new Abdullas. But you will be getting what commercial people call 'better value,' and that's really just as edifying.

**ABDULLA SALISBURY CIGARETTES**

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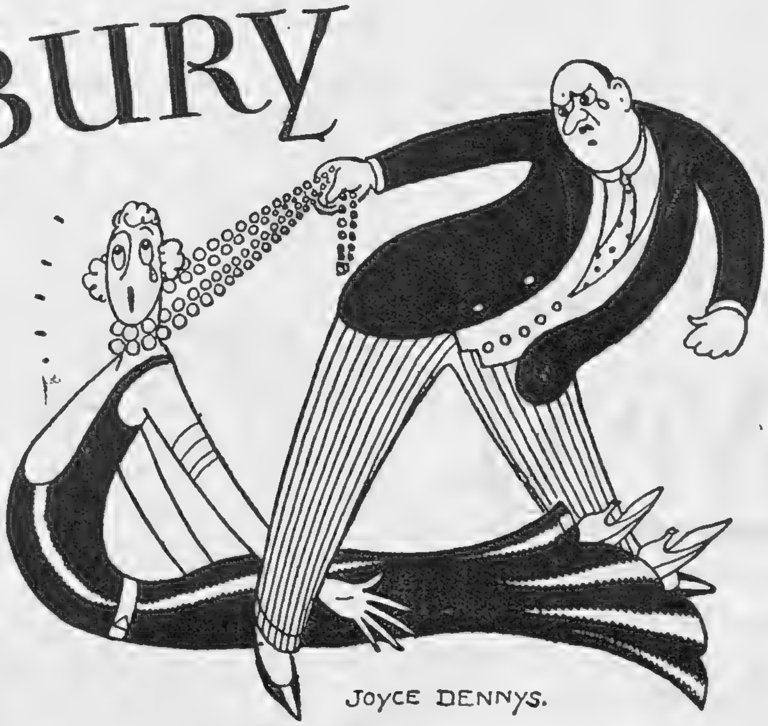
20 *for* 1/-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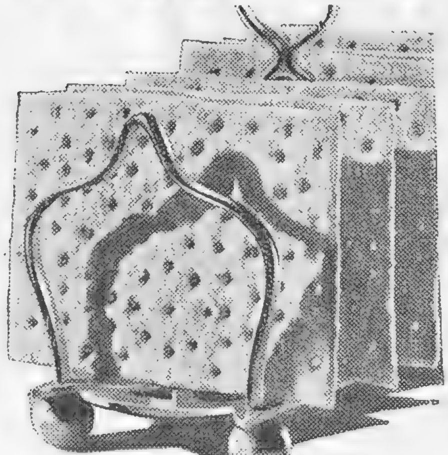

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And Vita-Weat is *entirely* British—made by Peak Frean, a British firm, by British labour, of only British wheat, British-milled and British baked. Have it on the table at every meal.

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*In Cartons 1/6 and 10d. Packets 6d. and 2d.*

*Made by Peek Frean*

Makers of Famous Biscuits

# Cottage for Two

*(Continued from page 15)*

headache ! to be free of those constant nagging worries about the chair covers that wanted renewing ; about Happy's spells of dizziness ; about the numbers for Edythe Pelly that had to be ready for her new show that was opening in Manchester in December. Just to be at peace, to crawl away somewhere and sleep the sick weariness out of her system. . . Involuntarily she quickened her steps.

Richard's smart little man servant opened the door of his flat. He knew Sharon, and his narrow white face relaxed in a smile.

" You've just missed Mr. Martineau, madam. 'E went out ten minutes ago. Lunching out, too—with another gentleman at his club, I fancy."

" Oh. Do you know when he'll be back ? "

" Couldn't say, madam."

Beyond him she caught sight of a bag of golf clubs leaning against a strapped suitcase.

" Is Mr. Martineau going away ? "

" Yes, madam, 'e's leaving for the South of France to-night. Evening boat train from Victoria. Any message, madam ? "

" No message. I may call again later."

Well, she thought as she went into the sunshine once more. What was she going to do now ? None of the books of etiquette offered a solution for the wife who fled to the Other Man, only to find that he was lunching out with another gentleman at his club. She might have found out the name of the club from Johnson and rung him up there. But no, on second thoughts it was better not. Explaining the situation to Richard over the telephone would fluster and alarm him too much.

She found that she was laughing, and also that she was hungry. It seemed a long time since that cup of tea in the bleak early hours of this morning. There was a tea shop close by, and going in, she sat down and ordered coffees and sandwiches. She ate and drank slowly. Had Happy found the note yet ? She could picture him with such merciless clearness, stumbling downstairs in his old blue dressing-gown, yawning and calling "Sharon ! " She paid the bill and went out.

Somehow the long day dragged on. She filled it with aimless wanderings about the busy streets. She had to resist an impulse to go into a telephone box and ring up the cottage. Eloping wives, she reminded herself grimly, did not usually ring up and ask, " Did you find the note ? Oh, Happy, my darling, have I hurt you terribly ? "

What would he do when he realised that she had really gone ? He was a helpless creature. Without her to take care of him, he would kill himself just a little quicker, that was all—not with a service revolver, or anything dramatic like that, but with drink and too much work and too many late nights.

She decided, shying quickly away from the thought of Happy, that she would not go back to Richard's flat. It might look funny to Johnson, make Richard uncomfortable. Instead, she would go back to Victoria, get her bag out of the cloakroom, and wait for him there. She knew the time of the boat train. It would be simple to go up to him and say, " Richard, I want you to take me with you," and then to relax in his care and tenderness for ever and evermore.

There was quite a time to wait at Victoria. It was evening, and the big station was lighted.

She sat on a bench, slim knees crossed and chin on clenched fist, trying to think ahead into life with Richard. It would be safe, orderly, comfortable—all the things that it wasn't with Happy. There would be no cottage in a mews for her this time. She smoked four cigarettes, and then the boat train came in.

She stood up, and went over to wait by the bookstall where she could see every entrance. Soon the platform was crowded with slender women in furs and absurd little tweed hats, with men in big overcoats, with golf clubs and expensive looking luggage. One or two people looked at her curiously. And then Richard came.

She saw him walking down the platform, tall and important looking ; behind him, an old porter trundled a hand-barrow piled with his luggage. Now, she thought, and then she saw with a shock—was it relief ? Was it anger ?—that he was not alone. His blue eyes were smiling down at the slim young creature whose hand was resting for a moment, possessively, on his arm. Young, blond, cool eyes—a little blond field-mouse wrapped in the soft grey husk of a squirrel coat. Sharon heard her say, " Buy me a *Tatler*, Toto."

He stood so close to her, fumbling for change, that she could have stretched out a hand and touched his arm.

She stood watching his broad back and the squirrel coat recede down the platform, and the rhythm of their steps—his, heavy and firm ; hers, twinkling on preposterous spiked heels—seemed to beat out a rhythm in her mind. There goes my last chance—there goes my last chance—voh-de-oh-doh, blue-hoo-hoos—here goes . . . .

She stood there, smiling a queer, little smile, until some one blew a whistle and the long train steamed out.

Sharon walked out of the station and hailed a taxi. Sitting with her head leaning against its musty lining, watching the lights jump to and fro, she thought of Richard, of blond field-mice, of life. And she knew now that even if Richard had been alone she would not have gone with him. She could not have gone with him. At the last moment she would have made some excuse and backed out.

All the way there the rhythm of their footsteps and the rhythm of the train sang in her head, until suddenly it was rhythm no longer, but a tune. Happy ! Where's Happy ? Listen, Happy, this is going to be good. She sang it softly, in her husky, tuneless whisper of a voice, as the cab turned into the mews.

There were lights in the cottage windows, and the sound of a piano, and high, excited voices met her as she opened the door and stood listening in the tiny crack of a hall. Suddenly she was furiously angry, and furiously, painfully hurt. So this was how much Happy cared ! But there was no going back now ; she had nowhere to go, so she slipped quietly upstairs to the bedroom to leave her suitcase, take off her hat, and stare at her white face in the glass above that dressing-table denuded of her belongings. Well, there was only one thing to do, and that was to carry it off with a high hand, to go downstairs, to . . .

There were only three of them in the room, but it seemed crowded. Bertie Stein, cigar hanging from loose lower lip, was sitting at the piano vamping out their number, *Half Way to Heaven.* The enormous bulk of Jimmy Cox, glass in hand, was half in, half out of the shabbiest of the armchairs. And Happy, fair hair on end, eyes wild, was striding up and down, waving both arms above his head. He stopped dead at sight of her.

" Sharon ! This thing isn't right—it won't do ! "

" What thing isn't right ? " she asked calmly, but her hands were trembling.

" This infernal number, *Half Way To Heaven.* Come and run it over with me, there's a sweet."

" Just a minute," said Sharon.

She glanced quickly at the mantelpiece. There it was, the folded sheet of bridge pad paper, with his name printed on it.

" Sharon ! " called Happy from the piano. " Come on, Sharon ! What are you tearing up ? And where have you been all day, woman ? I got up about lunch time with a head—ye gods ! what a head—"

" —I crawled downstairs, and I called till I was blue in the face. Leave me again and I'll divorce you. Well, come along, come along, let's get on with it."

" Happy," she said, and smiled up at him. " Listen, Happy. I've got a new one. It's going to be good . . ."

Jimmy Cox listened and grunted :

" You've got a winner, Sharon. I'd like to sing it at the opening of the Café Splendide next week."

And Happy, his hands on her shoulders as she played the haunting bit of silliness that was going to sweep London, cried suddenly :

" What about this, Sharon ?

" I never knew
What happiness meant at all,
I never knew
How far in love I had to fall,
Until I found you
And a cottage for two-hoo-hoo-*hoo* . ."

" Why are you laughing, Sharon ? Come on, sweet, let's run it through again. Until I found you-hoo-hoo . . ."

The room filled slowly with cigar smoke. Happy's face whitened slowly into a haggard and shining-eyed mask of fatigue. People drifted in, drifted out. " A cottage for two-hoo-hoo. Throw me a cigarette, Bertie. Now, then, Sharon, let's run through it again. Cottage for two-hoo-hoo . . ."

After a bit the tune and the words and the happiness seemed to sing together in a sort of dizzy chorus in her heart.

END

## Restless Exile

(*Continued from page* 11)

is with an aide-de-camp at Cannes. The two Princesses, quite in the mode in having their engagements to two Bourbon-Orleans brothers broken off, are somewhere near Naples. It looks rather as if Fontainebleau, as residence, were fading out. Yet there endures a solid argument in favour of hotel life—it avoids income tax. Did the exiles take a French château or a London mansion or country house, grave inroads would be made on an income said not to exceed £20,000 a year despite all the fantastic figures given. The Infantas' " dots " consist of their jewellery. Perhaps Don Alfonso, like so many others, has been hit by the slump. An hotel, furthermore, denotes immediate readiness to go back, whereas taking root would savour of the abandoned hope.

The dethroned Queen is fortunate in possessing a very different temperament, more possible of reconciliation with life in exile. She is spoken of as devout. She plays much golf and rides at Fontainebleau or else is content with seeing France by car. She has a small court of two ladies-in-waiting, a chamberlain, a priest, a doctor. She visits Paris, which her husband rarely does, the Police Prefect possibly having warned that safety could not be guaranteed, so well known are the distinctive features. The Princess Ena-that-was does not like to visit even her native land, where once she was received as a Queen. A dethroned grand-daughter of Queen Victoria appearing in London drawing-rooms might lead to awkwardnesses, and no doubt this has been one of the factors militating against either residence in England or long sojourning there.

She is said to feel in a different way from Don Alfonso the grievous misfortune that has befallen the family. There may exist a kind of temporary and mutual near-separation. The words, " We never should have left Madrid " have oft-times been attributed to her.

If so, one imagines her to be in the wrong. The Romanoff dénouement is too close ; and Spaniards let loose can so resemble Russians, no getting away from it. The King might have seen his family to safety and then himself have faced the music. Upholding the king idea. Maybe. And also, with his murder, in all probability initiating sanguinary disorders throughout the Peninsula.

All the gadding about (which Spain ignores) may not be precisely what others would have done in like circumstances. There might have come an inclination to seek some meditative corner. But we have to remember our man. And, after all, when great personal sorrow supervenes, what do relatives, friends, doctors, recommend, provided the thing can be arranged and afforded ? Change of scene. Don Alfonso has assuredly ex-

(*Continued on page* 106)

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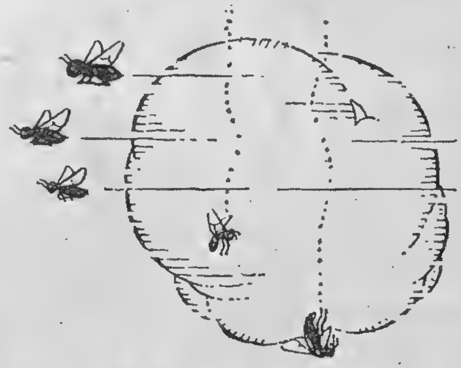

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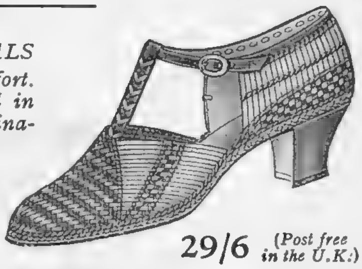

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perienced great sorrow, and he has chosen incessant change of scene to keep his mind from forest brooding. Perhaps had the mother upon whom he so relied been still living, the added consolation of her presence might have reduced comings and goings. As things are, if the son cannot come to rest anywhere, that may well be a cause more for sympathy than for criticism, considering the risks run. One requires to put oneself in this high-spirited man's place, this mortal who first was shown to his courtiers on a piece of silver plate. Suddenly cut off in middle life from friends, interests, purpose in life, from the country he loved, if mediævally, from everything save family, a family pathetic in some cases and increasingly scattered (yet which Don Alfonso looks after in first case). The sudden transition, too, from a world dancing minute attendance upon him to his having to scrum his way through station crowds. Grim test of any man. Don Alfonso may be lucky, indeed, in at least having the desire to see the world. The only thing is that it can't very well go on for ever.

END

## DON'T LOOK TIRED!

### A Special Face and Eye Treatment to Dispel all Signs of Weariness which a strenuous Summer Season may have induced

ONE'S own mirror, like an old friend is privileged to tell the truth, and very disconcerting it may be. It is so true that a woman is as well and as young as she looks. One is quite likely not to know that one is tired until confronted by one's own image and notices the lines of weariness around the eyes, the subtle unfresh look of the complexion and the droop at the corners of the mouth.

The mere man might prescribe a new hat or the less expensive exhilaration of a cocktail, but a becoming hat is difficult to come by when the face is jaded and its choice compels the confrontation of more looking glasses: the effect of the cocktail wears off and next morning the lines are still there, the eyes and skin are dull and lifeless.

What one really wants is a *new* face, and that is virtually what one can have if one devotes a little time and attention to the matter and avails oneself of one of the special face and eye treatments which refresh, tone up and revivify skin and tissues and muscles.

An excellent facial refreshment begins with a Spagnette face pack which has outstanding tonic properties; it clears the skin of all impurities, leaving it smooth and fresh and sensibly fairer in tone. This, combined with a muscle strapping treatment, does wonders to bring back youthful firmness and freshness. The electricity used in these treatments really does tone up the important facial muscles, the lagging and shrinking of which cause lines and wrinkles and loss of contour. The electric massage is done by an expert with the hands only, as direct application of electric apparatus is not desirable.

The special eye treatment given by the same specialist includes the use of her famous muscle oil, bandalettes and violet ray, as she has found that the rays which are so good for the skin and circulation have a marvellous effect on the eyes, dissipating the lines and shadows that make their appearance round the eyes and strengthening and brightening the eyes themselves.

Even one of these comprehensive treatments will do a great deal to refresh and restore a tired face, and a course of treatments is a good investment for a woman who wants to enjoy her summer holiday in the exhilarating knowledge that she is looking her best and "as young as ever, my dear!"

*The name and address of the firm who specialise in the treatment described above will be sent to all interested readers on receipt of a postcard addressed to the Woman Editor, "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2.*

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The quality of the "Vi-Spring"—the original pocketed Spring Overlay Mattress—is world renowned. For over thirty years this famous mattress has set a standard of bed comfort that has never been equalled. It is a hand-made product throughout, produced by skilled operatives, each trained to appreciate the technical importance of their particular feature, to complete a perfect whole. Careful supervision of every operation in manufacture places the "Vi-Spring" in a class by itself, unequalled for luxurious comfort and reliable service.

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and you have the world's greatest combination for perfect sleep.

The "Vibase" Mattress Support is well upholstered, yet sells at practically the same price as the best un-upholstered supports. It is covered in any of the handsome ticks to match the "Vi-Spring," and in appearance and durability is equal to the best supports of the box-spring type. Sold by all reliable house furnishers. Ask to see this luxurious combination.

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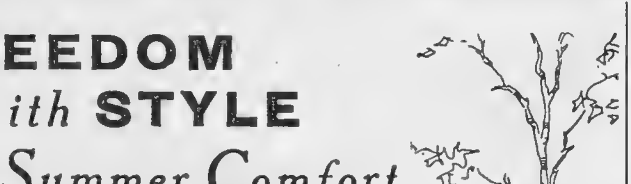

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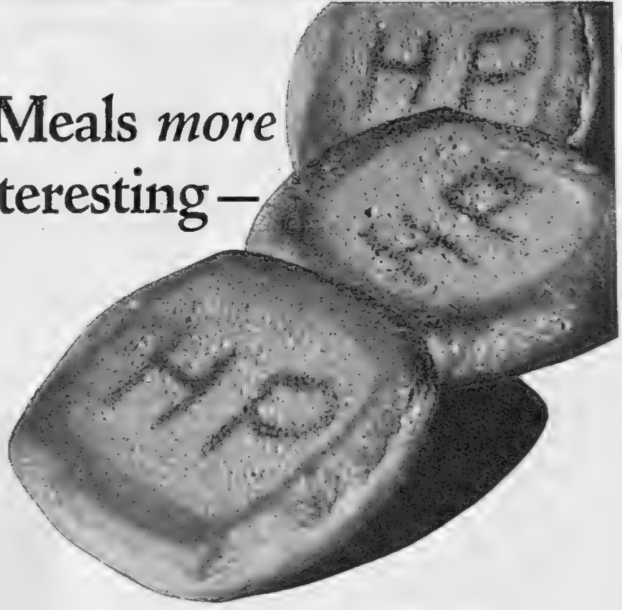

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HP 19

# THE GIRLS, PAST and PRESENT

## The Girls' Championship

By ELEANOR E. HELME

**Our Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh and Roehampton**

*ENTRANCE form and conditions for these will be published in due course in "The Bystander," and entries cannot be accepted until August*

*MISS R. M. F. WATTS, winner of the competition for prizes given by "Britannia and Eve" at Ryde*

ONCE upon a time—this is no fairy story but a sober statement of fact—the world at large believed that anybody who won the Girls' Championship was therefore, instantly, and beyond all dispute, a player of the highest rank. That was in the very early days, more than a decade ago. Then, when no Girl Champion obliged by winning the Open, the world was disillusioned; it even suggested that the Girls' championship did harm, instead of good, to young players: it likened them to goldfish in a bowl, who thought themselves mighty big fish until thrown out into the harsher world of grown-up golf. Then came Simone de la Chaume, Enid Wilson, Diana Fishwick, to prove that, given the great player, the Girls' Championship could be a very useful stepping-stone, and now the event has shaken down into its right place.

It *is* a grand stepping-stone, provided it is looked on as such and not as the highest pinnacle in the temple of fame, and a glance over records for the past twelve months shows very conclusively that it is the girls who have graduated at Stoke Poges in that cheery September week who are earning the big honours in grown-up golf nowadays. The struggle for the top of the ladder is very keen—or rather, for the rungs near the top, for nobody disputes Miss Wethered's place several steps above all the others—and no golfer with aspirations can afford to do without this aid to better golf, this early hardening in the fire of public competition.

Take a glance down these records. The Open this year has stayed with Miss Enid Wilson, the Girl champion of 1925, whose golf at Saunton was quite amazing. Then consider some of the others. The Welsh Championship went to Miss Isabella Rieben, who was a competitor at Stoke Poges in 1930, entered but was unable to come in 1931, and is still eligible to play this year. It will be an enormous help to all the other girls if she comes to Stoke, for she has been really well taught, she has gone through her national championship with high honours, and her presence would do a great deal to set the standard high, where it should be set. Miss Nan Baird, girl champion in 1929, has won the West of Scotland championship, and was runner-up in the Ayrshire.

TWO years ago it was popularly supposed that Miss Mary Johnson, from Hornsea, would be the right winner of the Girls'. She failed to fulfil prophecy, but this year she has won the Yorkshire championship, and is acquitting herself right nobly at the head of their team. Miss Dorothy Marshall, a Girls' semi-finalist in 1929, is Lincolnshire champion for the second time; Miss Mary Lake was runner-up in the Sussex and only lost the final at the 19th. To two rather older Girls have come even bigger honours; Miss Mary Beard is the first South Western champion, Miss Jessie Firth the first Northern, as well as winning the Lancashire by sterling good play. These things show what the Girls' Championship can do for ambitious golfers.

All that remains is for their successors, all girls who will still be under nineteen years old on September 13th of this year, to enter, and to follow the splendid example of these forerunners.

What of the others, those who will never earn very great fame at the game? Well, there are several days of good golf on a famous course, there are friends to be made and any amount of fun to be had in the merry country-house-party atmosphere of Stoke Court, not forgetting the beautiful challenge cup which rewards the competitor staying there who goes farthest in the championship. It is a pleasant way of spending a holiday, as the old girls who return as spectators will tell anybody, and . . . you never know—surprises happen in every championship.

## THAT AMERICAN BUSINESS

EVEN after the lapse of six weeks, the bitterness of defeat at Wentworth for the British team is still fresh. The Americans deserved to win because they played better shots up to the hole than we did and accordingly made the putting easier for themselves: if that is not the hall-mark of the better golfer, then all our accepted theories of good golf must go by the board. They played with greater confidence, and their confidence was justified. Above all, in those fatal foursomes which started the day so ill for Great Britain, it seemed as if they were more accustomed to playing together than our pairs were, and that they benefited accordingly.

That is a statement which it ought not to have been possible to make with truth, for the Americans do not normally play foursomes. Over here we do, but the particular pairs who took the field at Wentworth were not used to playing together and had not had practice rounds in foursomes at (*Continued on page* 110)

*THE finalists in the Championship at Saunton, Miss Enid Wilson beat Miss Purvis Russell-Montgomery by 7 and 6*

*Left:*

*MISS ENID WILSON, who retained the championship by really brilliant golf, receiving the championship cup from Lady Christie*

# GREAT NEWS

## *"The Bystander" to take over the Women's Golf Section of "Britannia and Eve"*

FOR some time the directors of BRITANNIA AND EVE have felt that it was impossible in any monthly journal to deal adequately with women's golf. Comment was necessarily stale, space inadequate.

To remedy this defect, all the golfing activities of the monthly BRITANNIA AND EVE are to be transferred to the weekly BYSTANDER, starting with the number of August 3rd. Miss Eleanor E. Helme will write those pages in THE BYSTANDER and continue to be responsible for every competition at present run by BRITANNIA AND EVE—namely, Northern, One Day Medal; Scottish, Ranelagh and Roehampton Foursomes, and the Girls' Championship. The Monthly Spoon and Club Competition will also be continued by THE BYSTANDER.

The original trophies, with their historic lists of names, will still reward the winners; the only difference will be that full, illustrated accounts of the events will appear within a few days of their conclusion, instead of several weeks after.

As a foretaste, the Scottish Foursomes, which concluded at Cruden Bay on Friday, June 17th, were described in THE BYSTANDER of June 22nd and 29th; in BRITANNIA AND EVE they could not have appeared until August. But the regular inclusion of Miss Helme's golfing articles in THE BYSTANDER will not begin until August 3rd.

That number will contain the results of the Monthly Spoon and Club Competition for June, the July results appearing the following week. Subsequently the second number of each month will give the results of these competitions for the previous month. Conditions for these (which will be sent to any reader on request) remain unchanged. Any *one* coupon from any BYSTANDER for the current month will cover any number of cards from one member during that month for the Club Competition.

Conditions and entry form for the Girls' Championship, which appear in this number of BRITANNIA AND EVE, will be repeated in THE BYSTANDER from August 3rd until 30th; entries close September 1st, the championship is from September 14th to 16th, and will be described in THE BYSTANDER of September 21st and 28th.

Conditions and entry forms for the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh and Roehampton will appear in THE BYSTANDER from August 3rd until September 14th inclusive; entries will close September 15th; the Foursomes are October 4th to 7th, and will be described in THE BYSTANDER of October 12th and 19th.

## The GIRLS' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (1932)

### (ORGANISED BY "THE BYSTANDER")

**Scratch Match-play Knock-out Tournament at Stoke Poges, September 14th, 15th and 16th. No Qualifying Round.**

Open to all girls of any nationality who will be under nineteen years of age on September 13th, 1932.

Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number will be placed on a waiting list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled up to the time play starts.

Entries close on Thursday, September 1st, and must be made on the entrance form which appears below, and will be repeated in the August number.

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch knock-out match play tournament at Stoke Poges, September 14th, 15th and 16th. Halved matches to be played to a finish.

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, BRITANNIA AND EVE Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

The proprietors of BRITANNIA AND EVE reserve to themselves the right to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final.

The Craig Challenge Cup, scratch bogey, will be played for on September 15th by players beaten in the first, second and third rounds of the Championship.

*Stoke Court Challenge Cup.*—For the player staying at Stoke Court who remains in the championship for the greatest number of rounds. A tie between two players to be decided by playing the best of three holes match play; a tie between more than two as announced.

Mothers and chaperones of competitors playing in the championship will be eligible to compete in competitions for handicap prizes presented by BRITANNIA AND EVE, to be played at Stoke Poges on September 14th and 15th. Conditions will be posted at Stoke Poges on September 13th.

Competitors may practise free of charge on Monday, September 12th.

### ACCOMMODATION

Accommodation may be had for competitors and their friends at the following addresses:

STOKE COURT, STOKE POGES, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms 18s. per day. Apply to the Manager, Stoke Court.

BAYLIS HOUSE HOTEL, STOKE POGES LANE, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms 15s. per day, or 12s. without lunch. Apply to the Manager, Baylis House.

ROYAL HOTEL, SLOUGH (Trust House). Terms from 16s. per day, inclusive of all meals.

STOKE POGES CLUB HOUSE. Terms 18s. per day. Apply immediately — accommodation very limited—to the Secretary, Stoke Poges Club, Slough.

Early application is recommended to all of these.

*All entries for* BRITANNIA AND EVE'S *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* BRITANNIA AND EVE *for the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* BRITANNIA AND EVE, **346, Strand, W.C.2.** *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

**PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY**

"EVE" GOLF COUPON JULY

*Name* { *Mrs.* / *Miss* ..............................

*Address* ..............................

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*For Club Competition this card to be entered in the total of*

.............................. *of which I am a member.*

## The "Britannia and Eve" GOLF COMPETITIONS

### Results of the MAY Monthly Medal Competition

### Class I (Handicaps of 18 and under)

The Divisions for "Britannia and Eve" Monthly Spoons are in accordance with present L.G.U. division of handicaps, namely:—18 and under in the Silver division; 19 to 36 in the Bronze.

| Name. | Club. | Gross Score. | Handicap. | Net Score. | Scratch of Course | Strokes above or below S.S. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Miss E. L. Meyer | Wallasey | 81 | 10 | 71 | 77 | 6 below |
| Miss G. Plummer | Hillside | 84 | 15 | 69 | 74 | 5 " |
| Mrs. A. E. Harrison | Childwall | 83 | 16 | 67 | 72 | 5 " |
| Miss M. J. Smith | Lancaster | 87 | 17 | 70 | 74 | 4 " |
| Miss J. M. Sands | Shirley | 90 | 17 | 73 | 77 | 4 " |
| Miss Margaret B. Curry | South Shields | 90 | 18 | 72 | 76 | 4 " |
| Miss Dorothy G. Shaw | Bowdon | 91 | 17 | 74 | 77 | 3 " |
| Miss D. Lees | Northamptonshire | 91 | 16 | 75 | 78 | 3 " |
| Miss Dorman | North Hants | 80 | 8 | 72 | 75 | 3 " |
| Mrs. R. V. Baird | Tollygunge | 85 | 15 | 70 | 73 | 3 " |
| Mrs. F. C. Tregelles | Burnham (Somerset) | 75 | 10 | 65 | 68 | 3 " |
| Mrs. D. Griffiths | Ringway | 77 | 5 | 72 | 74 | 2 " |
| Miss E. M. Barrett | Bishop's Stortford | 90 | 18 | 72 | 74 | 2 " |
| Mrs. Valpy French | Exmouth | 88 | 18 | 70 | 71 | 1 " |
| Miss V. S. Beazor | Gorleston-on-Sea | 81 | 12 | 69 | 70 | 1 " |
| Mrs. F. H. Oliver | La Moye | 76 | 4 | 72 | 73 | 1 " |
| Mrs. A. J. Monks | Warrington | 92 | 18 | 74 | 75 | 1 " |
| Miss May Wishart | Irvine | 89 | 13 | 76 | 77 | 1 " |
| Mrs. W. P. Gregg | Haydock Park | 90 | 18 | 72 | 73 | 1 " |
| Mrs. Alice Palmer | Camberley Heath | 90 | 16 | 74 | 75 | 1 " |
| Miss Eve Berts | Exmouth | 88 | 17 | 71 | 71 | equal |
| Mrs. C. Edmeston | Worsley | 86 | 13 | 73 | 73 | " |
| Mrs. W. A. Huggins | Ashford Manor | 88 | 11 | 77 | 77 | " |
| Mrs. G. Pooley | La Moye | 89 | 15 | 74 | 73 | 1 above |
| Miss H. Shadlock | Thonock | 87 | 16 | 71 | 70 | 1 " |
| Miss Mary Moore | Stratford-on-Avon | 88, | 14 | 74 | 73 | 1 " |
| Miss L. Hallett | Warrington | 86 | 9 | 77 | 75 | 2 " |
| Miss V. Parker | Cowes | 88 | 14 | 74 | 72 | 2 " |
| Mrs. G. F. Playford | Thonock | 83 | 9 | 74 | 70 | 4 " |
| Miss Eileen Oakey | Nuneaton | 90 | 16 | 74 | 70 | 4 " |

### Class II (Handicaps of over 18)

| Name. | Club. | Gross Score. | Handicap. | Net Score. | Scratch of Course | Strokes above or below S.S. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Mrs. R. S. Whitson | Hooton | 88 | 31 | 57 | 72 | 15 below |
| Miss M. R. Miller | Tollygunge | 84 | 26 | 58 | 73 | 15 " |
| Mrs. Hubbard | Belton Park | 98 | 33 | 65 | 76 | 11 " |
| Mrs. D. Hackett | West Carbery | 91 | 36 | 55 | 66 | 11 " |
| Mrs. Francis Russell | Fulwell | 96 | 36 | 61 | 71 | 10 " |
| Miss Chester Jones | Heswall | 99 | 35 | 64 | 74 | 10 " |
| Mrs. Alan Thompson | Sandiway | 103 | 36 | 67 | 77 | 10 " |
| Mrs. Parker | Exeter | 101 | 36 | 65 | 74 | 9 " |
| Miss Elsie Scott | Hartlepool | 100 | 36 | 64 | 73 | 9 " |
| Miss Jean McH. Wishart | Irvine | 90 | 22 | 68 | 77 | 9 " |
| Miss Joan R. Blaker | Eltham Warren | 100 | 34 | 66 | 74 | 8 " |
| Miss Eileen Scott | West Bradford | 98 | 35 | 63 | 71 | 8 " |
| Miss Molly McEwan | Huddersfield | 97 | 27 | 70 | 77 | 7 " |
| Miss P. Spencer | Northamptonshire | 99 | 28 | 71 | 78 | 7 " |
| Mrs. A. Laver | Tollygunge | 102 | 36 | 66 | 73 | 7 " |
| Miss E. M. Homan | Tollygunge | 90 | 24 | 66 | 73 | 7 " |
| Miss Marjorie Miller | Tollygunge | 102 | 36 | 66 | 73 | 7 " |
| Miss J. Sharp | Coventry | 93 | 26 | 67 | 74 | 7 " |
| Miss K. Holmes | Handsworth | 95 | 29 | 66 | 73 | 7 " |
| Miss P. Shand | Chesterfield | 97 | 30 | 67 | 73 | 6 " |
| Miss Audrey Edmonds | Gt. Yarmouth & Caister | 102 | 34 | 68 | 74 | 6 " |
| Mrs. R. B. Minto | Huyton | 103 | 36 | 67 | 73 | 6 " |
| Miss M. Fleming | Aberdeen | 102 | 29 | 73 | 79 | 6 " |
| Miss D. Waite | Market Rasen & District | 94 | 34 | 60 | 66 | 6 " |
| Mrs. Drew | Northampton | 92 | 20 | 72 | 78 | 6 " |
| Mrs. Jones | Grange Park | 99 | 30 | 69 | 75 | 6 " |
| Mrs. Rowcroft | Camberley Heath | 92 | 22 | 70 | 75 | 5 " |
| Mrs. J. T. Marshall | Hillside | 97 | 29 | 68 | 73 | 5 " |
| Mrs. Bryan Armitage | Bowdon | 100 | 28 | 72 | 77 | 5 " |
| Miss J. L. Hall | Leek | 96 | 28 | 68 | 73 | 5 |

## The "BRITANNIA AND EVE" CLUB COMPETITION

### Leading Results for May

| Club. | Membership. | No. of Cards. | Percentage. | Club. | Membership. | No. of Cards. | Percentage. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Tamworth | 70 | 63 | 90·00 | Exmouth | 65 | 2 | 3·07 |
| Langholm | 68 | 58 | 85·29 | La Moye | 73 | 2 | 2·73 |
| Thonock | 80 | 39 | 48·75 | Hockley | 80 | 2 | 2·50 |
| Cowes | 58 | 17 | 29·31 | Kingsthorpe | 87 | 2 | 2·29 |
| Market Rasen and District | 16 | 1 | 6·25 | Northamptonshire | 133 | 3 | 2·25 |
| Tollygunge (India) | 186 | 10 | 5·37 | Ashford (Kent) | 48 | 1 | 2·08 |
| Bowdon | 46 | 2 | 4·34 | Hillside | 100 | 2 | 2·00 |
| | | | | Aston Wood | 50 | 1 | 2·00 |

### Positions of the leading Clubs for the Yearly Challenge Cup

| Club. | Percentage. | | Percentage. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Langholm | 72·64 | La Moye | 3·39 |
| Tamworth | 56·57 | Tollygunge (India) | 3·00 |
| Thonock | 41·25 | Ryde | 2·81 |
| Cowes | 21·92 | Hockley | 2·00 |

### SHOTS OF THE MONTH: Holes in One

BRITANNIA AND EVE has much pleasure in congratulating the following players on holing in one.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Miss Edith M. Davies | 2nd at Welshpool | Mrs. L. K. Timmans | 7th at Rushcliffe |
| Mrs. Luker | 17th at Gay Hill | Miss Ethel Barnes | 4th at Shipley |
| Mrs. V. M. Wootton | 7th at Nuneaton | Miss Dorothy M. Lee | 16th at Wetherby |
| Mrs. Kenyon | 7th at Breightmet | Miss Fay Ord | 3rd at Gosforth |
| Miss C. Cumberlege | 14th at Swansea Bay | Miss Gladys Carter | 9th at Ashton & Lea |
| Mrs. Garnett | 7th at Calcot | Miss Edith M. Smith | 9th at Conway |
| Mrs. Gertrude Pumfrey | 6th at Lincoln | | |

ENTRANCE FORM No Entrance Fee

The "Britannia and Eve" Girls' Open Championship, Stoke Poges, September 14th, 15th and 16th.

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, BRITANNIA AND EVE, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, September 1st.

*Please enter*

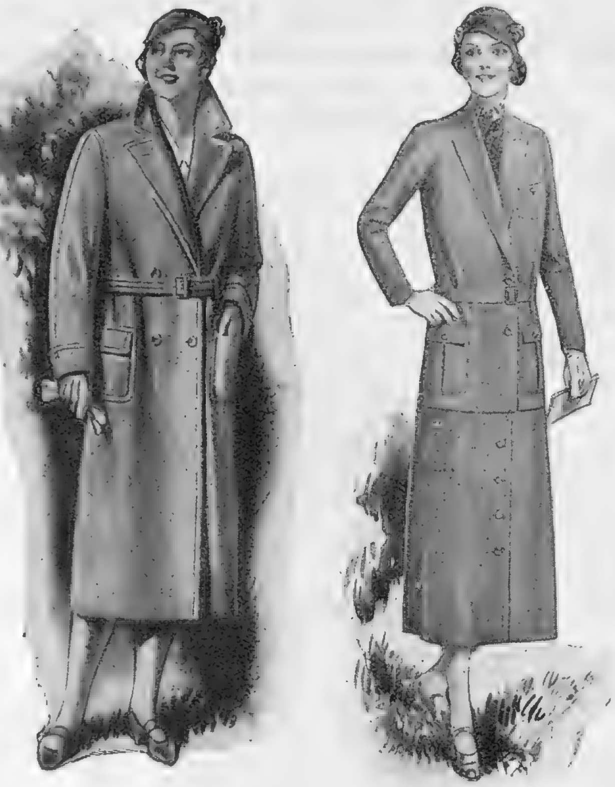
*Miss* ..............................

*Home Address* ..............................

..............................

*Date and year of birth* .............................. *Club, if any* ..............................

*Telephone No.* ..............................

THE D.B. POLO

THE TURNBERRY

THE GOOD COMPANIONS

The Companionship of good clothes is an essential feature of holiday happiness.

The Coat and Costume depicted above are typical of the many all-purpose Durward Styles, so much in demand for out-of-doors pleasures and pursuits.

THE D.B. POLO

*The large roomy pockets and straight easy fitting lines proclaim it right in every respect. It is obtainable in the natural pure camel hair, also in shades of brown, grey and blue, and looks extremely smart in tweeds, and our new fleecy cloth. To measure or Ready to Wear, from 5 Gns.*

THE TURNBERRY

*A Harris tweed suit always possesses a very sporting appearance, and this is a delightful example with its all-round belt, two pleat and one breast pocket. The flared skirt buttoned down the front is worthy of note as it emphasises a decidedly new design for sports wear. To measure or Ready to Wear, from 7½ Gns.*

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Kenneth Durward Ltd.
37, CONDUIT ST. LONDON, W.1.

## That *American* Business

(*Continued from page* 108)

Wentworth. Someone had blundered in that respect. Before the next international match it ought to be a *sine qua non* that the foursome pairs should practise together until neither brilliance nor badness—and there were both that morning—could unsettle the partner.

This paper can pat itself on the back that it has always encouraged foursome golf, carrying on the *Eve* tradition. *The Bystander*, as announced on page 109, will follow suit, and one can only hope that some of the pairs for future Internationals may play together in them and so gain confidence and knowledge of each other.

As for the American bid for our championship, it was very firmly negatived at Saunton, but not until Mrs. Cheney had earned a bronze medal and Miss Orcutt had carried off the Diana Fishwick Bowl with 73 and 78 in the Qualifying Round. Miss Enid Wilson accounted right nobly for Mrs. Glenna Collett Vare, and in the semi-final for Mrs. Cheney herself. In the other semi-final Mrs. M. R. Clarke was beaten by Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery.

## Home-made Biscuits *for* Tennis Teas

(*Continued from page* 78)

sugar; put the mixture into a forcing bag, but do not use any forcer at the end. Force small meringue shapes on to a board (as above), which should be well oiled. Dust with caster sugar and bake very slowly for 45 minutes. Meringues should not be allowed to colour.

When dry, scoop out the insides and dry off in the oven.

This mixture can be used for several dainties:—

1. MERINGUES WITH CREAM. Fill with whipped cream.

2. MERINGUE MUSHROOMS. Use one meringue, fill with chocolate butter (equal quantities of butter and grated chocolate creamed until quite smooth), score across to represent the inside of a mushroom. Place the stalks, which should be forced separately when making the meringues, in the centre; brush over stalks and outsides with white of egg and dust over grated chocolate mixed with finely powdered icing sugar and a little chopped pistachio nut to give the apparance of green moss, etc.

3. CHOCOLATE MERINGUES. Mix the white of egg with caster sugar and grated chocolate (1½ oz. of each), cook as above and coat with chocolate icing.

### *Jumbles*

Sift ½ lb. flour, ½ teaspoonful of ground ginger and ½ teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda and salt. Rub in 3 oz. of butter, mix to a rather liquid paste and drop in spoonfuls on to an oiled tin. Cook for 10 minutes, remove from the oven, roll round a greased ruler and leave to set. If made less liquid, this mixture will make flat ginger biscuits, which can be garnished with almonds, etc.

### *Puffed Wheat Snaps*

Whip up a white of egg, add 3 oz. of caster sugar and mix in half a cupful of puffed wheat which has been previously dipped into boiling sugar syrup and drained. Heap into cones and cook on wafer paper as described for cocoanut cones. These are delicious.

### *How to make Chocolate Icing*

Melt 2 oz. of grated chocolate in ½ gill of boiling water, and when smooth remove from the fire and add 6 oz. of powdered icing sugar. The icing should be thick enough to coat the spoon.

Golden moments
with **PLAYER'S**

Withdrawn from the world of affairs . . . within the quiet of one's own thoughts —PLAYER'S make very pleasant company.

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100's BOXES 4/8d • FLAT TINS OF 50 2/6d

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REDUCTIONS SECURE TO every purchaser

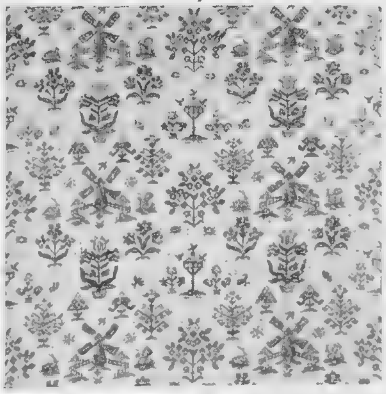
Furnishings of better quality for less money.

*For example :* 30,000 yds. of MODERN FURNISHING FABRICS

comprising Cretonnes, Linens, Tissues, Damasks, Tapestries, etc.

ALL AT IMMENSE REDUCTIONS

1,800 yards of a printed Linen copy of an old chintz design in two colour schemes—a Rose chintz and a Brown colour scheme on a Tussore ground.
31 ins. wide. **No. K 5730.**
Reduced from **3/11** to ... ... per yard 2/3



2,000 yards of a sampler design Cretonne, in old-world colourings. Printed on four different grounds—Cream, Apricot, Primrose and Tussore.
50 ins. wide. **No. K 5831.**
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1,800 yards of a Jacobean design Cretonne. Printed in old-world chintz colours on a Tussore ground.
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**done in a moment · · immaculate all day!**

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THERE'S never any time, somehow, to spend on tennis shoes — yet they *must* be immaculate. Meltonian Liquid White keeps them so for all the busiest and smartest tennis players. It is the quickest and easiest cleaner to apply, and the result is just right—exquisite but unobtrusive, snowy but not too dazzling. And however strenuous the game may be, the shoes will still stand critical scrutiny at teatime, for Meltonian White obligingly stays 'put' once you've sponged it on.

*Meltonian Liquid White in bottles complete with zinc saucer and sponge. Price 6d. Meltonian Solid White in tin with sponge, 3d. each, refills 2d.*

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WHITE
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PRINCIPAL: MME. J. TROIS FONTAINES.

The most valuable accomplishment a woman can possess is to be able to create her own clothes. It is profitable and pleasurable all her life, and provides the foundation to LUCRATIVE CAREERS. Under our tuition the art is acquired in a very short time. Day or Postal tuition. Visit the Academy or write for "Prospectus B.E."

## Napoleon *the* Little

(*Continued from page* 35)

instance—walking slowly down a room between two long lines of radiant curtseying beauties. The right hand was raised in the familiar fashion to twist the pointed moustache, the eyes glanced almost stealthily to right and left, momentarily glittering as every now and then they espied some vision of particularly attractive loveliness." Truly a strange friend for the Queen over the Channel married into a Royal House which, as we have been told, had introduced middle-class standards of morality into the Palace!

IT was all very well for a candidate Emperor to say, "Empire means peace"; but, of course, it meant nothing of the kind. The Roman expedition of the Presidency in 1849 had been but a prelude to the military excursions of the Empire.

To his credit stands the Solferino-Magenta campaign by which the liberation of Italy was so greatly furthered; but, first, in 1854 came the war against Russia and the alliance with England in defence of the Balkans and the Turks. Posterity may regard the Crimean War as unnecessary, but it served Napoleon's purpose well enough.

Was it not the foundation of that friendship with Queen Victoria and with England, so deeply desired and so apparently unattainable in prospect? The Emperor and Empress came to Windsor, where he was invested with the Garter by Victoria's own hands—an investiture involving apparently an oath of fidelity from the new Knight to the donor, which Napoleon made the occasion of a charming little speech. Later, in the hot August weather, a return visit took place, when the Emperor and the English Royal pair drove all over Paris (the "dear Empress for *really* and *certainly very* good reasons must take great care of herself"). Victoria enjoyed it all hugely, expressing herself to her "Uncle Leopold" as being "*delighted, enchanted, amused* and *interested,* and I think I never saw anything more *beautiful* and gay than Paris." "The Prince," she later tells his old tutor, Stockmar, "was less enthusiastic"—indeed, it is difficult to imagine the intercourse between these two personages. Louis Napoleon must surely have been an epitome of all the qualities Prince Albert hated most. The adroit Emperor stressed the German side of his education when he talked to him, and softened his heart with the singing of German songs. Yet Albert obviously made his reservations. The result of the Alliance of '54 to '56 was the Peace of Paris, which ended the war in March, 1856—a peace which coincided with the birth of the Emperor's son—that unhappy "*Fils de France,*" for whom Fate had reserved so tragic a destiny—the "Prince Imperial."

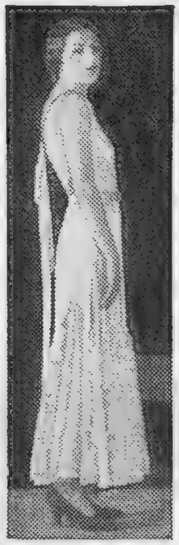
THE Emperor had dubbed himself a *Parvenu,* and undoubtedly certain characteristics of that flamboyant race might have been seen in the Court over which he and his lovely Spaniard presided. The Empress was a devotee of the memory of Marie Antoinette, and at Compiègne her ladies organised for her *Déjeuners Champêtres à la Watteau*—outdoor plays—*tableaux vivants*—and other informal, but expensive, entertainments—all in curious contrast to the solid splendours of Windsor. Round Eugénie swayed and billowed in the balloon-like skirts of the day a bevy of lovely women, with Mme. de Metternich, wife of the Austrian ambassador, as the most fascinating, and the Marchioness de las Marismas as one of the most beautiful. How they contrived to be beautiful in those costumes is amazing to subsequent generations, the fashions being surely the dowdiest ever worn. The huge steel cases (writes one of the court ladies) scarcely admitted of three women sitting at ease in a medium-sized boudoir.

The Empress tired quickly of the noise and the glitter of the Court, and we have odd glimpses of her working hard in her study setting in order the "Papers of the Tuileries," while in her reforms of the treatment

**Once FAT now SLIM GRACEFUL and full of HEALTH & VIGOUR**

Such a description adequately fits thousands of people all over the country—they are those who, perhaps reluctant at first to believe that "Silf" could effect such a marvellous transformation to their grossly overburdened bodies are now loudest in their praise of "Silf" Brand Obesity Tablets.

**READ HOW MRS. DWYER REGAINED HER FIGURE AND HER HEALTH**



116, Larkhall Lane,
Clapham, S.W.
June 2nd, 1931.

Dear Sirs,—During the last few months I have decreased another 2st. 5lb. This makes a full total of 7st. 9lb. One Hundred and Seven Pounds of solid un-needed flesh which "Silf" has taken away since I started with the tablets some twelve months ago. At that time my weight was 17st. 4lb., and now I am but 9st. 9lb. I would also like to say how much better I feel in every way. My heart does not worry me now, my nerves are much steadier, and my digestion is perfect, and now I can get about just as freely as ordinary people.

For the first time for a long time I am looking forward to my summer holidays with pleasure, because I know that I shall enjoy them—thanks to "Silf."

I find that "Silf" does not interfere with the habits and duties of life, and I am pleased to let you know how perfectly satisfied I am.

Yours faithfully,
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No longer need women or men have recourse to the unsatisfactory methods of flesh reduction; no more need they adventure on any perilous system of taking off weight—for "Silf" Brand Tablets are sold under a definite promise that, in case of non-benefit, your money is refunded.

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**Merrie England**
CANNED ENGLISH FRUITS

of "Juvenile Delinquents" and in her Orphanage—the *Maison Eugène-Napoléon*—the quality of her work seems to have been far in advance of the time. Able as she was, the Regencies with which she was entrusted during the Italian campaign in '59 and during the Emperor's visit to Algiers in '65 seem to have resulted in giving her too high an opinion of her own powers—an opinion which was to bear bitter fruit in the last disastrous Regency of 1870.

For the Star which had risen so surely and shone so steadily was paling—disease had set its seal on Louis Napoleon. Restlessly he sought to satisfy the growing restlessness of his country—he planned a Liberal Empire—a phenomenon which filled Bismarck with the liveliest apprehension. There were consultations between Bismarck and Moltke—talk of the finding of a pretext for war. They had not far to seek. In the summer the project of a Hohenzollern as King of Spain was whispered, contradicted, and finally announced as an accomplished fact. A hasty visit was paid by an ill-advised Ambassador asking for guarantees from the King of Prussia, drinking the water at Ems—followed the famous Ems telegram—was it or was it not tampered with?—and at the supposed dismissal of Ambassador Benedetti by Wilhelm came the fatal cry in Paris "*À Berlin!*"

EVERYONE knows of the catastrophe at Sedan and of how the mob rushed to the *Hotel de Ville* to proclaim a Republic. "How ungrateful," wrote Queen Victoria in her home at Balmoral, and tried to have a courteous message conveyed to the Empress Eugénie in her flight, for "No one knows where she is." When we consider the Queen's personal feelings with regard to the Franco-German War, we cannot but admire the extraordinary detachment and kindliness of her attitude. With her beloved eldest daughter, the Crown Princess of Prussia, writing "the odds are fearfully against us in the awful struggle which is about to commence," with her own expressed opinion as to "the *extreme iniquity* of the war, and the unjustifiable conduct of the French! Still *more, publicly*, we cannot say," with her son-in-law at the front—she yet could provide a refuge for the unfortunate exiles—for the Empress had been found and brought to Portsmouth by Sir John Burgoyne in his yacht, the *Gazelle*. Two months later, when the Emperor was still a prisoner at Wilhelmshohe, the Queen paid the Empress at Chislehurst "a sad visit" which "seemed like a dream," and on Eugénie's return visit to Windsor, "took her down to the Mausoleum, in the closed carriage, as it was pouring." In the following spring, the Emperor himself was to come to Windsor—a visit in sad contrast to his first when "he came here . . . in perfect triumph, dearest Albert bringing him from Dover, the whole country mad to receive him, and now!" The Star had indeed set finally and irrevocably.

Two years of exile followed—not, we may believe, without efforts and intrigues and hopes of restoration. But it was not to be. The enemy within was more implacable than either Germany or Revolution, and in January, 1873, Louis Napoleon died in the hands of the surgeons. Queen Victoria, in her Journal, gives a perfect epitome of his career, and speaks the kindliest epitaph—"Was quite upset. Had a great regard for the Emperor, who was so amiable and kind, and had borne his terrible misfortunes with such meekness, dignity, and patience. He had been such a faithful ally to England, and I could (not) but think of the wonderful position he had, after being a poor, insignificant exile, of the magnificent reception given him in England in '57, and ours to Paris in '55! And now to die like this from the results of an operation, though it may have been inevitable, seems too tragic and sad." As ever, England had given asylum to the vanquished, and the Queen had honoured to the full the draft on her friendship presented by the fallen Emperor.

THE 'DIPLOMA' EDITION OF "THE PICKWICK PAPERS"

(*A long-way-after* Charles Dickens)

VOTE FOR MISS DIPLOMA
MISS DIPLO FOR EV
CAMEMBERT GO FOP
VO FO

Chapter III

BEING SOME ACCOUNT OF AN ELECTION AT EATANSWILL

Mr. Pickwick, with his usual foresight, had chosen a desirable moment for his visit to Eatanswill.

The borough was in the ferment of an election. Camembert Gorgonzola, Esquire, represented the Buff interest, whilst Miss Diploma was the true-blue candidate.

Posters bearing the words 'Buy English and support Miss Diploma,' or 'Vote for Gorgonzola and the falling pound,' were on every hoarding.

Mr. Pickwick found himself before the hustings as the Mayor advanced to the edge of the platform.

'Gentlemen,' shouted the Mayor, 'we are met to-day to choose a representative to grace our tables, in place of our old and trusted——'

'He means old and crusted!' cried a voice. 'No more crusted! Let's have little Miss Crustless!' (Enthusiastic cheers, during which the band played 'Rule, Britannia,' with enormous vigour.)

There was a show of hands, which the Mayor declared, amid vociferous cheers, showed an overwhelming majority of free and enlightened cheese-lovers in favour of Miss Diploma.

*'Diploma' guaranteed English Cheddar or Cheshire Cheese is sold in boxes of 6 or 12 portions at 1/4½.*

DIPLOMA

THE ENGLISH CRUSTLESS CHEESE

D. 218

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TRUSTWORTHY
MAPPIN&WEBB
SHEFFIELD
The Mark of Excellence
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MAPPIN & WEBB have manufactured Table Cutlery practically since its inception, and to-day their famous "Trustworthy" Cutlery embodies all the knowledge gained during this great experience. . . . Table Knives from 30/- per dozen. Cheese Knives from 26/- per dozen. Meat or Game Carvers from 15/- per pair. A catalogue will be gladly sent.

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2 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.4. LONDON
Manufactory - - The Royal Works - - Sheffield

# Family Life is Difficult

(Continued from page 39)

pudding Uncle Charles has been to see me we went out he is having a lovely holiday a boy here has a yacht it runs on merlherlated itis a very large one and came from Harrods it only cost fifteen shillings which is cheep i would like one very much but am not likely to get one as i have not got fifteen shilling nor anything near that sum your living nephew harry cookson.

*Eleanor Mallaby-Barnstaple to her brother Hector.*

WHAT is this I hear about you sending Mabel and John fifty pounds? This confirms all my worst fears about you. If you have any money to throw about I can tell you of someone with a much greater need for it, and that is your loving sister Nell. But Mabel always got round you, even before you retired.

I have written six times to Uncle Charles, twice to Uncle William, whose complaint I am sure is an abscess on the liver and I told him so—John and Mabel six times, and now four times to you. *Nobody ever answers me.* Why is this?

*Mrs. Mallaby-Barnstaple to her son Hector.*

SO you have NOT done as I asked you, tiresome boy, and Hilda is to come here. Also I find I am once again to be landed with Harry, a nice enough boy in his way but Bilgeworthy is taking his holiday, and it is all MOST inconvenient, and knowing how I feel about it, I do think you might have taken the trouble to help me out. After all, I am getting on in years, and I shall not be with you all so very much longer.

You must not allow yourself to get self centred and selfish as time goes on, my dear boy. I do not often preach but it is a very real pitfall of middle age, unless we put our foot down and are very firm with ourselves. I am thankful to say all you dear children for whom I have to plan and scheme, successfully save me from any danger of this kind. I think, dear boy, you should seriously consider marrying and settling down, now that you have retired, and are quite well off. I did hear some talk a while ago, of you and Hilda Hartington, but it seems to have rather died down of late. Why? A nice girl. Rather young for you, perhaps, but plenty of money. I would have considered it most suitable.

I think it was very unreasonable of you to suggest that my letter to Dora was unreasonable. I am *never unreasonable.* Dora well knows she can come here whenever she wishes and so can all my dear children. All I suggested was that this particular visit was ill planned, the state of my heart being what it is, and the Doctor having told me I must take the greatest care. You must see how impossible it is for ME to tell Dora not to come, whereas it would have been a simple enough matter for you tactfully to *advise* her not to.

Your Uncle Charles has, I hear, had influenza in Paignton. Poor fellow, I fear his holiday has been completely spoilt. He has never had any luck, and he was such a brilliant little boy. I often think how nice it would be if you, with all your influence and friends, could DO something for poor Charles. Recommend him for something. I feel sure you come in touch with things he can never hope to hear of. If only the lucky ones would help the unlucky ones, I am sure the world would be a much nicer place to live in.

I have said all along that what the country wants is NOT more taxes, or Tariff Reforms, but for everyone to help everyone else, and now I see the Prince of Wales has said the same thing, which proves all along I have been right. But the heartbreak of it is that I said it years ago, and nobody listened.

Have you seen your sister Eleanor? She is growing very odd. Her last fourteen letters to me have been quite extraordinary. She is a very profuse letter writer. She still harps on that schoolmaster—the one who came to your sister Martha's wedding in such a dirty collar, you remember. As if any good could possibly have come of that. Eleanor is getting very difficult. I sent her the other day a most beautiful black velvet evening cloak, originally ten guineas, but I got it for thirty shillings in the sales. For myself, only when I got it home I did not like it as much as I thought I would. She returned it to me, with a limerick pinned on to it that I could not repeat even to you. What can one do with a girl like that?

*Miss Hilda Hartington to Sir Hector Mallaby-Barnstaple.*

MY Dear,

No, I don't think you are a pig. No, I am not furious with you, nor have I any stitch in my pride over it all, though I shall NOT comfort myself with someone else with the rapidity you so hopefully suggest. I have liked you ever since I met you, with the sort of like a girl only catches once in a lifetime, even if she has in the end to be put off with inferior imitations.

I can quite understand how you feel. I have a family myself, and I must own it sometimes gives one a terrified feeling, to think of starting that preposterous ball a rolling once again. Family life IS difficult, and I don't wonder you feel, as you say, like running to the uttermost ends of the earth. Why not try doing it for a while, and then see how you feel?

My position was that I knew you liked me. Perhaps not as much as I liked you, but a girl could only hope. I knew I was considerably younger than you, and that I had rather more of this world's goods than necessary, and I thought perhaps all that held you back. Nice men like you are such apes over things of that sort. So, remembering that Leap Year only came once in four, I took the chance. Unmaidenly, but then we are nowadays, and none the worse at heart for that, believe me.

I won't harp. Harping is so out of date. I won't ever mention it again. But oh Hector dear, if ever you change your mind and think two chairs by the fireside better than one and the wireless, remember I shan't have changed mine, and no one else will ever be quite as fond of you as I am. **Hilda.**

*Picture Post Card of Branksome Chine, Torquay, from the Rev. Charles Fenton to his nephew Hector.*

My holiday has been completely spoilt.

*Extract from "The Times."* Easter 1932.

Sir Hector Mallaby-Barnstaple, C.M.G., late Governor of the Jalbua, leaves England on Friday for a cruise of the West Indies, and will be absent for six months. No letters will be forwarded.

## Let "RANEE" *read your character from your* Handwriting

**"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.**

**The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.**

**All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting; (2) your name and address in full; (3) the day and the month of your birth; (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.**

**Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply.***

**In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.**

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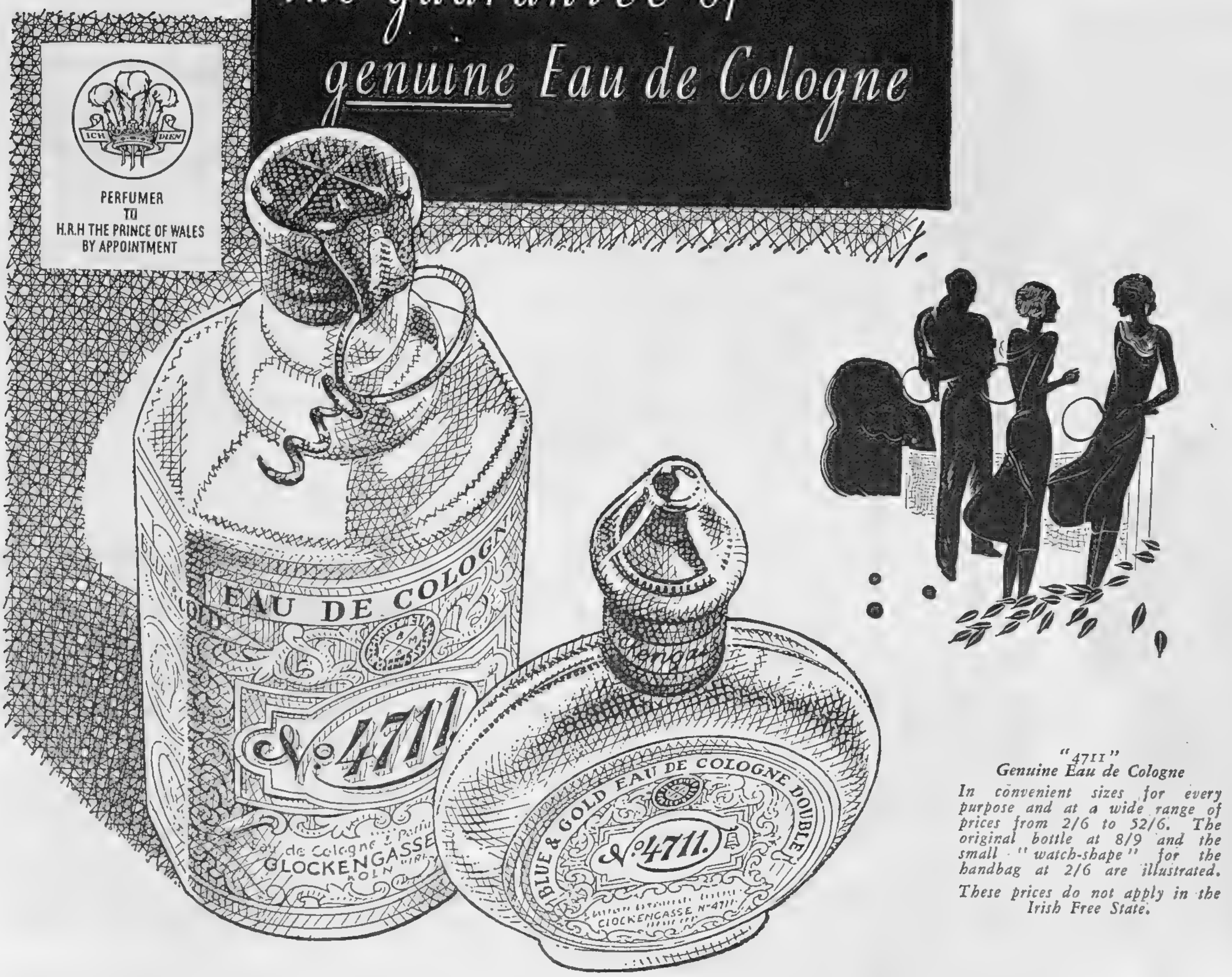
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# Happy Ending

(*Continued from page 57*)

—Johnny running from the room, down the stairs, out of the house—and, an hour later, Bill Devoy saying, triumphantly, to Father Muldoon:

"I can prove it now."

"What?"

"The goods—on Johnny. Moider—no less!"

But proving and catching were two different things. For Johnny disappeared.

How? Nobody knew—though some people in Chinatown insisted that Father Muldoon had a hand in the escape.

The next morning found Johnny aboard the *Yvonne Leroux*—a fast ship; had to be fast, since it was a rum-runner, outward bound for the Mediterranean and another illicit cargo.

Sinclair, the skipper, was a gentleman by birth. He knew Johnny well from the latter's bootlegging days. He liked him; said to him:

"You're in a tough spot. Murder. . . ."

"Self-defence!"

"Tell it to the jury. And don't forget Bill Devoy—I saw him last night at Brian Neill's, heard him tell he's convinced you'd make your get-away aboard some liquor ship. Good little guesser—don't you think? And he'll have your description wirelessed everywhere—and the moment you step on dry land . . ."

"I'll be in the soup. Well—I'll have to shoot it out."

"Listen. Tunis is our first port of call. I'll fix it so that we get there late in the evening. You'll slip ashore quietly. . . ."

"And afterwards . . . ?"

"The desert. The Sahara."

Johnny scratched his head. The desert—he thought—he had seen it in the movies: enormous, lonely, trackless. . . .

"Nix on the desert!" he declared. "I'd rather go to Brooklyn."

"It's the desert for you—or Sing Sing."

"How'll I find my way. I ain't no boy scout."

"Question of money—like everything else. Have you a roll?"

"About two grand."

"Good. As soon as you reach Tunis you'll look up a chap called Mehmet Nur. I'll tell you later how to find his place. Say to him that, for reasons of your own, you need an asylum—in the Sahara. He'll smuggle you there for five hundred—his regular rate."

ON an evening, twelve days later, the *Yvonne Leroux* warped into her dock and was boarded, immediately, by a horde of gendarmes armed with search warrants that contained a detailed description of Johnny Wong. But they did not find him. For, fifteen minutes earlier, he had reached North Africa exactly as, years ago, his father had reached North America: by a dive, a swim, and his hand jerking out of the greasy, swirling water and gripping the slippery pile of a deserted wharf.

Quickly he had gone away from there. And within the hour, following Sinclair's directions, he found the house of Mehmet Nur; found him at home and ready to do business; found him a short, swarthy Arab who, to his visitor's first, rather diffident words, made most amazing answer:

"Tryin' to beat the rap—eh, feller . . . ?"

Johnny stared at him, not believing his ears.

"How come . . . ?" he stammered.

"My English?"

"Yeah"

"I useter live in N'Yawk."

"Why did yer leave Gawd's own country?"

"Gawd's own country kicked me in the pants. I was deported—see?"

"Oh . . . ?"

"For stickin' up a gent, nabbin' his dough. And—speakin' about dough—yer little trip to the Sahara will put ye back one grand."

"Half a grand—y'mean. . . ."

They bargained enthusiastically, finally settling at six hundred dollars. For this sum,

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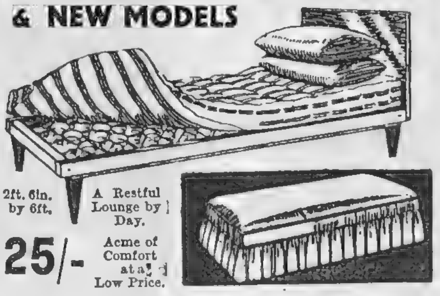

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cash down, the Arab promised to take the other to a fair-sized oasis, tilled by the Ouled Siedya, his late mother's tribe. It was at a safe distance from the regular caravan trails and, too, from French supervision.

He followed the Arab into the back room. He came out of the back room half an hour later—no longer a natty New Yorker, but garbed as a Bedawin, in white, loose cotton shirt and trousers, a swathing burnoose of earth-brown camel's wool, and his features darkened by walnut-dye.

"Boy," laughed Mehmet Nur, "ye sure look the real thing."

"But can I *speak* the real thing, not knowin' a woid o' the language?"

"All ye gotta do is keep yer face shut. Ain't there deef-'n'-dumb people? Come on!"

So, before midnight, they left the house and were on their way to the Sahara.

For days they travelled. First by train, across the checker-board fields and orchards of Northern Tunis. On the third evening they changed from railroad to camels.

They rode; did not speak much as they rode—the heat was too oppressive, too brazen. And, as they went ever further South, the land seemed more bare.

Occasionally Johnny would think of Gwendolyn Tza—it was she who was to blame, he would tell himself—and he would curse her:

"Aw—the damn', yaller-haired. . . ."

Once he spoke of her to Mehmet Nur who, queerly, the farther South they rode, became more and more the Moslem, the fatalist. He replied by quoting an Arab proverb—"*Rebbi mah ighleq bab hatta iheul bab*"—and translated it into raucous, ungrammatical English:

"Gawd don't close no door without foist openin' another—see?"

"If by door yer mean gal—well—ye're all wet. There ain't goin' to be no more gal for me—ever."

"Sez you!" commented Mehmut Nur . .

IT was on the ninth day out of Tunis that the stony, flayed wilderness gave way to the desert itself.

The desert! The Sahara!

It came with orange and purple; with a carved aridity, a great and sterile monotony; with the implacable gold of the sands rolling away toward the implacable blue of the sky.

On the afternoon of the fourteenth day, Mehmet exclaimed:

"Well—we've made it!"

Johnny had been dozing. He had let his camel pick its own ambling course. Now he opened his eyes.

"Aw—gee!" he murmured.

There, before him, snugly folded into a cleft of the Sahara and covering many acres, he saw the oasis of the Ouled Siedya—an oasis where, fed by underground rivers, the land stretched fertile and green; where the fields were well tilled and the orchards a revelry of fruit.

An oasis—Mehmet had not exaggerated—inhabited by friendly people. For Ali, the white-bearded chief, kissed his kinsman and shook the stranger's hand. He led them to a tent and, in sonorous Arabic, bade them enter.

Not that Johnny understood the words. But he understood the kindly smile, the kindly intent; and, with a sigh of relief, he lay down on an earthen couch while the other two conversed, until, finally, Ali left and Mehmet informed him:

"Ye're all set. I told him wot I sed I would, that ye bumped off a guy in feud—and it's oke with him."

They went on talking. The Arab promised he would write to a former pal in New York—a gentleman called Chunk McCarthy who was by way of being a fence—and ask him to find out when it would be safe for Johnny to return.

"Not a chance," said the latter, "until Bill Devoy croaks."

"Mebbe. Anyway, I'll write and let ye know as soon as I hear."

"How? There ain't no post offices in this part o' the woild."

(*Continued on page 118*)

# Folks Who Always Feel Tired

## Should be Suspicious of Auto-Intoxication

A persistent tired feeling, accompanied by drowsiness, dull headaches, and a general lack of interest in life in general, is one of the surest signs of a state of self-poisoning. Intestines, becoming sluggish, allow the waste matter to accumulate. Putrefaction sets in, which breeds toxins that are absorbed by the blood stream and carried to every part of the body to steal your strength and vitality, lower your resistance, and make you chronically weak, tired and listless.

Any person who is not feeling up to par, should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and the lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time! Mark the better appetite you have and strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

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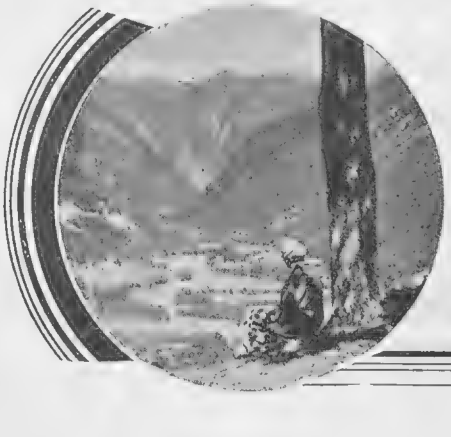

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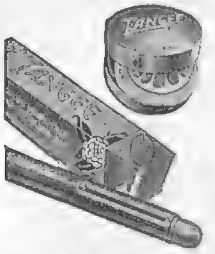

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"But there are caravans that come here once in a while. . . ."

He interrupted himself as a young girl entered with food and drink. They embraced; spoke to each other in Arabic, with high laughter.

Then she bowed to the stranger and addressed him.

"*Marhabba, yah hbibi!*"

"Wot's she tryin' to say?" inquired Johnny.

"She's sayin' how-d'ye-do to ye," interpreted the Arab. "She's Zuara, a cousin o' mine. Swell looker—eh . . .?"

"Nuthin' in my young life. I'm through with gals!"

But he looked up; and he could not help admitting to himself—grudgingly—that Zuara was pretty.

She put the food on a taboret. She smiled at the two men and went from the tent while Mehmet suggested to Johnny.

"Here's yer teacher—if ye want to loin Arabic."

"Wot the hell for?"

"Because nobody here knows English, and janes—take it from me—" he grinned reminiscently—"are the best teachers."

"Didn't I tell yer I'm through with gals?

"Awright, awright. And—one thing more—I'm goin' to give Ali his rake-off o' the six hundred ye paid me. But ye'd better slip him a small piece o' change now and then for yer board and lodgin'—unless ye feel like woikin' for yer livin'."

"Woikin'? Wot can I do round here?"

"Ye can help with the fields—the cattle..."

"Cattle—my eye! Wot d'yer take me for? A hick?"

"Are them the three things ye made up yer mind to?" laughed Mehmet. "No loinin' Arabic—no gals—and no hick woik?"

"Ye've sed it!"

The next morning, Mehmet set out on his return journey; and, before the end of the month, Johnny had forgotten his three resolutions one by one; and it was due to a sort of unhappiness.

At first he was happy enough. Happy because he was safe. Happy, too, because this land here, this oasis, was so fertile and clean and blythe—with every door always on the latch and the cattle roaming unfettered; and plenty of plain fare and plain comfort; and everywhere freedom and content. But, presently, this happiness was overshadowed by loneliness.

For he was the alien, unable to exchange a single word or thought.

He could not bear it. And one morning—as a peasant drove a huge, two-wheeled cart past his tent and had difficulty with his span of sullen, plodding oxen—he ran up to him and cried:

"Lemme give yer a hand, feller!"

He freed the left wheel that had stuck in a rut. The Bedawin laughed his thanks. Johnny jumped into the cart beside him; and, the rest of that day, he was busy, in a rough, pebbly field with pick and mattock.

They returned after sundown. Johnny was utterly worn out, every muscle in his body throbbing and aching. Hungry he was and thirsty; and he needed no language except sign language to understand the other's hospitable gesture to share his supper.

So he entered the man's tent and there met his parents, his sister—rather, met her again; for she was Zuara. And if, that night, he learned no more than the Arabic for "mutton" and "bread" and "God bless you!" he made at least a beginning in his linguistic studies—a beginning, too, in human companionship and sympathy.

Hereafter, each day, he laboured in the fields with Rashid, his new-found friend.

If there was back-breaking toil in this life of the raw, clogged furrows, there was also sweetness in this same life.

Thus, as the days passed and the weeks, as his skin darkened to copper until it was hard to tell him apart from the tribesmen, it seemed to him as if his former appetites and desires, the appetites and desires of Chinatown and the Bowery, were fading from his memory.

Once he had news from New York in a roundabout way; through a letter, brought by a caravan, in which Mehmet Nur repeated what Chunk McCarthy had written.

Jimmy Walker—it appeared—had been reelected mayor. And Al Smith's Empire State Building was a wow. And Nag Hong Fah had started a new restaurant on Pell Street. And Brian Neill's place had been raided. And Bill Devoy was still snooping about; was still threatening that—sure—sooner or later he'd get that Johnny Wong—and then it would be Sing Sing for him—and the hot seat . . .

Johnny read and laughed.

Sing Sing? Nothing doing! He was safe, here, at the back of the beyond. And he was happy—was more happy as, day after day, he became more completely part of this land and this people while this land and this people became more completely part of him; as, slowly, surely, companionship grew into friendship and friendship, inevitably, grew into love—for Zuara.

It was different from his love for Gwendolyn Tza. It was not the sharp, cruel, tearing pain of passion. What he felt for Zuara was the absolute and vital necessity of her life in his, the steadily increasing conviction that he needed her, that he could not do without her.

And so one afternoon, coming upon her in a pasture where she was herding a flock of goats he told her very simply in Arabic that was no longer halting:

"I love you. Will you be my wife?"

Her answer was equally simple:

"Yes, best beloved!"

He took her in his arms. He kissed her. She kissed him.

After a while she asked:

"Have there been many women in your life?"

"None."

"Not even a single one?"

"Not even a single one," he replied—truthfully as he felt it.

For Gwendolyn Tza—why—she did not exist, had never existed; and again he kissed Zuara, and, still in Arabic, he exclaimed:

"Now let us praise Allah and His Blessed Prophet!"

Then, suddenly, he smiled as he remembered Father Muldoon.

Gee—if the latter could hear him—appealin' to Allah and the Prophet Mohammed—to false and alien gods. . . .

He shrugged his shoulders.

Aw—Father Muldoon wouldn't mind—he'd always been the decent, tolerant, square-shootin' guy . . .

He would have been surprised had he known that, strangely, at that moment, as he was thinking of the priest, so the priest was thinking of him; speaking of him to Bill Devoy who had walked into the parish house of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception and announced:

"Well—I've got Johnny Wong—got him in the bag!"

"Same old boast . . .?"

"This time it's a cinch."

He explained that, recently, the police had raided the place of Chunk McCarthy, the fence. Among his belongings they had found letters from a certain Mehmet Nur, in Tunis, interesting letters relating how Johnny had found refuge in the Sahara with a Bedawin tribe, how he had become there—and Mehmet the writer, seemed greatly amused at this bit of gossip—almost like a Bedawin himself, living the life of a peasant, the simple life.

"The simple life for Johnny," laughed the detective. "Can you beat it? I had a talk with the Chief Inspector," he went on, "and"—slapping his pocket—"I've got everything here—warrants, extradition papers—a line to the French authorities."

"And are you going to bring him back here?"

"Ain't it my duty?"

"Your duty to arrest Johnny—of Chinatown? Yes. But what about the other Johnny?"

" Wot other Johnny ? "

" Johnny of the Sahara. Johnny the peasant. Johnny of the simple life. Johnny who, for the first time, is having a fair chance."

" Same old gorilla, ain't he ? "

" I'm not sure. For, as man's body changes every few years, so man's soul, too, can change. The soul is like a child's slate on which God has written a thousand things, impulses and thoughts and deeds, good as well as evil. And, in the course of the years, God alters the writing. And at times, being merciful, He wipes it out completely and writes on the slate a new soul, a new life—perhaps a new Johnny."

" He's still a moiderer. He called the tune—and danced—and now he's gotta pay the fiddler. I'm goin' to pinch him. I told you ; it's my duty."

" Oh, yes "—the priest's voice rose harshly —" your duty toward the duly constituted authorities of the State of New York. I respect this duty. But I respect more highly a man's duty toward the Lord." He was silent ; continued gently, " It was Peter to whom Christ said in forgiveness, ' Feed my lambs ! ' "

" I don't get you at all, at all," replied Bill Devoy—and he left the parish house ; left New York that same evening, and took ship for Tunis.

THERE, two weeks later, he had a satisfactory interview with the French officials ; and so he set out for the south, accompanied by half-a-dozen *goum*, irregular black cavalry, under the command of Sergeant el-Touati, a Central African negro chosen because of the fluent English he had learned in a Baptist mission school.

They went by train and camel. They travelled steadily, speedily, until, finally, they reached the heart of the desert.

It came to Bill Devoy as, months earlier, it had come to Johnny. It came with yellow and amber and crushed rose-pink; with the ghosts of forgotten caravans, with the heaving of enormous rocks piled up as if by a giant's playful hands, with a fantastic silence where all the sounds and movements of the earth seemed to have passed out of existence, where their very memory seemed to have died. It came to him—as it had come to Johnny—with fear and homesickness.

Dear God, he thought, as, day after day, the sand dunes stabbed into the south with their endless golden gestures, how homesick he was ! Aw, to be back in Chinatown, goin' his rounds ; callin' at Brian's for a shot o' hooch ; then home to Avenue A, and the wife waitin' for him, helpin' him off with his coat, tellin' him :—

" Corned beef for supper to-night, sweetie. And the Mulrooneys are droppin' in later ; and I got some beer on ice . . ."

Corned beef—beer—the Mulrooneys—the wife—life ! Yes, that's what it spelled ; while this brittle, yellow desert—it spelled death. And he hated death. Death was cowardly, and so—oh, so useless !

And then, all at once, he remembered that, because of death, to bring death, he had come to the Sahara. Sure. Death—for Johnny—who had killed.

Almost he felt sorry for Johnny. But he shrugged his shoulders. It was his duty—as a cop.

" My duty ! " he said aloud.

" Beg pardon, sir ? " asked Sergeant el-Touati in his flawless rather unctuous English. " You spoke to me ? "

" No ; to myself. By the way, how long till we get to the oasis ? "

" We're almost there. Just beyond that sandhill to the left."

And so a few minutes later—again as it had come to Johnny—the fertile valley of the Ouled Siedya came to Bill Devoy. It came with its message of peace and plenty. It came with the sounds of its primitive Bedawin symphony.

Noises everywhere, after the silence of the Sahara. Noises of life, after the silence of death.

Noises in the (*Continued on page* 120)

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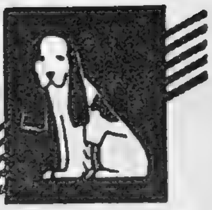

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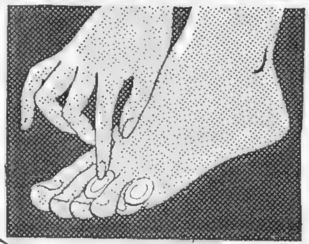

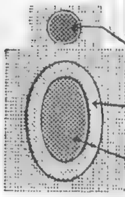
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Noises of people, of men and women, going about their fine, prosy tasks. And noises from the minaret of the plain, whitewashed mosque as the Moslem priest called the faithful to prayer :—

"*Urhum yah rubb! Khalkat, elathu ent khalakta; urhum elmezakin, wah el-juaanin, wah el-ayranin! Urhum—y'ellah.*"

"Wot's he spoutin'?" demanded the detective.

And Sergeant el-Touati said :—

"Have mercy, O Lord God, upon Thy creatures! Pity the sighing of the poor, the hungry, the naked, the sinners! Have mercy! Have mercy upon them, O Lord . . ."

The words echoed in Bill Devoy's brain :—

"Have mercy upon them, O Lord . . ."

Funny, he thought. A heathen, this guy—wasn't he? And he seemed to agree with Father Muldoon—and perhaps both were right. But—well, he couldn't help it. He was a cop—had to do his duty.

So he rode into the oasis by el-Touati's side, to ask the chief of the tribe to surrender Johnny Wong; and he was passing the fourth tent when he heard a voice speaking with the raucous intonation of the New York gutters :—

"Why—if it ain't old Bill!"

The latter reined in his camel. He looked. A man stood there, bronzed as a Bedawin, dressed as a Bedawin, with a Bedawin's free, proud carriage of body—and Bedawin, doubtless, the slim pretty woman who was beside him.

"Gettin' careless in yer old age, ain't yer?" this man continued. "Say, I could have bumped yer off the moment I seen yer."

Then speech came to Bill Devoy as he dismounted :—

"Ain't your gat in woikin' order?"

"Sure it is."

"Then why didn't you?"

"Aw, yer wouldn't understand, yer poor Mick." And after a silence he added, "Got the handcuffs ready?"

Bill Devoy did not reply at once. He stared at the other.

Gee, he thought, how the man had changed. No longer Johnny of Chinatown. But—what had Father Muldoon said?—oh, yes, Johnny of the Sahara—Johnny the peasant—Johnny who, for the first time, was having a fair chance.

Still, he was a cop—had to do his sworn duty.

And he reached for the handcuffs in his pocket—and then, all at once, he grinned.

Sure, it was his duty to bring Johnny back to New York, to Sing Sing. But suppose he couldn't find him?

"Say," he demanded, winking brazenly at the other, "I'm lookin' for a guy called Johnny Wong, a doity, lousy crook wanted for moider. Ain't seen him around here, have you?"

Johnny's answer was slow :—

"No, I ain't seen him round. Because, y'see, this Johnny—this doity, moiderin' crook—he died a while back."

"Good riddance, eh?"

"Ye've sed it."

A pause, and Johnny went on :—

"Sorry yer had yer long trip for nuthin'. Well, I want yer to have a bite o' supper with me. And—here, meet the wife!"

And Bill Devoy bowed politely to Zuara; and, queerly, it seemed to him that at that moment, he could hear the thin, pleasant chimes of the bells of the chapel of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, over in Chinatown, across from Brian Neill's speak-easy.

But then Bill Devoy, though New York born and bred, was Irish. Celtic he was—and ridiculously imaginative.

END

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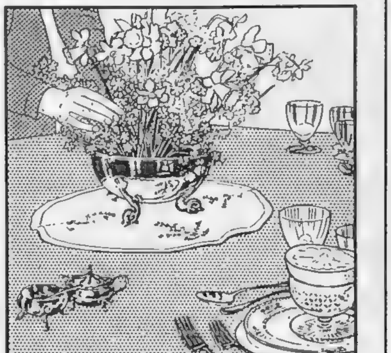

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# Hot Dog

(*Continued from page* 33)

sergeant lined his prisoner and witnesses. "What's this?" he demanded.

"Criminal fraud," said the sergeant. "Caught in the act. Drove up to Soames's in a hired Rolls, got a pearl necklace out of them, and tried to unload it on Cohen's. This is Mr. Mackenzie of Soames's who lays the charge."

"Certainly I lay the charge. A most barefaced attempt. It is your duty——"

"Steady a moment, Mr. Mackenzie. We know our duty. Carry on, sergeant."

He listened to the indictment and evidence with peculiar interest. The division had been well in the harsh spotlight of press criticism of late. Apparently his men had succeeded in roping in one of those elusive amateurs, or, judging by that lean jaw, the ruthless blue shade of eye, and the soft, assured accent, a swell crook from the States.

The superintendent fixed Gerry with a cold official eye: "So you wanted five hundred pounds to go to Paris with, did you? Well—I dare say you did. Do you still refuse your name and address?"

"If it is likely to stop you all making darned fools of yourselves and let me loose from here, I reckon you better have it," Gerry told him. "My name is Wake—Captain Gerald Wake, as you can see by that cheque"—Mackenzie laughed and the Jew sniggered—"and my address is 23A, Old Berkeley Street."

Imitating Gerry's accentuated drawl, the superintendent said:

"Waal now, Captain, is there anybody in London who can identify you as Captain Gerald Wake of the Guards?"

"As I don't want to advertise this business all over London, I reckon you'd better be content with my butler; and if that's not enough, maybe the Secretary of my Club, who vouched for me in the matter of that cheque."

This brought a smile all round and Mackenzie snapped:

"He did not vouch for you. He vouched for the name you gave me."

"Anybody else, Captain—the family solicitor, for example?"

"Being Saturday afternoon my lawyer's office will be closed, I guess."

"No doubt," the superintendent agreed drily. "Like your bank, eh. Now, as you were on your way to Paris, we'll have a look at your passport. Saturday afternoon shouldn't make any difference to that."

"As a matter of fact I haven't got my passport," Gerry admitted.

"Forgot it, I suppose—in your hurry," grinned the superintendent, stroking a smooth round chin. "Very well, Captain. That'll do for the moment. We will now shut you up for a while. Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Murphy, I shan't want you any more until Monday morning—at the police court. I'll let you know what time."

"Do you seriously propose keeping me here until Monday on this charge," Gerry inquired.

"It looks rather like it," said the superintendent impartially.

Nathan Mackenzie's parting wish was a vindictive:

"I hope he gets five years."

At ten o'clock on Monday morning, Gerry Wake, for the first time in his not quite blameless life, found himself chewing gum against the rail of a criminal dock after a week-end in jail.

Before the crowded court Superintendent Rodds expertly welded the evidence into a wedge that would have convicted a Cabinet Minister. He mentioned that the trick on the jeweller—who, within the Act, was responsible for the defendant's arrest—was a time-honoured dodge of the flash crook. And he wound up with a dry comment to the effect that a Guards officer, chewing gum and speaking with an American accent, was a new one on him.

(*Continued on page* 122)

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Mackenzie was the first witness. He disliked the smile on Gerry's face, the loss of a morning's business, the little bunch of flowers on the judge's bench, and the greasy Bible he kissed in taking the oath. Vindictively he described the ingenious way in which the prisoner had won his confidence; and the ignition of his suspicions by his customer's parting remark and the hired Rolls.

A detective then got on the stand and testified his check up on the references the prisoner had given at the police station.

"I found, your worship, that number 23a, Old Berkeley Street, is the residence of Captain Gerald Wake, M.C., of the Guards. But Captain Wake is at present away on duty at Windsor Castle. Lady Jacynth Wake is at Le Touquet. The house was closed and all the staff away at Captain Wake's hunting box. The Secretary of his Club had also left town for the week-end."

"The inference being, I presume, that the defendant had made himself acquainted with the movements of the real Captain Wake and the club secretary, before he commenced operations, and then took masterly advantage of the English week-end habit."

Then the superintendent stood up and asked for a remand in custody.

"Do you wish to make any statement or call any witnesses?" the magistrate asked Gerry.

Gerry lazily drew himself erect.

"I have made so many ineffective statements in connection with this injurious charge Mr. Nathan Mackenzie has brought against me that I guess I will now just ask Mr. Nathan Mackenzie if he has made any attempt to cash the cheque I gave him."

There was a titter of laughter at this, checked by the magistrate.

"There is nothing humorous in that question that I am conscious of," he said. He took the narrow blue slip from his bench, and held it up. "I presume you have submitted this cheque to the bank, Mr. Mackenzie."

"Certainly not," said Mackenzie. "I did not waste my time with anything so superfluous."

The superintendent said: "I was going to attend to the formality of bank evidence myself, after the remand, sir——"

"Attend to it now," ordered the magistrate curtly. "Send at once to the bank."

The superintendent went to the Bank himself, and when he returned ten minutes later the magistrate reopened the case.

"Well?" he inquired, "will you kindly tell the court the result of your visit to the bank."

Very red in the face, the superintendent stood up, and with a baleful glance at Mr. Nathan Mackenzie he announced slowly:

"The bank manager is prepared to pay out on this cheque, sir. He declares that the signature is that of Captain Gerald Wake, and that there are funds to meet it. He will be here in a few minutes to swear that."

"Then it's a forgery," shouted Mr. Mackenzie.

"Silence in the court," cried the magistrate. It was then that Colonel Sunbury, the Secretary of Gerry's Club, entered with the detective, and in silence was shown into the witness box.

"God bless my soul, Gerald, what have you been doing this time?" he exclaimed.

"Order, please," the magistrate commanded. "I understand you are Secretary of this man's Club?"

"I have that honour," assented the Colonel.

"Do you recognise the defendant?"

"Certainly I recognise him. He is Captain Wake of His Majesty's Brigade of Guards."

"Are you prepared to swear to that?"

"Certainly."

"Thank you, Colonel Sunbury. I won't trouble you any more."

"Captain Wake—the charge against you is dismissed, and you leave this court without a stain on your character. I should like to express my regrets that an officer as distinguished as yourself should have been the victim of such an unfounded charge."

"As for the plaintiff in this unfortunate case, I have to observe that no tradesman in this country is justified in calling on the police to arrest a reputable customer on a charge of criminal fraud, without first satisfying himself beyond mere suspicion, that he *has* been defrauded. It is my opinion that if Captain Wake brings an action against Mr. Mackenzie he is entitled to succeed."

THAT same day, Gerry's lawyer filed an action for damages against Mr. Nathan Mackenzie. There was very little business in the Law Courts, and the hearing took place on Thursday.

Halfway through the case, Mr. Mackenzie's lawyer had a private consultation with his client, as a result of which Gerry's lawyer accepted three thousand pounds in lieu of the five thousand he was claiming.

And it was on the morning of the following day that Captain Gerald strolled down Birdcage Walk. He went direct to Petty France and the store of Soames and Sons, where he wished its proprietor a cheerful good morning.

"I have not come to buy a pearl necklace this time, Mr. Nathan Mackenzie," he announced. "I've called to pay a small account which you have against Miss Merriman."

"Good God. Dear me," said Mackenzie, drawing a deep breath.

"I see you now remember my previous call on that subject. You advised me then to pay it for her. I do so now—out of your money."

The jeweller's reply to that was slow in coming, but when it did burst through it was in Gallic—or Yiddish.

Gerry chewed until it subsided, then he said placidly, "I will now have Miss Merriman's quittance, please."

"You can get it from the distraint officials," snapped Mackenzie.

Gerry produced a neat bundle of notes. "There is the exact sum. Take it while the taking is good."

Nathan Mackenzie looked at the notes, then at the guardsman, then back at the notes—and wrote out the receipt.

Serena Merriman gasped when Gerry walked into her Hot Dog Café a few minutes later. And so for the matter of that did her two lady assistants, though the Sheriff's man who sat near the till merely giggled over the top of his newspaper.

"Gerry," she cried, "I don't know if you know it, but you've been the world's great sensation this week. I suppose it really is true that you spent last week-end in the penitentiary."

"True enough, young Serena. I got jailed good and proper. What is that bright-eyed he-man doing smirking by your cash register?"

"Just a male help I've taken on," said Serena. "I am throwing a party to-morrow night; will you and 'Jack' come? It's a—a—a— sort of farewell party."

"Forget it," said Gerry. "I'm hiring the whole café to-morrow night, Serena, for an Independence day party. And we will begin now by firing the male help."

Serena caught him by the coat sleeve, and gulped.

"Don't bother, Gerry. I guess he's not the kind of help that can be fired. He is staying until I pay him what I owe Soames."

Gerry patted her on the back: "You don't owe Soames a dollar, young Serena. Nor do you owe anybody else a dollar. Now, who shall we have at the party?"

Serena stared at him, her face all white, but for the red curves of lipstick.

"Say, Gerry," she breathed, "didn't you give me your word of honour you would do no such darned thing!"

Gerry said gruffly: "I have done no such darned thing, young Serena—knowing how bone-headed you were on the subject. All I did was buy 'Jack' a pearl necklace."

On her cousin she turned eyes that were brighter than the ribbons on his breast.

"Say, Gerry," she said, "couldn't we have that whoopee right now?"

END

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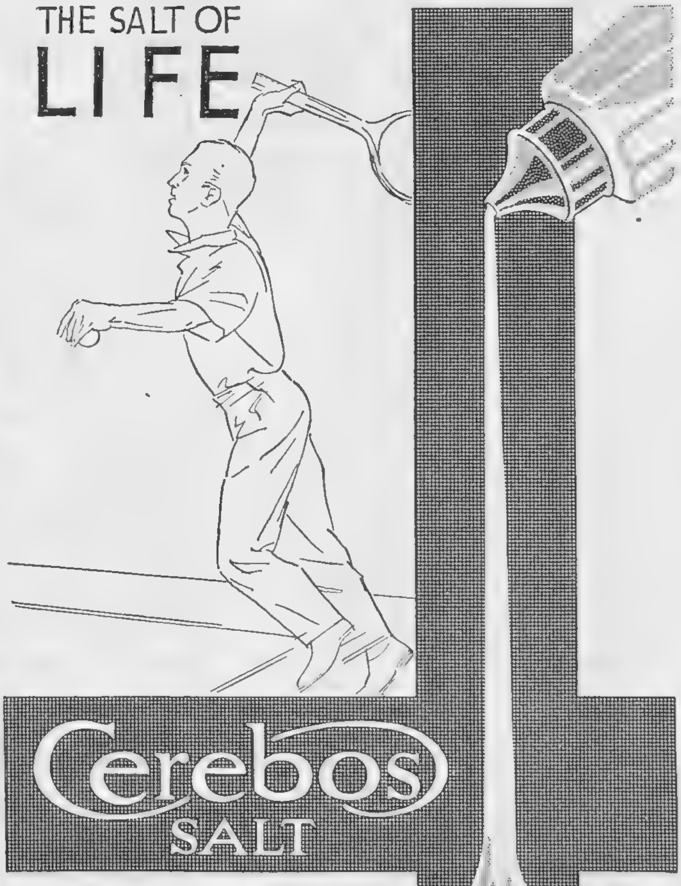

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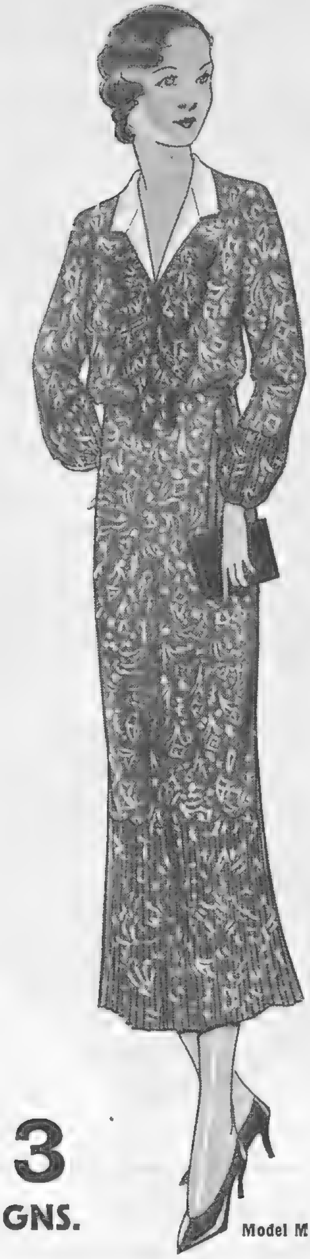

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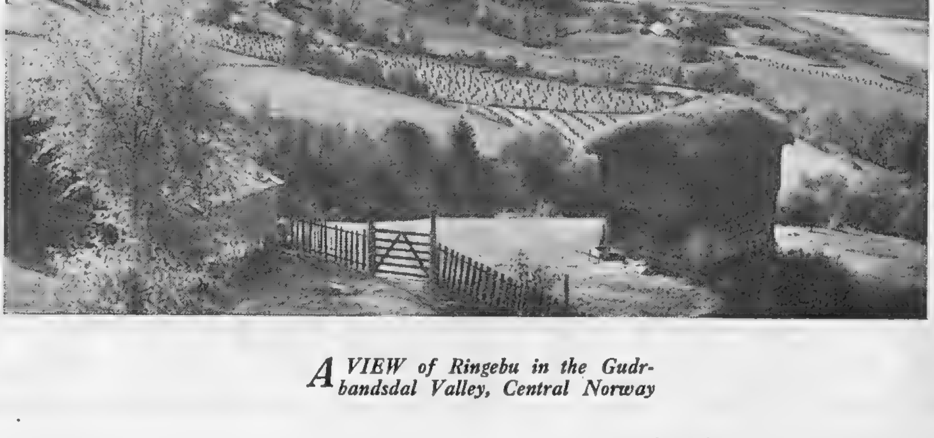
**(Dept. S.V.30), 103, Oxford Street, London, W.1**
*(Flynn's)*

*THE Buar Glacier, Hardanger district, West Norway*

# *In Norway Now*

*A trio of charming views for tourists who visit the Scandinavian Peninsula*

*Right:*
*A WATERFALL near Odda, Hardangerfjord, Southern Norway*



*A VIEW of Ringebu in the Gudrbandsdal Valley, Central Norway*

When I want to set my hair, I get my Butywave Wavesetter—
Pull it down over my hair—then release it slowly—
3.—and the bands 'pick up' the waves. I tie the ends loosely under my chin—
4.—and when I am dressed and ready to go out—VOILA!
5/- EACH

**And so simple to use.
Slightly damp your hair—stretch the Butywave Wavesetter over your hair—release it slowly (so that the hair is gathered up in waves between the bands)—then tie loosely under your chin.**

**Whilst you dress your hair is being perfectly waved and set—it can be adjusted to any style you wish. There are no metal parts, no heat, no electricity. And so comfortable you can sleep in it.**

*5/- only. From Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites and all good Chemists, Drapers, Hairdressers and Stores. Or post free from The Butywave Co., 5, Rampayne Street, London, S.W.1.*

*British made under licence by The Butywave Co., English Patent No. 328215. Foreign Patents applied for.*

**BŪTYWAVE WAVESETTER**

**For your Throat** **Allenburys** Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**

**Your Chemist stocks them. In tins 2 oz. 8d., 4 oz. 1/3**

WHY REMAIN GREY?

How Society men and women guard against the social and business handicap of Grey Hair is revealed in a dainty little Boudoir Book just published.

It discloses the secret by which you can grow glossy, abundant, and silken hair, and—most important of all—preserve it from the greying and disfiguring touch of time.

Remarkable results follow this method.

Right from the first your hair becomes less and less grey.

No matter how long the greyness has existed, the lost colour is restored.

**The Folly of Dyes.**

Dyes and artificial hair paints are, of course, strictly tabooed by men and women of refinement. This is not only good taste, but good sense as well. Dyed hair is always conspicuous. It literally shouts the embarrassing information that its colour came out of a bottle. Further, dye ruins the hair's structure and health, rots it away and causes it to fall out.

There is only one satisfactory method of curing greyness and hair loss of colour. This is to re-create, naturally, your hair's real colour from root to tip. You will find how to do this between the gold and ivorine covers of the book mentioned above.

**BOOK OF HAIR-HEALTH AND BEAUTY FREE.**

Should you be troubled with white, grey, greying, faded or otherwise discoloured hair, you should write today to the **Facktative Co. (Suite 32),** 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1, for a copy of their book describing how to cure grey or faded hair without the use of dyes or stains.

*Just mention your address and a copy of this book will reach you by return, gratis and post free, in plain sealed envelope, free from observation.*

*Please Help*

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (FREE) is the first Special Hospital in London devoted to Cancer Treatment and Research. It is equipped with the most up-to-date appliances. Poor patients are admitted free. A certain number of beds are provided for advanced cases who are kept comfortable and free from pain.

Help is urgently needed to meet the cost of the New Wing, which comprises a Radiological Department and accommodation—now provided for the first time—for "middle-income" patients who can contribute towards their cost.

*Please send a donation or subscription to the Secretary.*

*The New Wing of The Cancer Hospital*

**The Cancer Hospital**
**(FREE)**

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*Bankers: Coutts & Co.*
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# The Children's SALON

Patrons:
H.R.H. The Princess Royal,
H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, etc.

*Stella Welchman, G.C.S. 5909, now playing in "Men About the House," and one of the Salon's busiest rose-sellers on Alexandra Day*

## NEWS OF THE MONTH

WITH the approach of the holiday season and, as we all devoutly hope, real holiday weather, we shall be sending our usual parties of the Salon's Cinderellas to the seaside. All through August, in fact, they will be coming and going, through the kindness of their fairy godmothers, who in some cases are bearing the entire expense.

Where, however, this is too much for an individual purse the Salon contributes the difference out of the Cinderellas' Holiday Fund. We shall thus be most grateful for any contributions which you can spare for this object. Everyone who thinks realises how the long spells of the present dire unemployment must react on such children, never at the best of times overburdened with the good things of this world, and who, but for such funds as ours, would never know what a holiday means. Saloners are always up and doing in good causes. I feel confident, therefore, that this appeal on behalf of the little folk, so helpless in their hot and stuffy slums, will not fall on deaf ears.

LEVANA.

## FUTURE COMPETITIONS

### (July—August)

### Graduates' Circle (over 20)

*Art Competitions.*—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, July 15th. Design for a Book Jacket. No. II. Closing date, August 1st. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, August 15th. A Still Life Study.

*Literature Competitions.*—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, July 15th. A Short Story or a Lyric. No. II. Closing date, August 1st. A Short Poem entitled "Pearls." No. III. Closing date, August 15th. Do-As-You-Like.

*Needlework Competitions.*—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, July 15th. Anything White. No. II. Closing date, August 1st. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, August 15th. A Novelty.

### Members' Circle (over 15)

*Art Competitions.*—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, July 15th. A Still Life Study. No. II. Closing date, August 1st. A Portrait. No. III. Closing date, August 15th. Do-As-You-Like.

*Literature Competitions.*—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, July 15th. Synopsis of a Novel entitled "Hilary's House." No. II. Closing date, August 1st. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, August 15th. A Short Poem.

*Needlework Competition.*—Prize 10s. Closing date, August 1st. Anything in Wool.

### Associates' Circle (under 15)

*Art Competitions.*—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, July 15th. Flowers in a Vase. No. II. Closing date, August 1st. A Pencil Sketch of a Room. No. III. Closing date, August 15th. Do-As-You-Like.

*Literature Competitions.*—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, July 15th. A Lyric. No. II. Closing date, August 1st. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, August 15th. A Short Story.

*Needlework Competition.*—Prize 5s. Closing date, August 15th. Do-As-You-Like.

### Open to All: Age Taken Specially into Account

*Handicraft Competition.*—First Prize 15s. Second Prize 7s. 6d. Subject left to competitor. Closing date, August 15th.

## COMPETITION RESULTS

### *Award of Prizes, April 18*

### Graduates' Circle

*Art Competition.*—A Portrait Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to Hilary Browne, G.C.S. 5706. Hon. Mention: May W. Harrison, G.C.S. 4523; Joyce Bidder, G.C.S. 4356.

*Literature Competition.*—A Lyric. Prize 10s. Awarded to Joan Wyatt, G.C.S. 5730. Hon. Mention: Irene McCoy, G.C.S. 5846.

*Needlework Competition.*—Anything Embroidered. Prize 10s. Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316. Hon. Mention: Sybil Stallibrass, G.C.S. 5893; M. Champion, G.C.S. 4772; Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583.

### Members' Circle

*Art Competition.*—Poster for Soap. Prize 10s. Awarded to Rena Recaldin, M.C.S. 3276. Hon. Mention: Kathleen Whittaker, M.C.S.

*Literature Competition.*—A Short Poem or Story. Prize 10s. Divided between Joan Hunton, M.C.S. 2930 (Poem), and Heather Strudwick, M.C.S. 2910. Hon. Mention: Elizabeth Mason, M.C.S. 3335; Sylvia Reed, M.C.S. 3087.

*Needlework Competition.*—Prize 10s. Awarded to Barbara Heaver, M.C.S. 3304.

### Associates' Circle

*Art Competition.*—Design for a Wall Paper. Prize 5s. Awarded to Stephanie Weir, A.C.S. 1517. Hon. Mention: Peter Recaldin, A.C.S. 1227; Queenie Scrivener, A.C.S. 475.

*Literature Competition.*—A Short Story. Prize 5s. Awarded to Patricia Baldwin, A.C.S. 1524. Hon. Mention: Norah Whittaker, A.C.S. 1444.

*Needlework Competition.*—Prize 5s. Awarded to Peggy Dewsbury, A.C.S. 1283. Hon. Mention: Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1422.

### *Award of Prizes, May 2*

### Graduates' Circle

*Art Competition.*—A Garden Catalogue. Prize 10s. Awarded to Yvonne Earle, G.C.S. 5905. Hon. Mention: Marjorie Griffiths, G.C.S. 5884; Sheila MacLeod, G.C.S. 5855.

*Literature Competition.*—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Jessie Wilkes, G.C.S. 4291. Hon. Mention: Mary Bremner, G.C.S. 5856; Audrey Tresidder-Wills, G.C.S. 5841; Mary L. C. Roberts, G.C.S. 5603; M. J. Lambert, G.C.S. 5769.

*Needlework Competition.*—Anything White. Prize 10s. Awarded to Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583. Hon. Mention: Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316; Theodora Fuller, G.C.S. 4998.

### Members' Circle

*Art Competition.*—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Barbara Booth, M.C.S. 3215. Hon. Mention: Sylvia Reed, M.C.S. 3087; C. Rogers, M.C.S. 3318.

*Literature Competition.*—Paper entitled "Why I Think Games Important," etc. Prize 10s. Awarded to G. Anthony Hern, M.C.S. 3322. Hon. Mention: Norman F. Bunker, M.C.S. 2683; Ian Rose, M.C.S. 2728.

### Associates' Circle

*Art Competition.*—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Veronica Price-Harris, A.C.S. 1281. Hon. Mention: Violet Dennis, A.C.S. 1311; Evangeline Weir, A.C.S. 1516.

*Literature Competition.*—Paper entitled "Naming the Puppy." Prize 5s. Awarded to Olive Dockree, A.C.S. 1433. Hon. Mention: Ursula Scott Morris, A.C.S. 1275.

### Snapshot Competition

First Prize 10s. Awarded to Carrie Mayne, G.C.S. 4388, Second Prize 5s. Awarded to Pamela Searight, M.C.S. 3189. Hon. Mention: Rachel Cunningham, A.C.S. 1472.

*Carrie Mayne's prize-winning snap of Flatford's famous mill*

## CORRESPONDENCE and CRITICISMS

### (*April 18*)

**Olive Dwyer.**—The ideas of resting and singing are not compatible, but you can easily remedy this. Otherwise graceful and dainty.

**Joan Wyatt.**—One of the best things you have submitted. Original and charming, needing but very little more attention and skill to make it exceptionally interesting work.

**Marjorie Griffiths.**—This lyric has a pleasant form but the first and last lines are not very well expressed.

**Michaela Danckwerts.**—Effective, but entirely out of scale. It would have been better to have drawn a pattern and a repeat for the actual purposes of this competition.

**Margo Macknight.**—In verses of this type the metre established in the first verse should be adhered to throughout. A neat and ready wit. I shall be interested to see what you submit next.

**Mary Champion.**—Charmingly worked and a very pretty pattern. My many sincere thanks.

**Betty Metchim.**—Gracefully put in, perhaps a trifle soft and boneless. When using body colour with pencil put a thin wash all over first, it takes pencil well, and prevents mixed effect.

**Marjorie Naylor.**—A bit over-angular and hard, but good, free work with life in it. Something more suggested and less painted would please better, and a softer smoother paper gives best pencil response.

**May W. Harrison.**—A very telling and clever bit of work. The brittle touch a bit overdone in parts, but, on the whole, a lifelike and witty piece of portraiture. It looks best to have more space in front.

**Joyce Bidder.**—Admirably drawn and good in tonality, but too warm in flesh key throughout. There would be complementary lights and more progression in warmth from brow to neck. In all other respects extremely good.

**For Girls, Boys and Grown-ups interested in Art, Literature, Needlework, Handicraft, etc.**

# and Competition Circles

Founded by "The Gentlewoman" in 1890

Conducted by
"LEVANA"

**NO AGE LIMIT**
**MONEY PRIZES**

**J. McClure.**—Your pen line rather brutalises an otherwise delicate bit of tone modelling and well-expressed character. A brush line of varied strength would give all the definition necessary. Tint work excellently done.

**Audrey Tresidder-Wills.**—Your profile is probably quite accurate, but equal emphasis throughout leaves it flat and hurts its interest. The collar is better expressed than the rest. The poem shows a considerable advance, and the end achieves exactly the right note.

**Yvonne Earle.**—There is much promise in your oil head; a good colour sense, too much inclined to white here and there. It is better to brush across contours than with them. You should do well in this medium.

**Hilary Browne.**—A delightful full-tone drawing, full of life and character and charming in its delicate modulation. Continuity seems the least bit lost in the upper lip, but this is work of a very high order and striking excellence.

**Kathleen Valerie Halsall.**—An amusing idea and a clever sketch with well-drawn hands. The profile line is unnecessarily hard and eyelid and nostril need a bit more attention, but, on the whole, a clever and bright bit of work.—The badly placed lettering detracts from an otherwise clever suggestion. The dressing gown is most happily managed. A more beautiful face would, however, have helped the cause!

## Competition Rules

1. *The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.*
2. *The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.*
3. *No professionals may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.*
4. *Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.*
5. *Prizes must be applied for.*
6. *Competitions and Correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2.*

**Stephanie Weir.**—An amusing idea which with more experience you might make very good indeed. Perhaps this was an actual experience. It has a truthful ring! The brown boat could not cast a blue shadow. Otherwise this is very suitable for the purpose and charmingly dainty in design.

**Douglas Burton.**—The method is right, but for a nightmare you could let yourself go a little bit more. The climax falls a little short. A good subject and well tried.

**Sylvia Reed.**—A charming little sketch. Rather too brief to make all the impression it might, but the germ of something good here.

**Kathleen Crampton.**—A more delicate shade of pink would make this more generally useful, but the stitchery is good and the effect pretty.

**Mary Gordon.**—A tale of this type is one of the most difficult to tackle. The simple straightforward style is not wrong, but the interest must be more definitely worked up and the climax further emphasised.

**Penelope Burra.**—The needlework entry does you great credit. The items are beautifully neat and dainty. Some good colour distinguishes your design, but a repeat of the pattern should have been indicated.

**Peggy Dewsbury.**—A delightful idea and very prettily carried out. A most enterprising and interesting entry. Try again soon.

**Zenobia Forster-Brown.**—It is never advisable to work too often in a metre of this type. It is neither one thing nor the other. Compromises of this type upset any pleasure one might have in the actual thoughts expressed. The design is interestingly suggested, but lacks emphasis in essential places.

**Norah Whittaker.**—The actual idea here is quite good, but you scarcely make enough of it. Some hint of what might be the real facts of the case should be suggested earlier without, of course, "giving the show away."

**W. Annette Van Oppen.**—Beautiful in design, but it would be more satisfactory another time, I think, to avoid such a coarse thread for the embroidery. Something of the witchery of this work is lost when the effect is so heavy.

**Joan Guillaume.**—This repeats very satisfactorily on this scale, but I doubt if it would look so well covering a big surface of wall. It would be necessary to keep the windmills much paler in tone to avoid spottiness.

**Gladys Cumpstey.**—The idea is a beautiful one, but it isn't quite satisfactorily expressed. I should compress it a bit, and find a better title.

**Veronica Price-Harris.**—If this is meant to represent a length of paper from floor to ceiling the scale isn't very satisfactory. The latter is a very important point, which you should try to UTILISE as soon as possible.

**Gwendoline Bertelsman.**—Full of promise, but very unequal, and not always accurately expressed. Examine what you have said very thoroughly. You will see where the ideas are confused, then, and should be able to alter accordingly.

**Arnold Parkin.**—Not quite the type of matter for a short story, though not bad as a sketch. But even then a great deal of the detail is without sufficient significance. Otherwise well written.

**Heather Strudwick.**—I think "afraid" in line eleven should be replaced by a word of happier import. This is very good in all other respects, and marks a new advance.

**G. Christabel Richens.**—Had you reversed this in a glass I expect its faults as to construction would have at once struck you. Probably the model moved much more than you realised. Interestingly handled.

**Elizabeth Mason.**—Charming, but in need of some editing. You *say* that only the wind was *seen*. What you mean is the result of its passage. Such a slip must be corrected.

**Jean Weir.**—Short sentences are pleasant things, but they gain in value by acting as a foil to longer ones. As soon as you can construct the latter endeavour to do so. Quite advanced work for your age.

**Trixie Ford.**—The two "louds" in line four have escaped your criticism evidently. Another adjective must be found for "clarion." Otherwise very good. The needlework entry reaches a fair standard, but isn't you at your best.

**Joan Hibbit.**—The second line is the weak one. You should easily be able to improve this. The rest, particularly the "snappy" last verse, is well done.

**Nancy Bacon.**—You have mixed your tenses somewhat, and there are several small slips which might have been corrected, but this has energy and life and the climax is worked up to with a sense of what is necessary.

**Margaret Recaldin.**—A remarkable little effort for your years, the colour tender and the design charming. If not a happy accident, this is very promising.

**A. M. Waters.**—Many of the lines are first rate, but the effect is marred by many that should not have remained. With severe blue pencilling this would be quite a striking effort.

**Amy Haydon.**—Charming stitchery and a very dainty result. Thank you so much.

**Olive Dockree.**—Not at all a bad imitation of this type of story, although you are too inexperienced to handle such themes. Still it's good practice, in a way. Vary your reading as much as possible.

**Sybil Stallibrass.**—Good mastery of a complicated pattern and on the whole a very satisfactory result.

**Betty Weir.**—Excellent in its big appeal and strength of statement, but not too appropriate as a colour scheme for its particular purpose, and the lettering reveals some weakness.

**Patricia Appleyard.**—A lighter touch all through the opening pages is essential to interest the reader in such a plot. I appreciate the fact that you are making bold experiments. Check small matters very carefully. "National Gallery" must come out of that letter!

**Ann Hannay.**—This has a very unfinished effect. It sounds like the beginning of something which might turn out amusingly. Why not complete it?

**Catherine Baldwin.**—The opening lines are arresting; after that the little poem fades into the commonplace, not so much in idea but in the very hackneyed words.

**Irene McCoy.**—An interesting little cameo. The gentle irony is neatly etched in, and the tendency to overdo the sarcasm cleverly avoided.

**Ian F. Rose.**—Quite good—as to the matter. This is sound as a first version. I feel that by tackling it again, realising the whole thing afresh, as it were, you could vastly improve it, without losing the charm of its simple straightforward statement.

**Evangeline Weir.**—Very pleasantly written, but I doubt if a dog would make the mistake you record. As a rule they pick up the right direction almost at once. But perhaps you have first-hand evidence of this matter?

**Norman F. Bunker.**—The earlier part of this is prose—good prose, it is true—but it does not justify its poetic form. If you are aware of this no harm is done by such experiments.

**Kathleen Whittaker.**—A charming little design, but more suitable for a magazine advertisement than poster work, where something less delicate in method is advisable.

**Joan Hunton.**—Quite a good idea, but needing rather more experience and skill to carry off successfully. A fantastic plot, remember, is always the most difficult theme to "get away with." The poetry entry is excellent of its type. Nothing for special criticism.

**Queenie Scrivener.**—Attractive as design, but rather heavy handed as colour. The background is too brilliant in tone to be wholly acceptable for its purpose. Better for a printed material than a wall paper.

**Patricia Baldwin.**—Excellently tackled. For so old an idea you have managed to be very fresh and interesting. Promising work.

**Joan Harris.**—Dialogue and handling are very good indeed. The trouble here is that you are too inexperienced as to legal matters to deal with the eventualities of your plot. However, experiments such as these are excellent practice.

**Jessie Wilkes.**—The last verse isn't so good as the rest. "All" would be better than "you" in the final line. Otherwise a dainty specimen of its type.

**Stella Bull.**—The last verse is immeasurably better than the other two and is most successful. I should work at the earlier lines again.

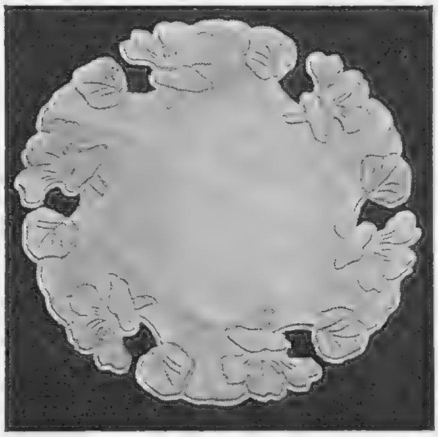
**Pamela Searight.**—Your figure should be turned to face people, otherwise the point of the whole idea is missing. A smooth paper is better for line work.

**Barbara Heaver.**—This marks an advance. It is very unequal and a better climax is necessary, but I am delighted to see you making such good headway.

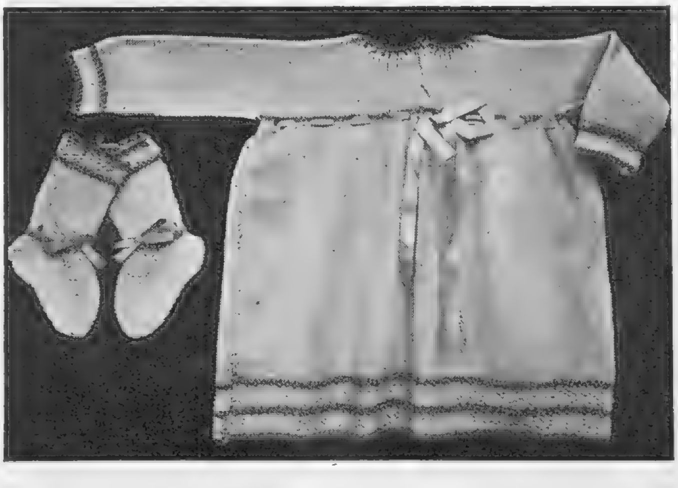
**Ursula Moss.**—Truthful in detail, but wrong in its big facts. Sketch early essentials from life. Very pleasant colour.

*The Children's Salon*
COUPON

*The Children's Salon*
COUPON



*An hon. mention goes to Theodora Fuller, G.C.S. 4998, for this charming little doyley*



*And here is another skilful needlework entry, in knitting, submitted by Jean C. H. Crawford, G.C.S. 4242*

**Happy!**

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*Her Baby's age is*..................

Britannia & Eve

## Our *Literary* Competition *Circle*

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of the Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

*These competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex,* who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry), which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

*All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," 346, Strand, W.C.2.*

### RULES.

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.

2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

### HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FOURTH SERIES.

*Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of* BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post, July 15th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best limerick incorporating the word "July."

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—July 15

### HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIFTH SERIES.

*Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of* BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post, July 29th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short story.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best short dissertation in verse on salmon mayonnaise.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—July 29

### *Results of 128th Series*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best sonnet.

*Awarded to Lisa Ginsburg.*

Hon. Mention: "Jhin," Dorothy Swift, Mabel Asher, E. Hebblethwaite, Julia Binfield, G. Whitcombe, Gertrude Pitt, "Dado," G. M. Hudson, "I. M. S.," "E. D.," "J. A. B." "Hannah May," M. Scott Morris, F. A. Edinborough, Hilda Jackson.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best short poem suitable for singing on a "hike."

*Awarded to Annie M. Waters.*

Hon. Mention: May Belben, Daphne Lawes, Trixie Ford, "Dado," Diana Cutbill, H. Jackson, Robert A. Webster, Julia Binfield, M. Scott Morris, F. A. Edinborough, L. Ginsburg.

### *Results of 129th Series*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem on a topical subject.

*Awarded to May Belben.*

Hon. Mention: Julia Binfield, Constance A. May, F. A. Edinborough, Gertrude Pitt, Diana Cutbill, May W. Harrison, M. Scott Morris, P. Lubbock, "P. E. N.," "Charles Constant," "Hannah May," "Radio," B. Gibbs, Lisa Ginsburg.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half a guinea for the best epitaph suitable for the tomb of a great actor.

*Awarded to "G. G."*

Hon. Mention: Eleanor Hebblethwaite, "J. A. B.," May Belben, "P. E. N.," Catherine Lawrence, J. H. G. Gibbs, H. M. Hancock, May W. Harrison, Diana Cutbill, B. Gibbs.

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**BEAUTY**

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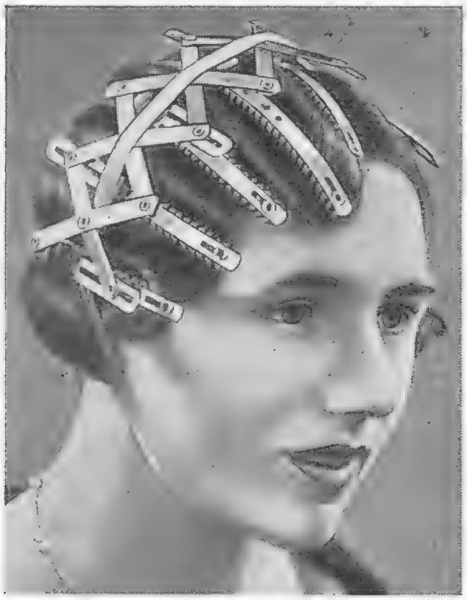
# YOUR OWN HAIRDRESSER

IT may safely be said that almost every woman would *like* to be able to wave or set her hair at home in her own time and at her leisure. Whether the reason be one of personal convenience, or be it one of finance, the advantages are outstanding and obvious. She is in a position to see to it that her hair is *always* perfect—no more need to arrange hairdressing appointments, no bills at inconvenient moments—in fact, the hair problem would be solved.

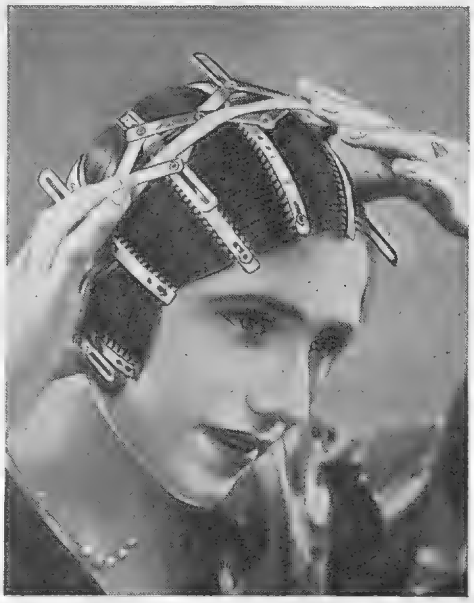
From time to time efforts have been made to produce a waver or setter which will prove not only effective in the case of naturally wavy hair, but also in those cases which require iron waving, etc., and which will at the same time give waves of a *natural* appearance. Now this was not easy. It was possible to give waves which may be likened to " bumps," or a series of hillocks, but the graceful backward and forward formation was always lacking. The effect was a " crimp."



With this difficulty in mind, a certain little known hairdresser set to work to make something entirely new in hair-waving appliances. He was certain, *and he was right*, that any waver which did not carry the hair backwards and forwards into its *natural* formation was useless.

Possibly you have heard of the result. We have to-day an entirely efficient home waver which is gaining enormous popularity and which threatens to sweep the country—the " Elma."

The inventor immediately challenged the highest hairdressing authorities in the world by boldly entering the Elma at the famous Hairdressing Exhibition in Paris. The result was amazing. It was acclaimed on all hands, and was immediately awarded First Prize and Diploma. Photographs of the medals and the actual Diploma are to be seen to-day at the London Showroom of the Elma Company.



And this is how the Elma was evolved. Firstly, it was argued (again quite rightly) that only real combs can carry the hair properly. Anything else moving over the hair only gathers up surface hairs and no depth of wave can be obtained. Then a clever arrangement of the combs was devised which ensured that each individual comb would move automatically, carrying the hair with it backwards and forwards. The teeth of the combs were cut slantingly so that they would slide gently into the hair without scratching the scalp, and yet would gather the strands firmly.

It will be seen from the illustrations that the Elma Hair Waver, perfected, and as it is to be obtained to-day, is designed in the form of a snugly fitting comb cap; the tapes are tied loosely under the chin during the actual process of closing the waver upon the head, but they may then be loosened while the hair is drying. The complete apparatus is extremely light, weighing only 3 oz., and when correctly adjusted it is true to say that it can barely be felt upon the hair.

During the past few months thousands of ladies all over the country have found that in the Elma Home Hair Waver they have a complete solution to their hairdressing difficulties. Those who are fortunate enough to possess naturally wavy hair find that the Elma will give them a most perfect " set," just the same beautiful flowing waves which are formed by the hands of a skilled hairdresser. Should the hair normally require iron waving, the Elma will, of course, take somewhat longer to do its work, but it will be found after a few " sets " that the hair is taking on the natural wave formation as induced by the Elma combs. The process becomes easier and easier, the waves more and more lasting.

The combs of an Elma Hair Waver are absolutely pliable and can be bent to any shape whatsoever without breaking. This enables the user to form the combs to the shape of the head and ensures that *all* the hair is waved both at the sides and at the back of the head. With normally careful use the Elma Hair Waver will last its owner for many years. It is washable, the combs are non-metallic and cannot possibly harm the head or hair in any way whatsoever.

As was stated earlier in this article, the outstanding feature of the Elma, which gives to it its unique position as the most efficient hair waver ever invented, is its moving combs and the brilliance of the idea which enables these combs to move in alternate directions.

The price of the Elma is 7s. 6d. There are models for every style of hairdressing —right-hand parting, centre or left-hand parting, or for hair combed straight away from the forehead. The model required should always be stated when ordering either from the Showroom of the manufacturers—Elma Manufactory, Ltd., (Dept. 124), at 231, Oxford Street, Oxford Circus, London, W.1, or from Boots, Taylors, or most high-class Chemists and Stores.

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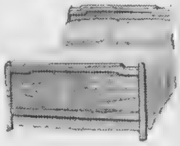

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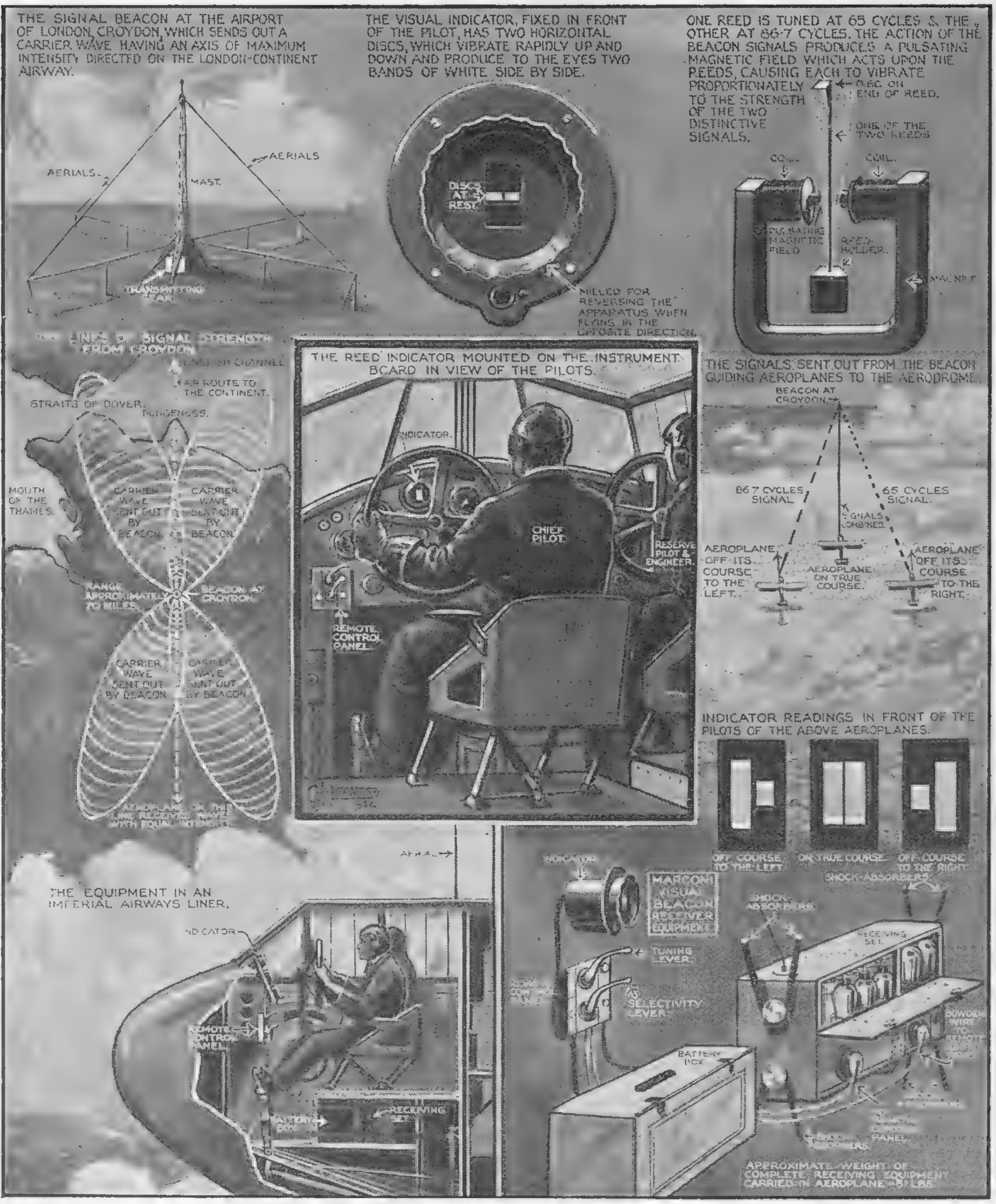
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INDICATOR.
CHIEF PILOT.
RESERVE PILOT & ENGINEER.
REMOTE CONTROL PANEL.
THE SIGNALS SENT OUT FROM THE BEACON GUIDING AEROPLANES TO THE AERODROME.
BEACON AT CROYDON.
86·7 CYCLES SIGNAL.
65 CYCLES SIGNAL.
SIGNALS COMBINED.
AEROPLANE OFF ITS COURSE TO THE LEFT.
AEROPLANE ON TRUE COURSE.
AEROPLANE OFF ITS COURSE TO THE RIGHT.
INDICATOR READINGS IN FRONT OF THE PILOTS OF THE ABOVE AEROPLANES.
OFF COURSE TO THE LEFT.
ON TRUE COURSE.
OFF COURSE TO THE RIGHT.
SHOCK-ABSORBERS.
THE EQUIPMENT IN AN IMPERIAL AIRWAYS LINER.
INDICATOR
REMOTE CONTROL PANEL
RECEIVING SET.
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MARCONI VISUAL BEACON RECEIVER EQUIPMENT.
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*Mr. H. G. WELLS, in congratulating the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS on its 90th Birthday, writes:—*

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# Index to Advertisers

JULY, 1932.

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A — Page
Abbott's .. 3
Abdulla Salisbury Cigarettes .. 103
Academic Rubberless Stocking .. 136
"Allenburys" Food .. 130
"Allenburys" Pastilles .. 127
Arden, Elizabeth .. 105
Austin Motor Co., Ltd. .. 91

B
Benbow's .. 124
Bird's Custard .. Cover iv
Bisurated Magnesia .. 120
B.P. Plus .. 131
Butyware Co., The .. 127

C
Cancer Hospital .. 127
Carr's Biscuits .. 123
Cash, J. & J., Ltd. .. 116
Cerebos .. 123
Certo .. 99
Cooper, McDougall & Robertson, Ltd. 120
Corot .. 1, 121
Cranbux, Ltd. .. 121
Craven A .. 125

D
Diploma Cheese .. 113
Douglas, Noel .. 135
Dunlop .. 81
Durward, Kenneth, Ltd. .. 110

E
Eau de Cologne 4711 .. 115
Elma Home Hair Waver, The .. 132
Elroy Studios .. 124

F
Facktative Co., The .. 127
Farrow's Peas, etc. .. 116

G
Gelty Distributing Co. .. 88
Gibb's Dentifrice .. 90
Goddard's Plate Powder .. 120
Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company, Ltd., The .. 96
Grape-Nuts Co., Ltd. .. 99
Grey, Meta .. 130
Gutteridge, M. .. 116
Gypsia .. 102

H
Haig, John, & Co., Ltd. .. 89
Halford's Curry Powder .. 116
Hamptons .. 111
Harvey Nichols & Co., Ltd. .. 3
Haynes .. 124
Heinz Salads .. Cover ii, 100
Hinde's "Tinglow" Brushes .. 94
Hitching's Prams .. 135
Horlick's .. 95
Hotel de Londres, Antwerp .. 135
Houbigant .. 87
Huntley & Palmer's Biscuits .. 107

I
Icilma .. 3

K
Kestos .. 82
Kirby, Beard & Co., Ltd. .. 130
Knocke Zoute—Palace Hotel .. 135
Kutnow .. 117

L — Page
Larola .. Cover iii
Lawrence, Helen .. 136
Leyland Bathing Cap .. Cover iii
Listerine Tooth Paste .. 97
L.M.S. Railway .. 133
L.N.E. Railway .. 135
Lux Toilet Soap .. Cover iii

M
Mann & Shackleton, Misses .. 116
Mappin & Webb, Ltd. .. 114
Mason, Philip, & Son .. 124
Meltonian Shoe Cream .. 112
Merrie England Canned English Fruits 112
Meta Grey .. 130
Milburn, W. H. .. 102
Monte Carlo .. 123
Morny .. 5

N
New City, Bognor Regis .. 102
Norwegian State Rly. Travel Bureau 117

O
Odol Tooth Paste .. 121
Orkney and Shetland Cruises .. 136
Ovaltine .. 6
Ovaltine Rusks .. 101

P
Paris Academy .. 112
Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes .. 111

R
Richardson, Lt.-Col. .. 116
Roussel of Paris .. 119
Roxroy .. 136
Royal Bellevue, The, St. Cast .. 135

S
Scholl's, Dr. .. 120
School for the Blind .. 133
Serventi .. 135
Seymour Golf Ball .. 102
Shackleton, Mrs. .. 124
Shell .. 85
Silf Co., The, Ltd. .. 112
Singer Sewing Machine Co., Ltd. 121
Sloane Divans .. 116
Smartwear, Ltd. .. 116
Suntrap, The .. 102

T
Tangee .. 118
Technical Products, Ltd. .. 94, 106
Thierry .. 106
Tinglow Hair Brush .. 94
"Three-Ring" Oranges .. 102
Treasure Cot Co. Ltd. .. 126

V
Vapex .. 124
Vichy-Celestins .. 88
Vi-Spring Mattress .. 107
Vita-Weat .. 104

W
Weatherill, Bernard, Ltd. .. 107
Wolfe & Hollander, Ltd. .. 133
Woollands .. 4
Wright's Coal Tar Soap .. 84
W.5 Brand Tablets .. 88

Z
Zambrene, Ltd. .. 122

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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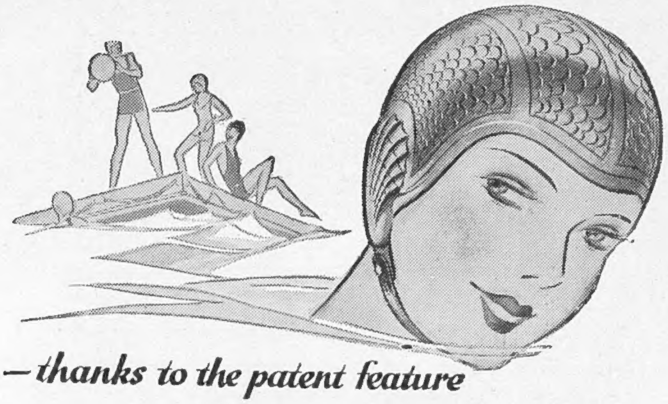
Printed by W. H. Smith and Son, Ltd., The Arden Press, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published monthly by the proprietors, British National Newspapers, Ltd., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Advertisement Offices, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Entered as second class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879, Sec. 397, P.L. & R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad, 17s. 6d. per annum; 8s. 9d. for six months, single copies 1s. 6d.; and for Canada 14s. per annum; 7s. for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.

# *No ruckles with this bathing cap!*



*—thanks to the patent feature*

No unsightly ridge Impervious to sea and sun—colour fast. Has shell ear-pieces for comfort and smart appearance. Keeps hair perfectly dry In a variety of colours—plain or jazz. From all stores and sports outfitters

*Write for colour chart*

ALL BRITISH MADE **3/9** each

## The LEYLAND Bathing Cap

*'For Water Beauty'*

THE LEYLAND & BIRMINGHAM RUBBER CO., LTD.,
GRAND BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, W.C.2.

*Causton*

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Larola is used all the year round by society women throughout the world.

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Rub a little well in each time you wash your hands and arms, and you will be surprised at the improvement.

**1/6 and 2/6 a bottle**

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# *"I really am* 39 *years old!"* says IRENE RICH

## *This charming screen star reveals a complexion secret known to Hollywood's loveliest actresses*

"I DON'T mind confessing it a bit," says Irene Rich, with her warm, irresistible smile, "I really am thirty-nine years old! A screen star never worries about birthdays, you see, as long as she doesn't *look old.* To face the cruel test of the camera she must keep the fresh loveliness of youth.

"That is why in Hollywood we guard complexion beauty above all else. Any woman who wants to hold her charm should keep her skin always soft, smooth, youthfully aglow."

Naturally there is a reason for Miss Rich's exquisite complexion—yet it is no secret! "I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly," she says.

There are hundreds of other stars—98% of the leading actresses—who give their skin the same care.

Let Lux Toilet Soap guard your complexion . . . keep your skin smooth and fresh. You'll love its creamy, fragrant lather. Grocers, chemists and stores everywhere sell Lux Toilet Soap.

## LUX Toilet SOAP 4$^{d}$ A TABLET

TL 295-31-85

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T'weet !
What-a-treat
to eat !
BIRD'S is best
-and best with fruit.